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HYMNS OF HIS GRACE

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Hymns of His Grace

No. 1.

For the

EVANGELIST, CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY.

Compiled and Edited by

P. P. BILHORN,
F. G. FISCHER,
JOHN R. CLEMENTS,
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Bilhorn Bros
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
AND FOLDING ORGAN MFG'S
152 LAKE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Hymns of His Grace

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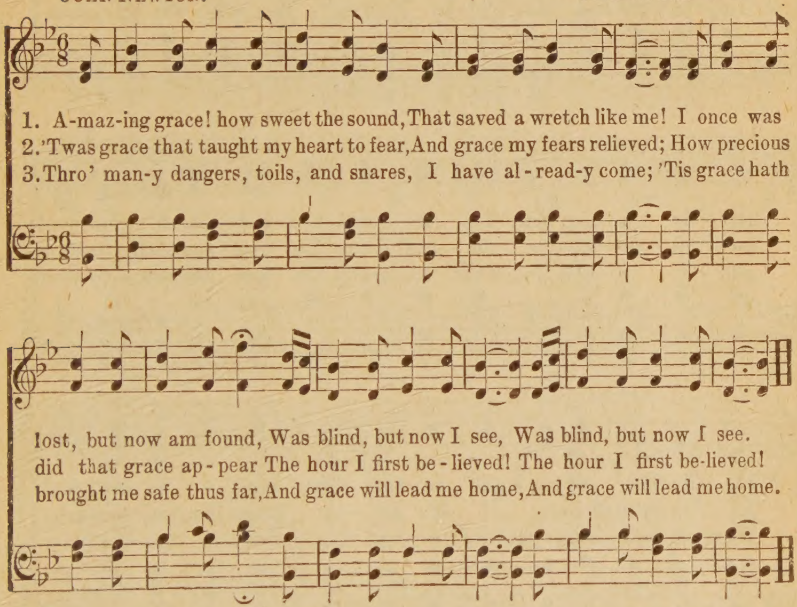
Hymns of His Grace.

Amazing Grace!

JOHN NEWTON. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious
3. Thro' man-y dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read-y come; 'Tis grace hath
lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.
did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved! The hour I first be-lieved!
brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home.

Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love, so faint, so cold to Thee
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove;
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

4 Jesus, my life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to Thy death.

Alas and Did My Savior.

1 Alas and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

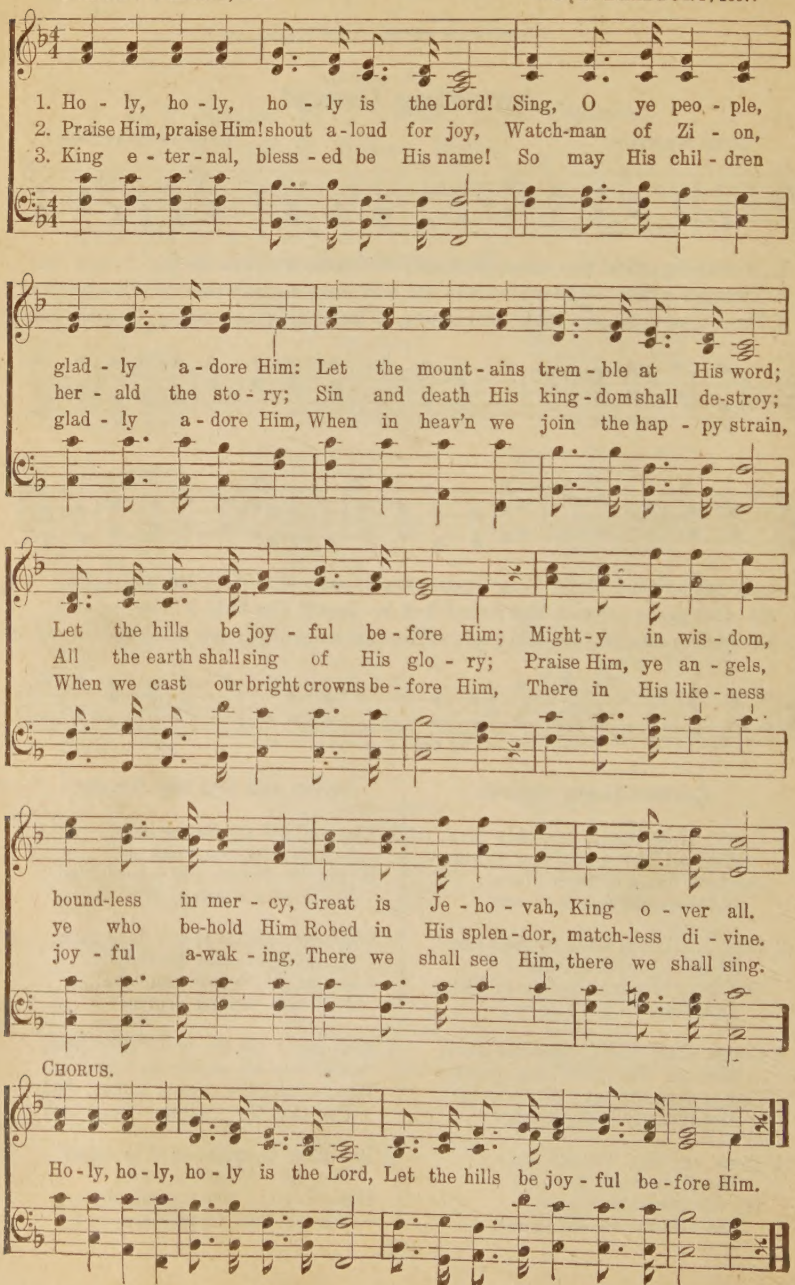
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Holy is the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1867.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a - loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren
glad - ly a - dore Him: Let the mount - ains trem - ble at His word;
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de-stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him, There in His like - ness
bound-less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match-less di - vine.
joy - ful a-wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.
CHORUS.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I
debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No
heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In
as I keep close to His side; (His side;) There's
sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide. Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! (a - bove!)
cres.
Oh, won - der-ful, won-der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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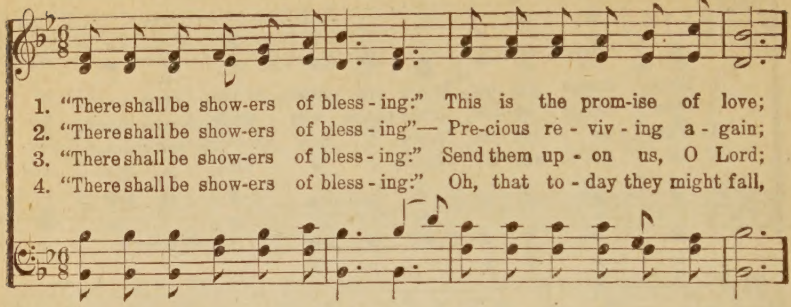
There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

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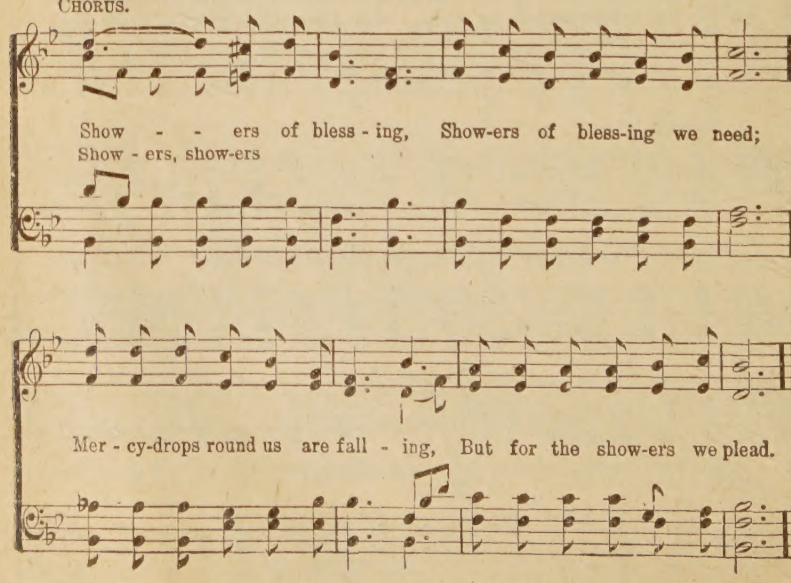
CHORUS.


Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

Mrs. C. H. M.
Mrs. C. H. Morris.
1. The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing to-day; A-rouse ye, a-
2. So much to be done and the hours swift-ly fly The time for our
3. While bright the sun shin-eth go work with a will, Till ev'n-ing de-
rouse ye, His word to o-bey; The fields are all bending with rich rip-ened
reap-ing so soon will pass by; Your part of the la-bor no oth-er can
clin-eth His gar-ner to fill; Shrink not from the toil-ing He'll rich-ly re-
Chorus.
ff
f
grain, For reap-ers He long has been call-ing in vain. Arouse ye, come
do, Some sheaves will be lost if not gath-ered by you.
pay, Sweet rest will be yours at the close of the day.
Arouse ye,
join us to-day; A-rouse ye, and toil while ye may; The har-vest is
A-rouse ye,
great and the la-b'rers are few, The Lord of the harvest needs you. . . .
needs you.

Words and Music. Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bliss.

Christ Is the Sunny Side.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. My soul se-cure, no fear I know, With songs of praise I home-ward go;
2. No mat-ter what my grief or strife, No mat-ter what the storms of life,
3. The heal-ing wa-ter cheers my way, The liv-ing man-na greets my day;
4. Would you from sin and darkness flee? Would you from pain and death be free;
rit.
In light un-fail-ing I con-fide, In Christ the sun-ny side.
His ten-der care is ne'er de-nied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
My ev-'ry need in Him sup-plied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
Then in His shel-t'ring love a-bide, In Christ the sun-ny side.
CHORUS.
Christ . . . . . is the sun-ny side;
Christ is the sun-ny,
Christ . . . . is
Christ is the sun-ny, the sun-ny side; Safe-ly He hid-eth me,
Rit.
Gen-tly He guid-eth me, Christ is the sun-ny side of life.

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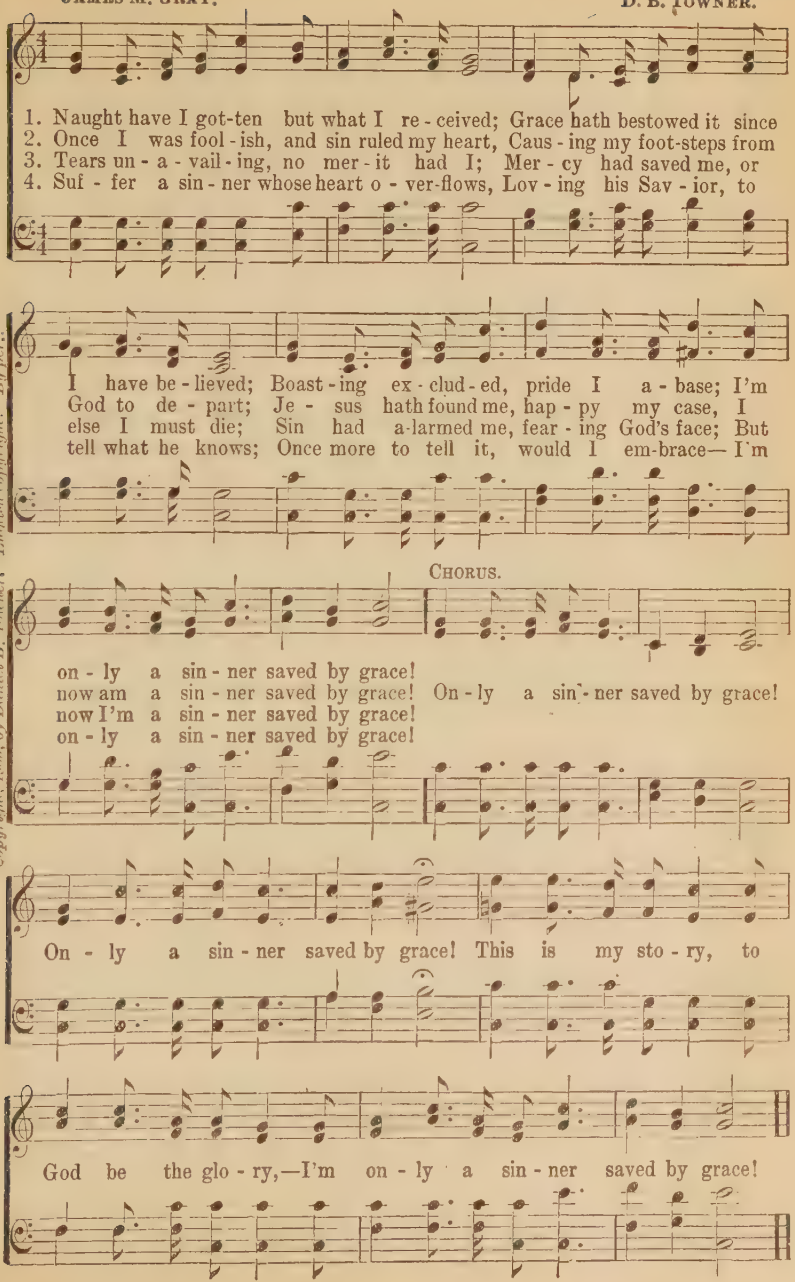
Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re - ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my foot-steps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior, to
I have be - lieved; Boast - ing ex - clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace— I'm
CHORUS.
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now am a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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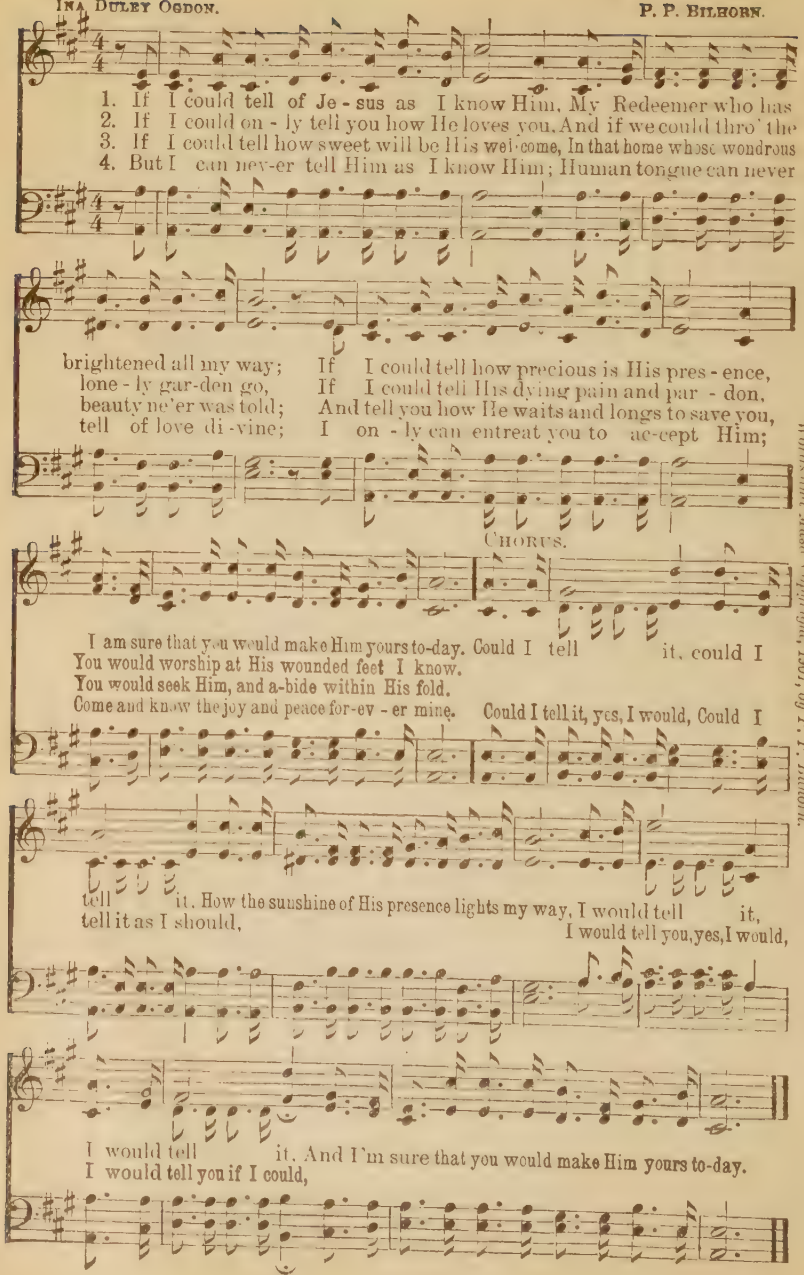
Could I Tell It.


Ina Duley Ogdon.
P. P. Bilhorn.
1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know Him, My Redeemer who has
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if we could thro' the
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His wel-come, In that home whose wondrous
4. But I can nev-er tell Him as I know Him; Human tongue can never
brightened all my way; If I could tell how precious is His pres - ence,
lone - ly gar-den go, If I could tell His dying pain and par - don,
beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how He waits and longs to save you,
tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can entreat you to ac-cept Him;
Chorus.
I am sure that you would make Him yours to-day. Could I tell it, could I
You would worship at His wounded feet I know.
You would seek Him, and a-bide within His fold.
Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er mine. Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I
tell it. How the sunshine of His presence lights my way, I would tell it,
tell it as I should, I would tell you, yes, I would,
I would tell it. And I'm sure that you would make Him yours to-day.
I would tell you if I could,

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Lovingly, Tenderly.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. FRANK E. LINDGREN.

Slowly.
1. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Of the dear Sav-ior whose
2. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Till ev-'ry lost one the
3. Earn-est-ly, faith-ful-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Dear ones a-round thee are
4. Pray'r-ful-ly, pa-tient-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Earn-est-ly seek-ing the
in-fin-ite love Brought Him to earth from the heav-en-ly glo-ry
mes-sage has heard An-gels look down from the heav-en-ly glo-ry
dy-ing in sin, Je-sus looks down from the heav-en-ly glo-ry,
lost ones to win, Lead-ing them up to those man-sions of glo-ry,
rit.
CHORUS.
Seek-ing God's ten-der com-pas-sion to prove.
They would re-joice to re-peat the glad word. Tell the sweet sto-ry a-
Watching thee gather the wan-der-ers in.
Christ hath prepared for the ransomed from sin. Tell it a-
gain and a-gain, Let all who hear it the sto-ry re-peat, Lov-ing-ly,
gain and a-gain, Let all the sto-ry re-peat,
rit.
ten-der-ly swell the re-frain, Till all of the ran-som'd in glo-ry shall meet.

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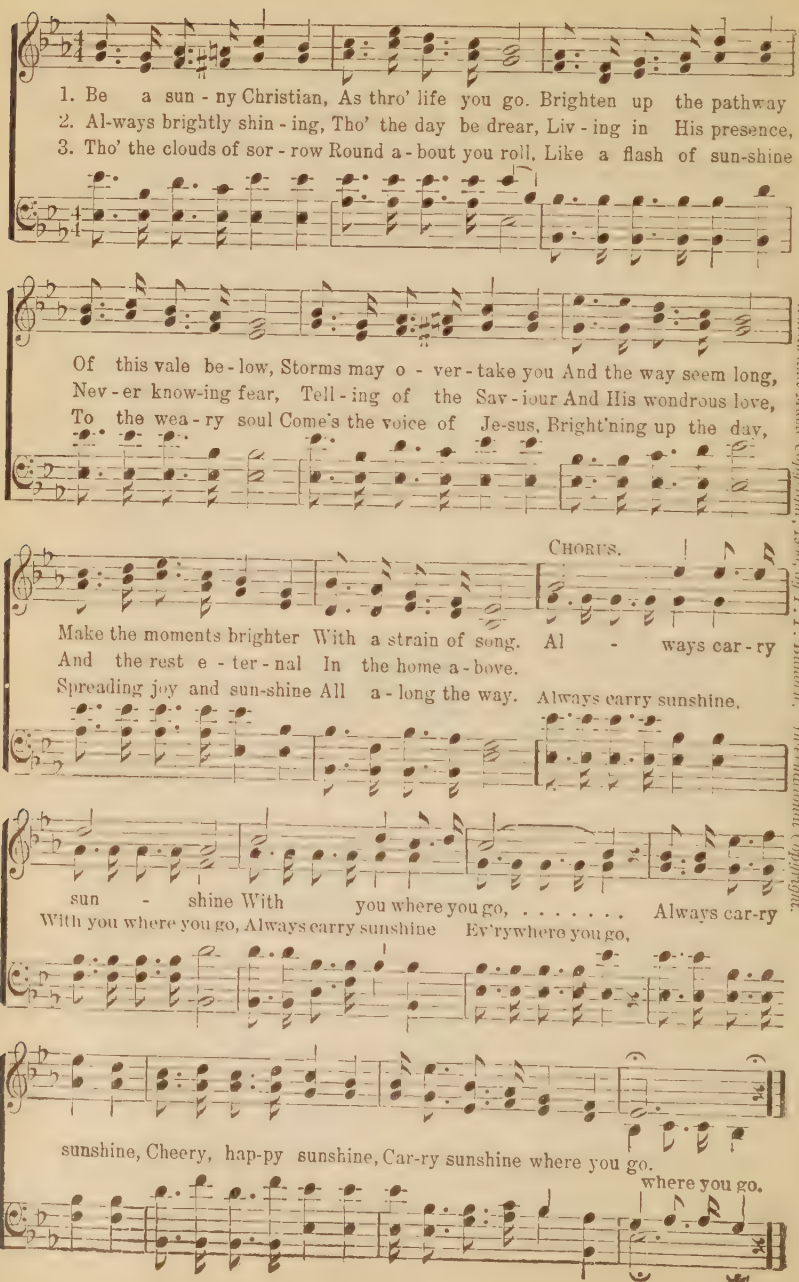
Always Carry Sunshine.

H. L. B. H. L. BROOKS.


1. Be a sun - ny Christian, As thro' life you go. Brighten up the pathway
2. Al-ways brightly shin - ing, Tho' the day be drear, Liv - ing in His presence,
3. Tho' the clouds of sor - row Round a - bout you roll, Like a flash of sun-shine
Of this vale be - low, Storms may o - ver - take you And the way seem long,
Nev - er know-ing fear, Tell - ing of the Sav - iour And His wondrous love,
To the wea - ry soul Come's the voice of Je-sus, Bright'ning up the day,
CHORUS.
Make the moments brighter With a strain of song. Al - ways car - ry
And the rest e - ter - nal In the home a - bove.
Spreading joy and sun-shine All a - long the way. Always carry sunshine,
sun - shine With you where you go, ... Always car-ry
With you where you go, Always carry sunshine Ev'rywhere you go,
sunshine, Cheery, hap-py sunshine, Car-ry sunshine where you go.
where you go.

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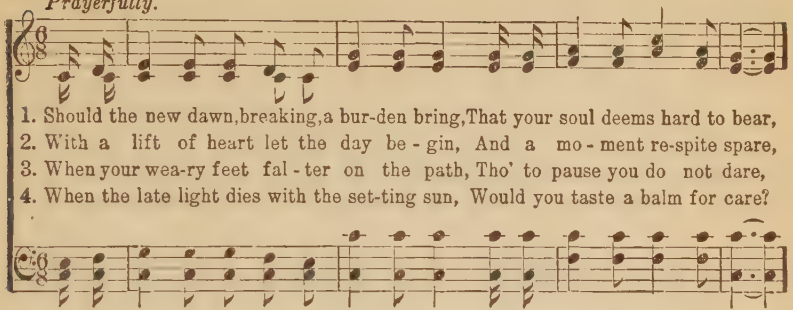
EDITH H. KINNEY, by per. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

Prayerfully.


1. Should the new dawn, breaking, a bur-den bring, That your soul deems hard to bear,
2. With a lift of heart let the day be-gin, And a mo-ment re-spite spare,
3. When your wea-ry feet fal-ter on the path, Tho' to pause you do not dare,
4. When the late light dies with the set-ting sun, Would you taste a balm for care?
rit.
Seek a boon of grace for a lit-tle space; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
Ere you press a-long with the toiling throng; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
Would you find the stress of the noon grow less? There is al-ways time for pray'r.
With a lift of heart let the day de-part; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
CHORUS.
There is al-ways time in the morn-ing's prime, And the gold-en noon-tide fair;
rit.
There is al-ways time 'neath the e-ver-chime, There is al-ways time for pray'r.

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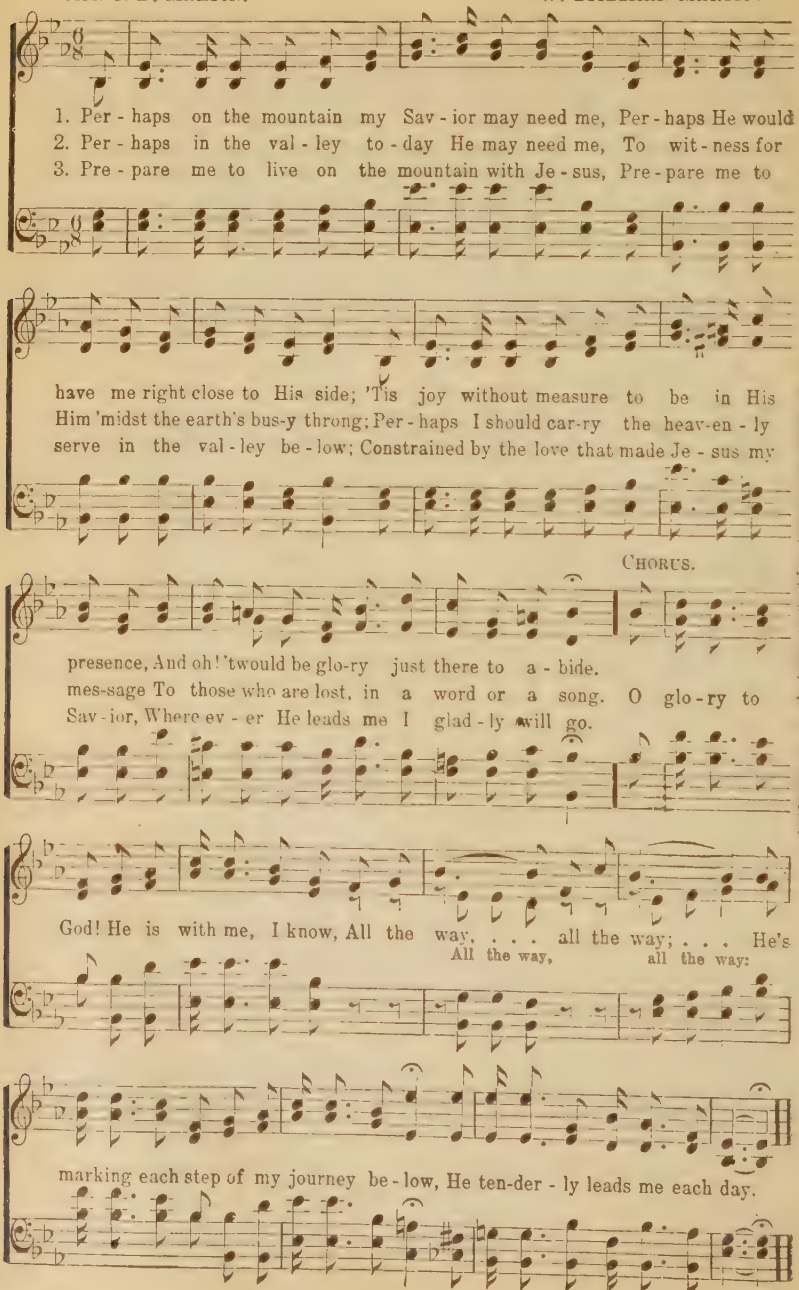
His Will for Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. Per - haps on the mountain my Sav - ior may need me, Per - haps He would
2. Per - haps in the val - ley to - day He may need me, To wit - ness for
3. Pre - pare me to live on the mountain with Je - sus, Pre - pare me to
have me right close to His side; 'Tis joy without measure to be in His
Him 'midst the earth's bus-y throng; Per - haps I should car-ry the heav-en - ly
serve in the val - ley be - low; Constrained by the love that made Je - sus my
Chorus.
presence, And oh! 'twould be glo-ry just there to a - bide.
mes-sage To those who are lost, in a word or a song. O glo - ry to
Sav - ior, Where ev - er He leads me I glad - ly will go.
God! He is with me, I know, All the way, . . . all the way; . . . He's
All the way, all the way:
marking each step of my journey be - low, He ten-der - ly leads me each day.

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H. L. B. HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. Walking in the bless-ed light of Je-sus' love, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
2. Sav-ior, keep me walking in the nar-row way, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
3. Walking by the riv-er on the gold-en shore, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
walk-ing ev-'ry day; Walk-ing in the strength He gives us from a-bove,
walk-ing ev-'ry day; Save me from the tempter's fie-ry darts and pow'r,
walk-ing ev-'ry day; Walk-ing in the Sav-ior's presence ev-er-more,
REFRAIN.
Walk-ing with Je-sus a-lone.
Save me, O Je-sus, I pray.
Walk-ing with Je-sus at home.
Walk-ing with
Walk-ing in the sun-shine,
Je-sus,
walk-ing in the shad-ow,
Walk-ing ev-'ry day, walk ing all the way,
Walk-ing with Je-sus,
Walking with Jesus a-lone.
Walking in the sunshine, walking in the shadow,

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There'll be Joy By and By.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER. *Not too fast.* P. P. BILHORN.

1. There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by, (by and by ,We shall meet in that
2. Not a fear, not a sor-row, not a sigh,(not a sigh),Shall we know in the
3. Oft I sigh for the hap-py by and by, (by and by),And I know that the
cit - y you and I; (you and I); Just be - yond the gates of gold, In a
hap-py by and by; (by and by); We will meet the friends we love, In the
day is draw - ing nigh;(draw - ing nigh ;When my Sav - ior's face I'll see, And His
home of wealth un-told, There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by. (by and by).
bless - ed home a-bove, There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by. (by and by).
smile will welcome me To the joy in the hap-py by and by. (by and by).
CHORUS. *Joyful.*
There'll be joy . . . by and by, ... There'll be peace that nothing can destroy!
glad joy, by and by,
There'll be rest, . . . o - ver there, There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by. . . . .
sweet rest by and by.

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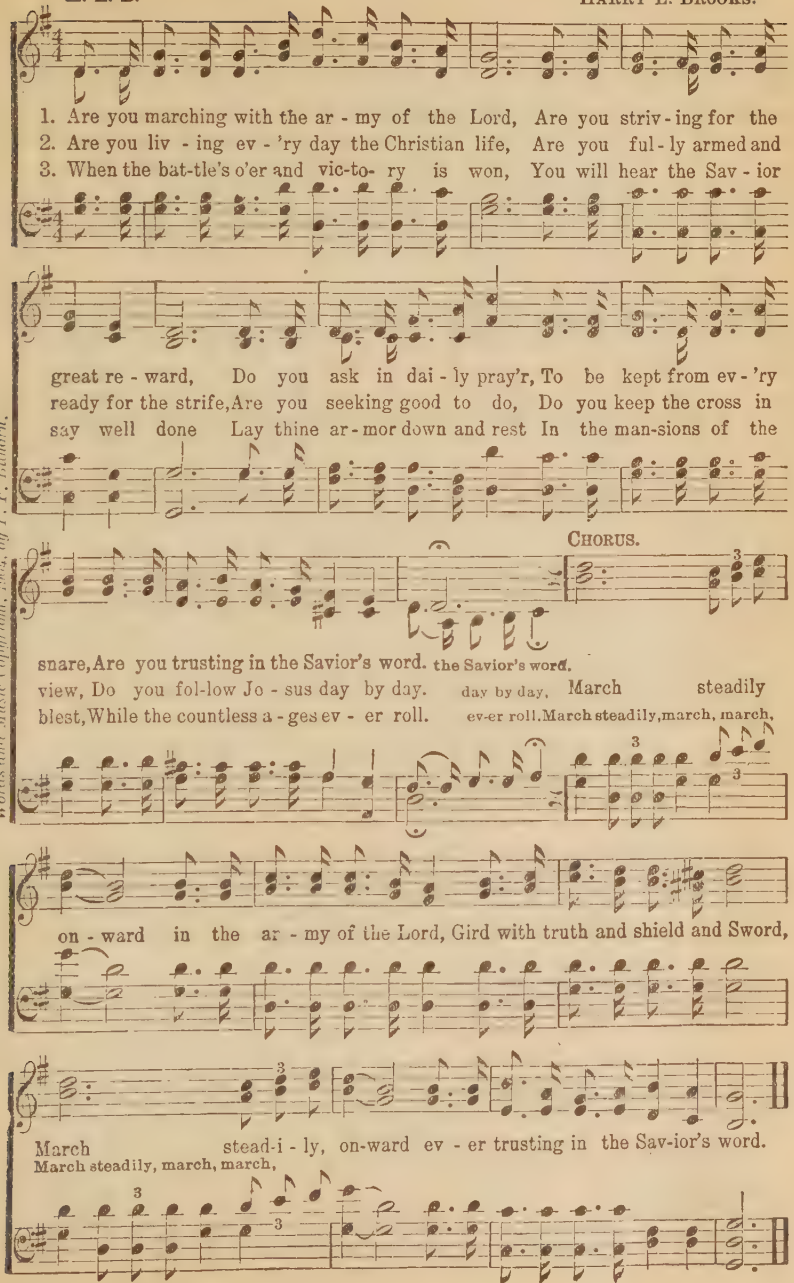
Steadily Onward.

H. L. B. HARRY L. BROOKS.


1. Are you marching with the ar - my of the Lord, Are you striv - ing for the
2. Are you liv - ing ev - 'ry day the Christian life, Are you ful - ly armed and
3. When the bat-tle's o'er and vic-to- ry is won, You will hear the Sav - ior
great re - ward, Do you ask in dai - ly pray'r, To be kept from ev - 'ry
ready for the strife, Are you seeking good to do, Do you keep the cross in
say well done Lay thine ar - mor down and rest In the man-sions of the
CHORUS.
snare, Are you trusting in the Savior's word. the Savior's word.
view, Do you fol-low Je - sus day by day. day by day, March steadily
blest, While the countless a - ges ev - er roll. ev-er roll. March steadily, march, march,
on - ward in the ar - my of the Lord, Gird with truth and shield and Sword,
March stead-i - ly, on-ward ev - er trusting in the Sav-ior's word.
March steadily, march, march,

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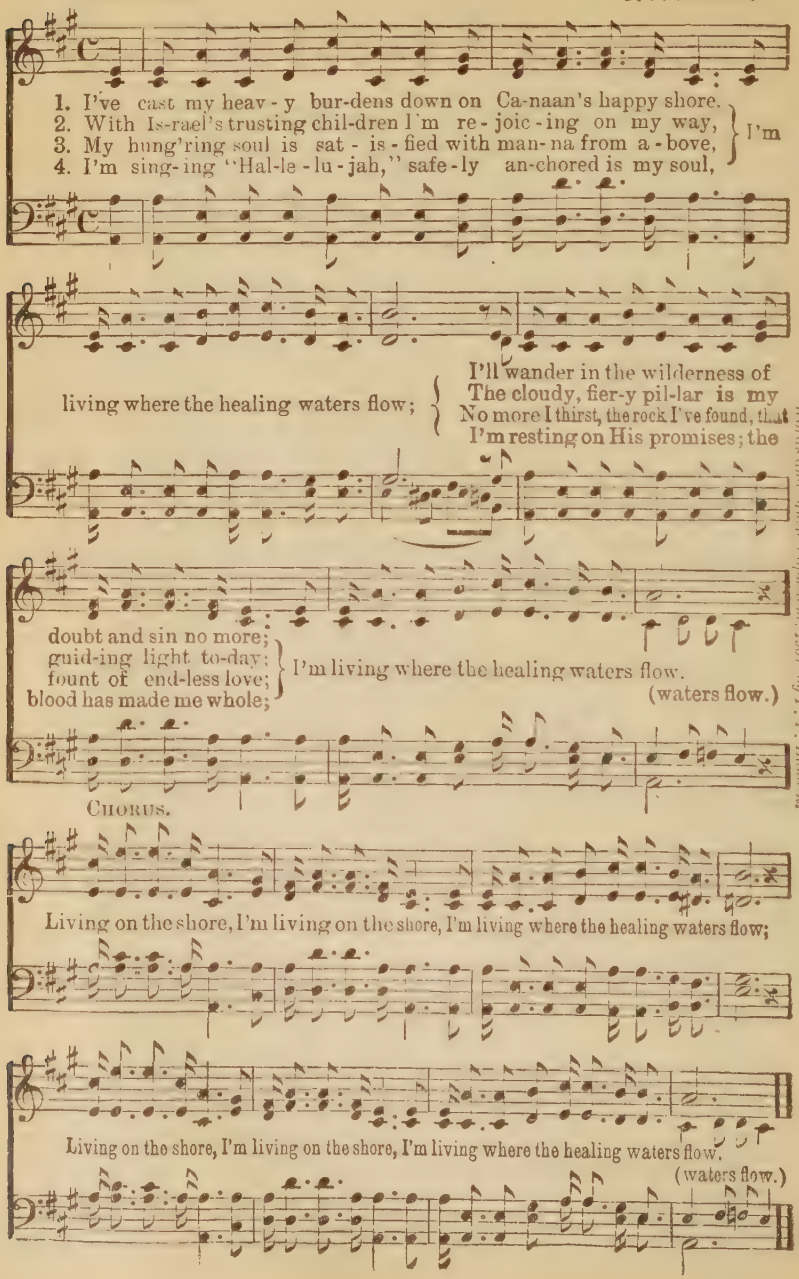
Living Where the Healing Waters Flow.

INA DUDLEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. I've cast my heav - y bur-dens down on Ca-naan's happy shore.
2. With Is-rael's trusting chil-dren I'm re - joic - ing on my way,
3. My hung'ring soul is sat - is - fied with man-na from a - bove,
4. I'm sing-ing "Hal-le - lu - jah," safe - ly an-chored is my soul,
I'm living where the healing waters flow;
I'll wander in the wilderness of sin
The cloudy, fier-y pil-lar is my guide
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that blood has made me whole;
I'm resting on His promises; the fount of end-less love;
doubt and sin no more;
guid-ing light to-day;
I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)
CHORUS.
Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;
Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)

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FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

Duet.
1. There's nev - er a path-way so lone-ly, But Je - sus will
2. No dark - ness e'er fall - eth a-round us, But Je - sus hath
3. O take with re - joic - ing the prom-ise, "He car - eth, He
bright-en and cheer; For "Lo," He hath said, "I am with thee." No
pow'r to dis - pel; He part - eth the clouds with His glo - ry, That
car - eth for thee!" O leave all thy bur-dens with Je - sus, And
CHORUS.
cry that His love doth not hear.
safe - ly in Him we may dwell. He is car - ing for
sing, "He is car - ing for me!" He is
me, ... He is car - ing for me; . . . . . I have not a
car - ing for me. He is car-ing for me;
care that He doth not share, Since He is car-ing for me. . . . . .
is car - ing for me.

P. P. Bilhorn, owner.
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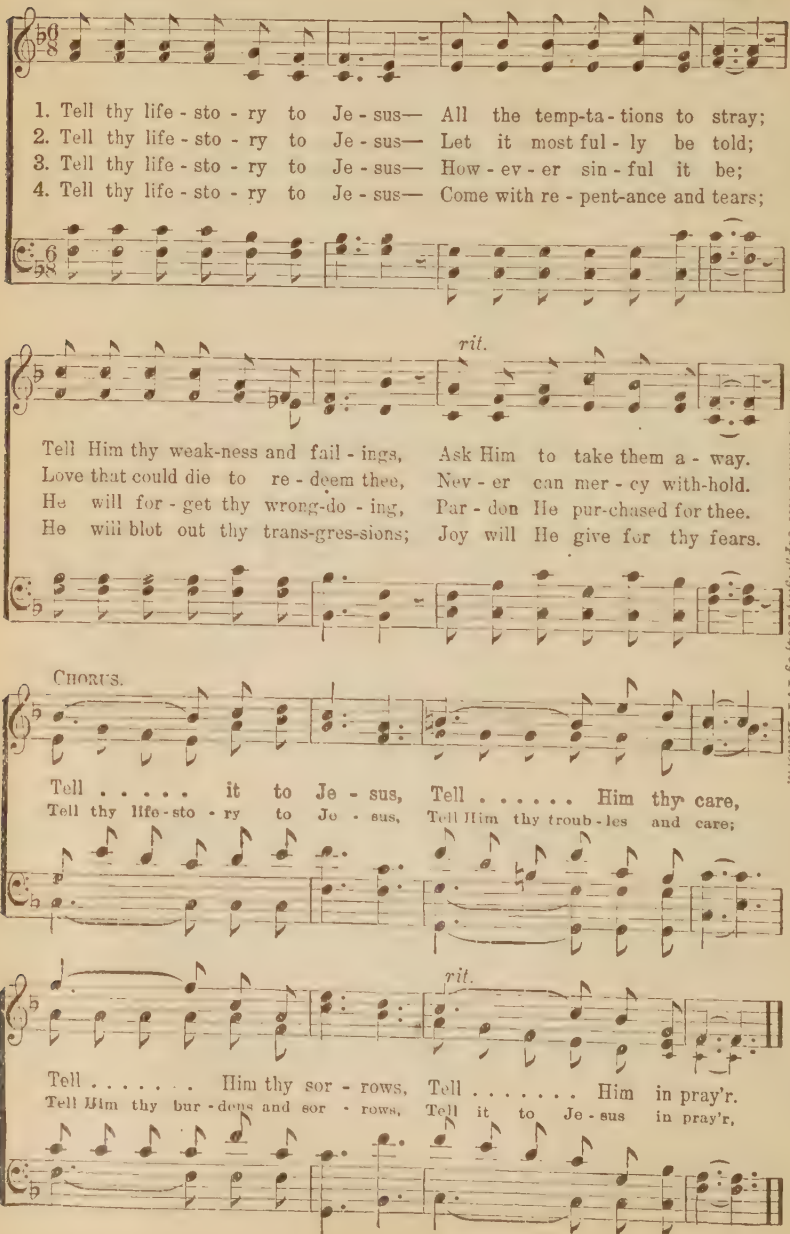
Tell Thy Life-Story to Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— All the temp-ta - tions to stray;
2. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Let it most ful - ly be told;
3. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— How - ev - er sin - ful it be;
4. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Come with re - pent-ance and tears;
rit.
Tell Him thy weak-ness and fail - ings, Ask Him to take them a - way.
Love that could die to re - deem thee, Nev - er can mer - cy with-hold.
He will for - get thy wrong-do - ing, Par - don He pur-chased for thee.
He will blot out thy trans-gres-sions; Joy will He give for thy fears.
Chorus.
Tell . . . . . it to Je - sus, Tell . . . . . Him thy care,
Tell thy life-sto - ry to Je - sus, Tell Him thy troub - les and care;
rit.
Tell . . . . . Him thy sor - rows, Tell . . . . . Him in pray'r.
Tell Him thy bur - dens and sor - rows, Tell it to Je - sus in pray'r.

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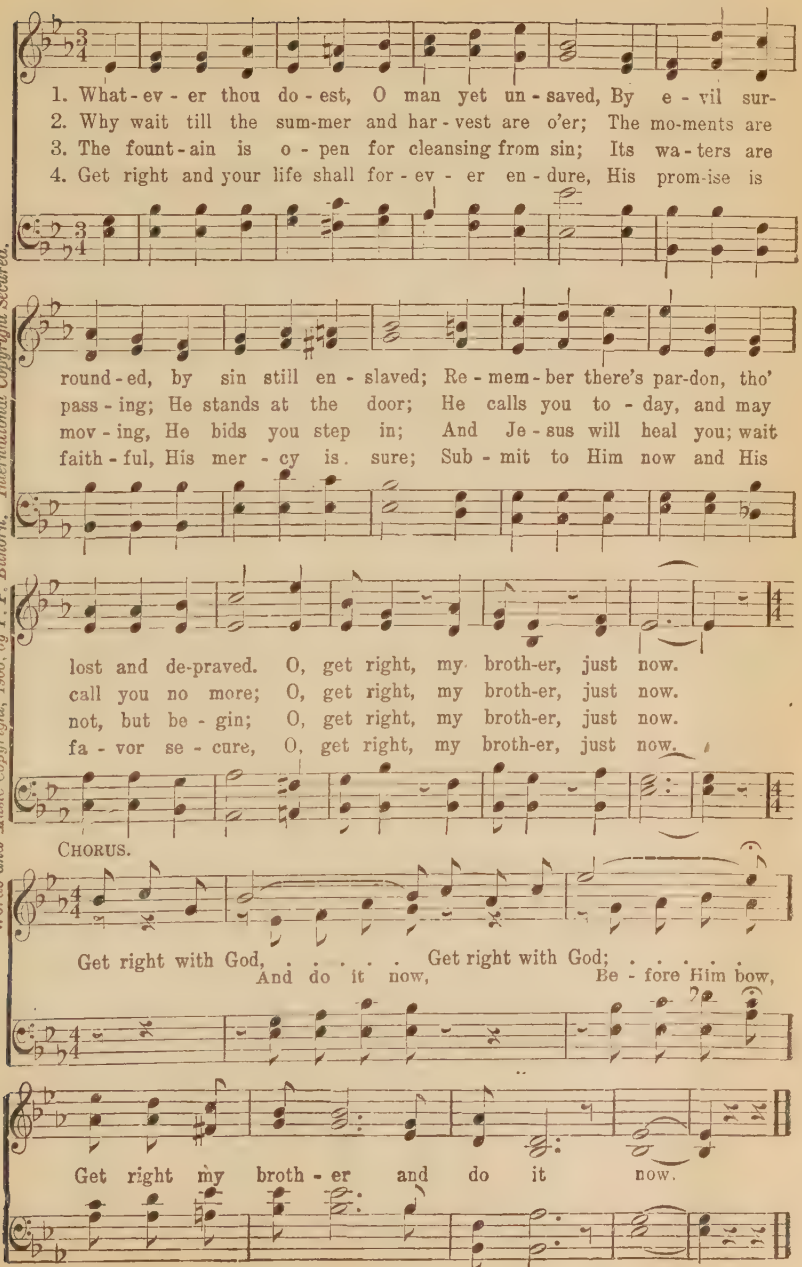
Get Right With God.

H. L. F. H. L. FRISBIE.


1. What-ev-er thou do-est, O man yet un-saved, By e-vil sur-
round-ed, by sin still en-slaved; Re-mem-ber there's par-don, tho'
lost and de-praved. O, get right, my broth-er, just now.
CHORUS.
Get right with God, ... Get right with God; . . . . .
And do it now, Be-fore Him bow,
Get right my broth-er and do it now.

2. Why wait till the sum-mer and har-vest are o'er; The mo-ments are pass-ing; He stands at the door; He calls you to-day, and may call you no more;

3. The fount-ain is o-pen for cleansing from sin; Its wa-ters are mov-ing, He bids you step in; And Je-sus will heal you; wait not, but be-gin;

4. Get right and your life shall for-ev-er en-dure, His prom-ise is faith-ful, His mer-cy is sure; Sub-mit to Him now and His fa-vor se-cure,

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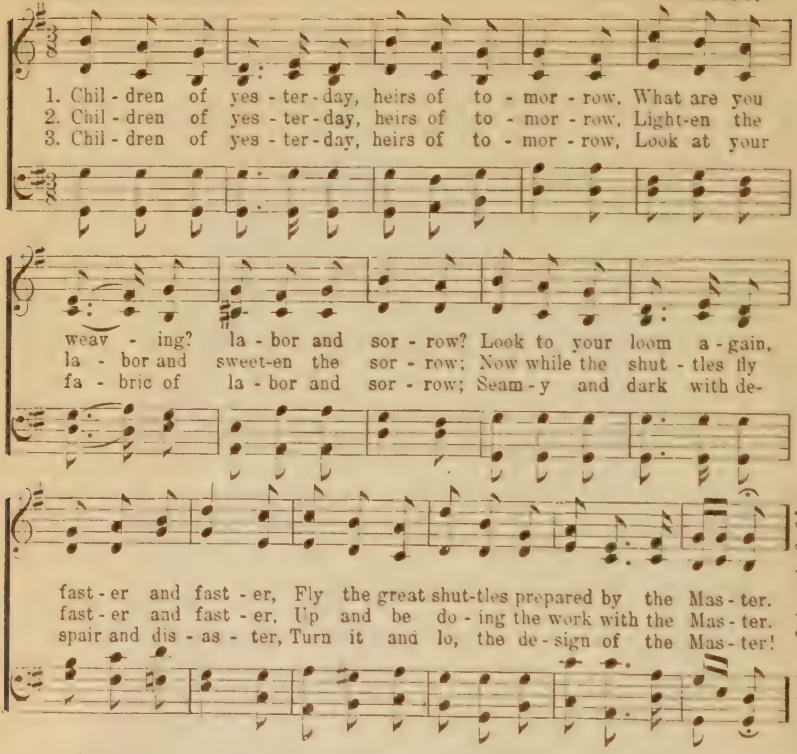
Life in the Loom.

MARY A. LATHBURY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Chil - dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row. What are you weav - ing? la - bor and sor - row? Look to your loom a - gain,
2. Chil - dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Light-en the la - bor and sweet-en the sor - row; Now while the shut - tles fly
3. Chil - dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Look at your fa - bric of la - bor and sor - row; Seam - y and dark with de-
fast - er and fast - er, Fly the great shut-tles prepared by the Mas - ter.
fast - er and fast - er, Up and be do - ing the work with the Mas - ter.
spair and dis - as - ter, Turn it and lo, the de - sign of the Mas - ter!

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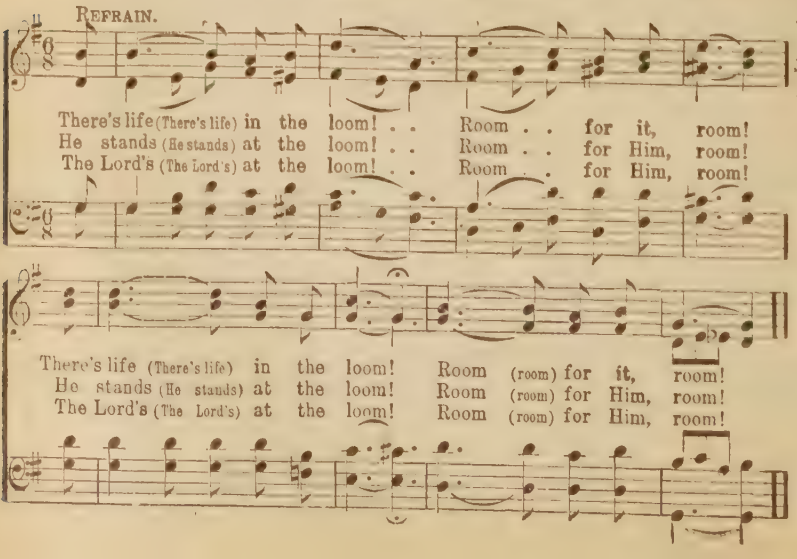
REFRAIN.


There's life (There's life) in the loom! . . Room . . for it, room!
He stands (He stands) at the loom! . . Room . . for Him, room!
The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! . . Room . . for Him, room!
There's life (There's life) in the loom! Room (room) for it, room!
He stands (He stands) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!
The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Un - to the feast that the King hath spread, Come, come, come, come,
2. Out of the dark-ness of sin's long night, Come, come, come, come,
3. Out of your pov - er - ty in - to wealth, Come, come, come, come,
4. Out of your rest - less-ness un - to peace, Come, come, come, come,
5. Feed-ing no lon - ger on husks of sin, Come, come, come, come,
6. Trav - el no lon - ger the down-ward road, Come, come, come, come,
Feed up - on hon - ey and liv - ing bread, Prod-i - gal come to - day
In - to the mar - vel - ous gos - pel light, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
Out of your sick - ness and in - to health, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
Out of your bond - age to sweet re - lease, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
Per - fect sal - va - tion your soul shall win, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
Lead - ing a - way from yon blest a - bode, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
Chorus.
Je - sus is tend - er - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
Ev - er like mus - ic 'tis fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing,
1
Je - sus is tend - er - ly call - ing, Why will you still de - lay?
2
Ev - er like mus - ic 'tis fall - ing, Prod-i - gal come to - day.

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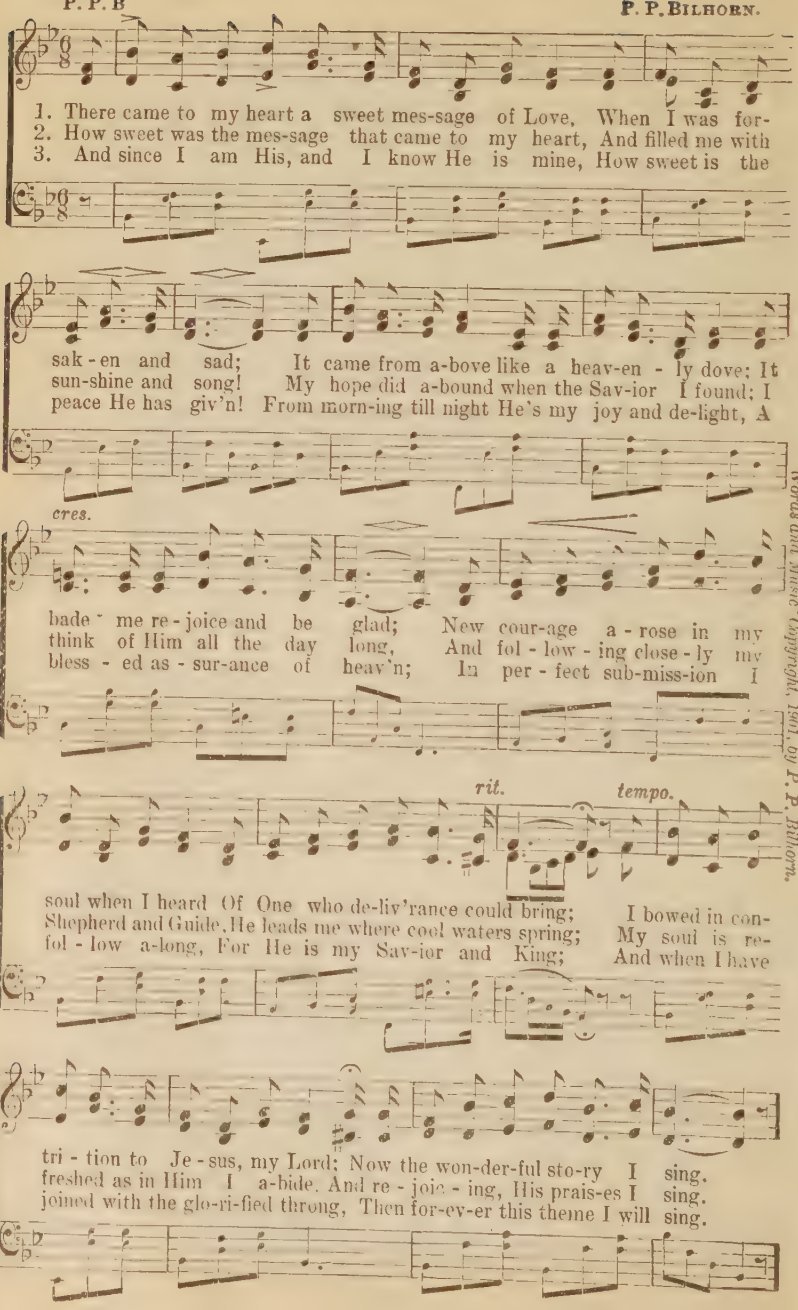
A Message of Love.

P. P. B

P. P. Bilhorn.


1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of Love, When I was for-
2. How sweet was the mes-sage that came to my heart, And filled me with
3. And since I am His, and I know He is mine, How sweet is the
sak-en and sad; It came from a-bove like a heav-en-ly dove; It
sun-shine and song! My hope did a-bound when the Sav-ior I found; I
peace He has giv'n! From morn-ing till night He's my joy and de-light, A
cres.
bade me re-joice and be glad; New cour-age a-rose in my
think of Him all the day long, And fol-low-ing close-ly my
bless-ed as-sur-ance of heav'n; In per-fect sub-miss-ion I
rit.
tempo.
soul when I heard Of One who de-liv'rance could bring; I bowed in con-
Shepherd and Guide, He leads me where cool waters spring; My soul is re-
fol-low a-long, For He is my Sav-ior and King; And when I have
tri-tion to Je-sus, my Lord; Now the won-der-ful sto-ry I sing.
freshed as in Him I a-bide. And re-joic-ing, His prais-es I sing.
joined with the glo-ri-fied throng, Then for-ev-er this theme I will sing.

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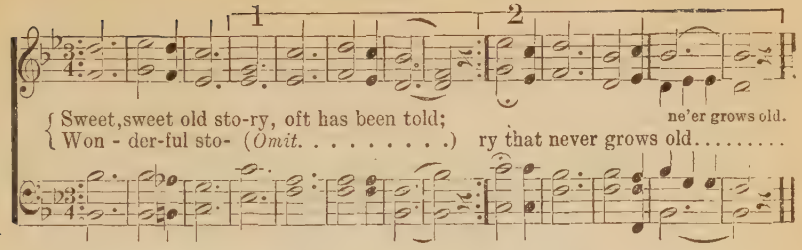
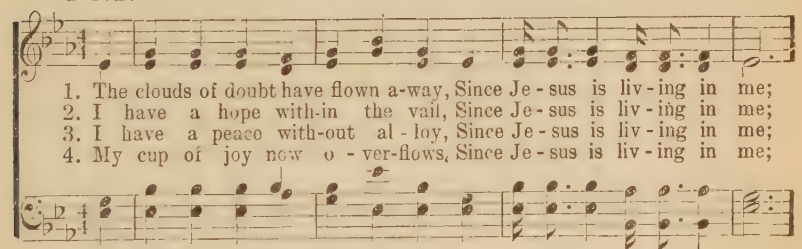
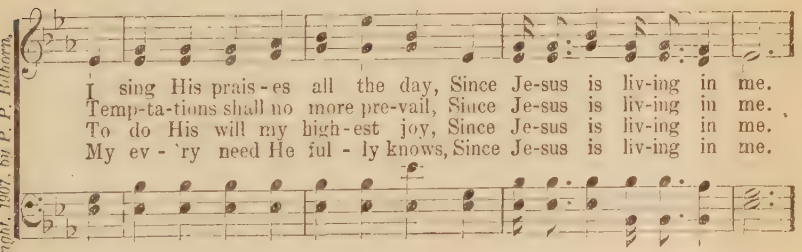


Since Jesus is Living in Me.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. The clouds of doubt have flown a-way, Since Je - sus is liv - ing in me;
2. I have a hope with-in the vail, Since Je - sus is liv - ing in me;
3. I have a peace with-out al - loy, Since Je - sus is liv - ing in me;
4. My cup of joy now o - ver-flows, Since Je - sus is liv - ing in me;


I sing His prais - es all the day, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.
Temp-ta-tions shall no more pre-vail, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.
To do His will my high-est joy, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.
My ev - 'ry need He ful - ly knows, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.

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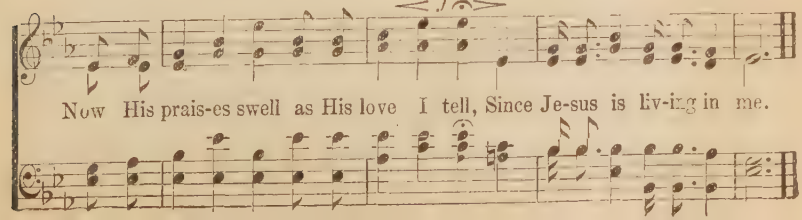

My Anchor Holds.

J. W. B.
Slowly

JOSEPH W. BURGESS.

1. When the waves are roll-ing fast, And I face the threat'ning blast; And a
2. Sa - tan tries by ev - 'ry art And with many a fier - y dart, To a
3. I am wait - ing for a day When the storms have pass'd a-way, And the
dark, for - bid-ding cloud my bark en-folds. Tho' the bil - lows 'round me roll,
fright me from the Christ my faith be-holds; But I trust Him more and more,
ha - ven of sweet rest my eye be-holds; When my voy - age is com-plete,
cres.
rit.
There's a calm with - in my soul, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, my
And I've proved Him o'er and o'er, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, my
And I bow at Je - sus' feet, Praise the Lord for - ev - er - more, my
CHORUS.
f
rit.
p
an-chor holds.
an-chor holds. I can face the tempest's shock, For I'm anchored to the Rock,
an-chor holds.
cres.
And His might-y arm my feeble strength upholds; Tho' the billows 'round me roll,

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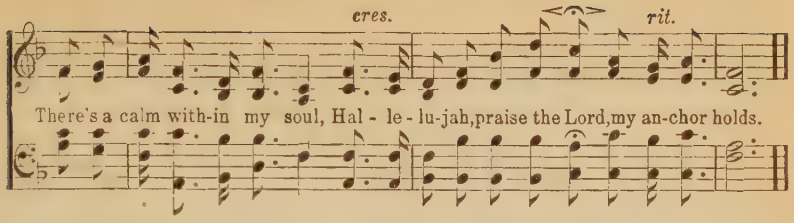
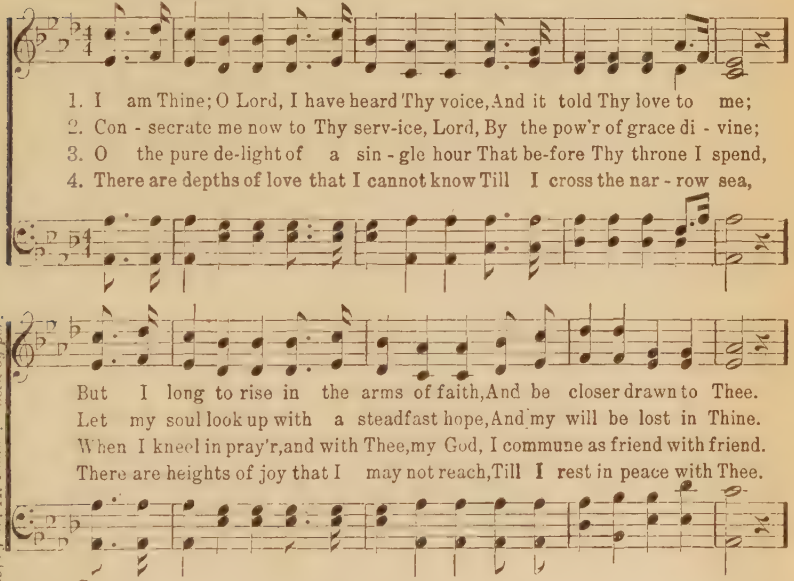


Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine; O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - secrate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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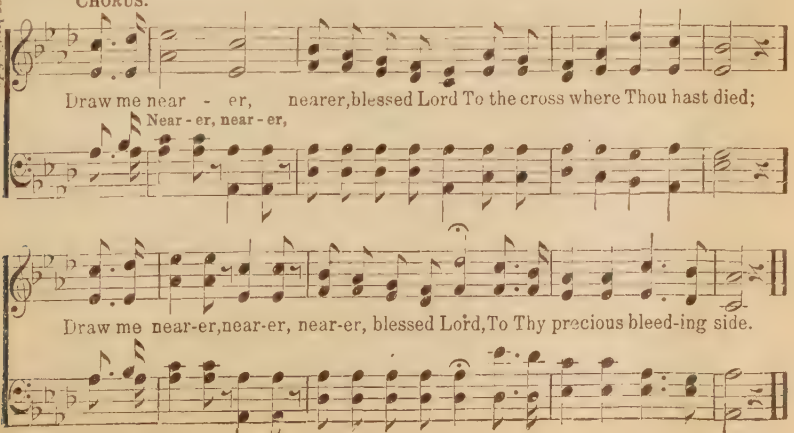
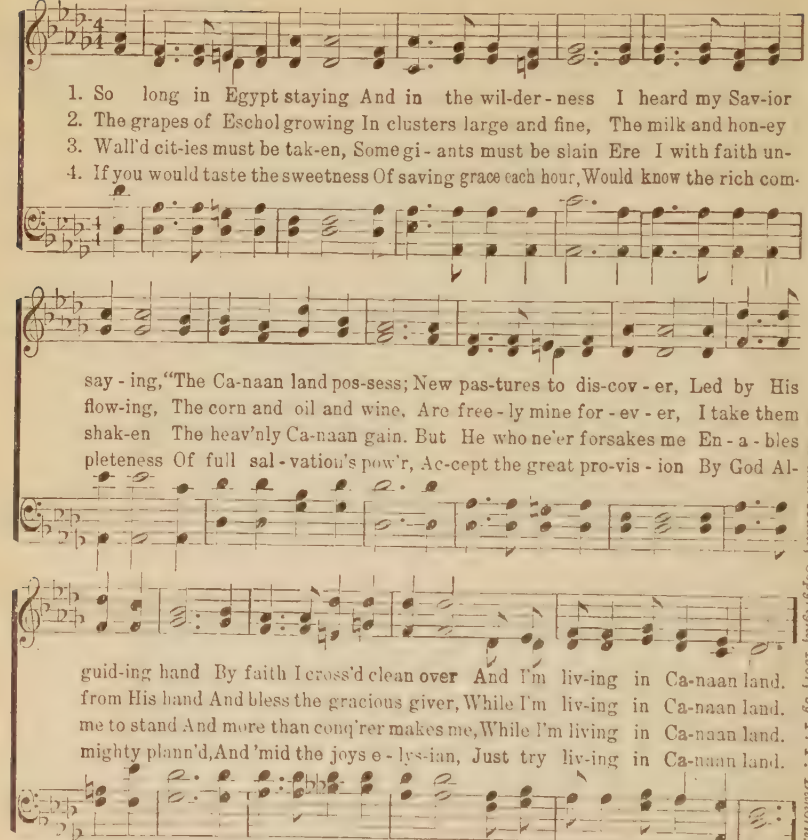
CHORUS.


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord To the cross where Thou hast died;
Near - er, near - er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleed-ing side.

Living in Canaan Land.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. So long in Egypt staying And in the wil-der-ness I heard my Sav-ior
2. The grapes of Eschol growing In clusters large and fine, The milk and hon-ey
3. Wall'd cit-ies must be tak-en, Some gi-ants must be slain Ere I with faith un-
4. If you would taste the sweetness Of saving grace each hour, Would know the rich com-
say-ing, "The Ca-naan land pos-sess; New pas-tures to dis-cov-er, Led by His
flow-ing, The corn and oil and wine, Are free-ly mine for-ev-er, I take them
shak-en The heav'nly Ca-naan gain. But He who ne'er forsakes me En-a-bles
pleteness Of full sal-vation's pow'r, Ac-cept the great pro-vis-ion By God Al-
guid-ing hand By faith I cross'd clean over And I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land.
from His hand And bless the gracious giver, While I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land.
me to stand And more than conq'rer makes me, While I'm living in Ca-naan land.
mighty plann'd, And 'mid the joys e-lys-ian, Just try liv-ing in Ca-naan land.
Chorus.
I'm o-ver, clean o-ver In Ca-naan land to-day I stand; I'm o-ver
1
2
clean o-ver, I've cross'd the Jordan's tide; I'm I'm saved and sanc-ti-fied.

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Into the Morning.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. "Out of the mid-night in-to the morn-ing", Out of the old life
2. "Out of the mid-night in-to the morn-ing", Drawn by the Sav-iour
3. "Out of the mid-night in-to the mor-ning", Out of the tem-pest
in-to the new; Out of deep bond-age in-to God's free-dom
up to the light; Touch'd with a fra-grance waft-ed from heav-en,
in-to the calm; Out of the dark-ness in-to the sun-light
CHORUS.
f
Out of the sin life in-to the true.
Lives that were e-vil turn to the right. "Out of the mid-night in-to the
Voic-es are chant-ing vic-to-ry's psalm.
morn-ing," Je-sus with mighty arm ev-er will bring; Love beams of free-dom
rit.
and rapt-ure a-dorn-ing, Joy-ous the song of sal-va-tion we sing.

Words and Music, Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

But as Many as Received Him.

Dedicated to the Pacific Garden Mission.

P. P. B. John 1:12. P. P. BILHORN.

1. For God so loved the world He gave His Son for man to die,
2. He came to earth our load to lift, At such tre-mend-ous cost,
3. "I now am lost a sin - ner cried Am poor, and wretched blind,
4. The blood of Christ so rich and free, For all man-kind is giv'n,
Un - to His own He came to save, But they cried cru - ci - fy.
But they who spurn this pre - cious gift Shall be for - ev - er lost.
His love, His grace I oft de - nied, And can I par - don find."
Who - ev - er will not cleans-ed be, Shall nev - er en - ter heav'n.
CHORUS.
But as ma - ny as re-ceived Him To them He gave the pow'r, The pow - er
to be - come the sons of God! But as ma - ny as re-ceived Him To
f
rit.
them He gave the pow'r, The pow - er to be-come the sons of God.

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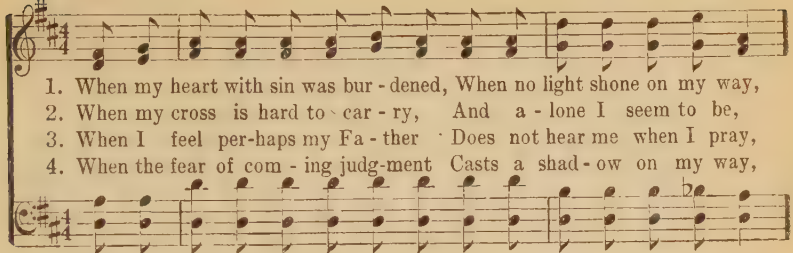
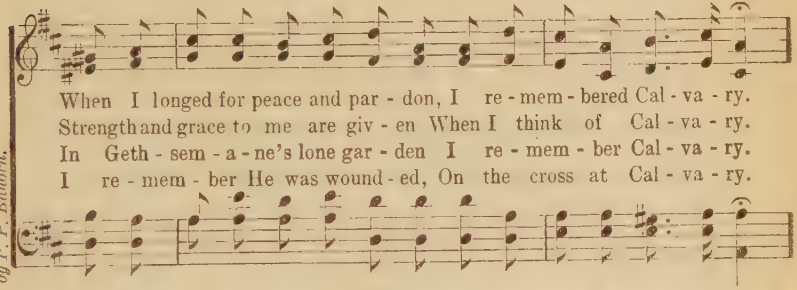
MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN. MARTIN.


1. When my heart with sin was bur - dened, When no light shone on my way,
2. When my cross is hard to car - ry, And a - lone I seem to be,
3. When I feel per-haps my Fa - ther Does not hear me when I pray,
4. When the fear of com - ing judg-ment Casts a shad - ow on my way,


When I longed for peace and par - don, I re - mem - bered Cal - va - ry.
Strength and grace to me are giv - en When I think of Cal - va - ry.
In Geth - sem - a - ne's lone gar - den I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.
I re - mem - ber He was wound - ed, On the cross at Cal - va - ry.

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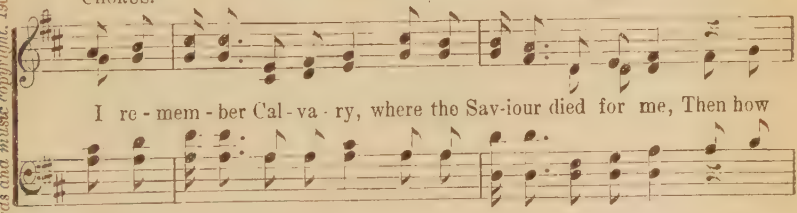
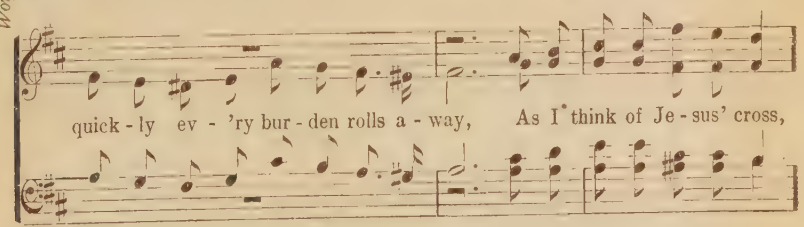
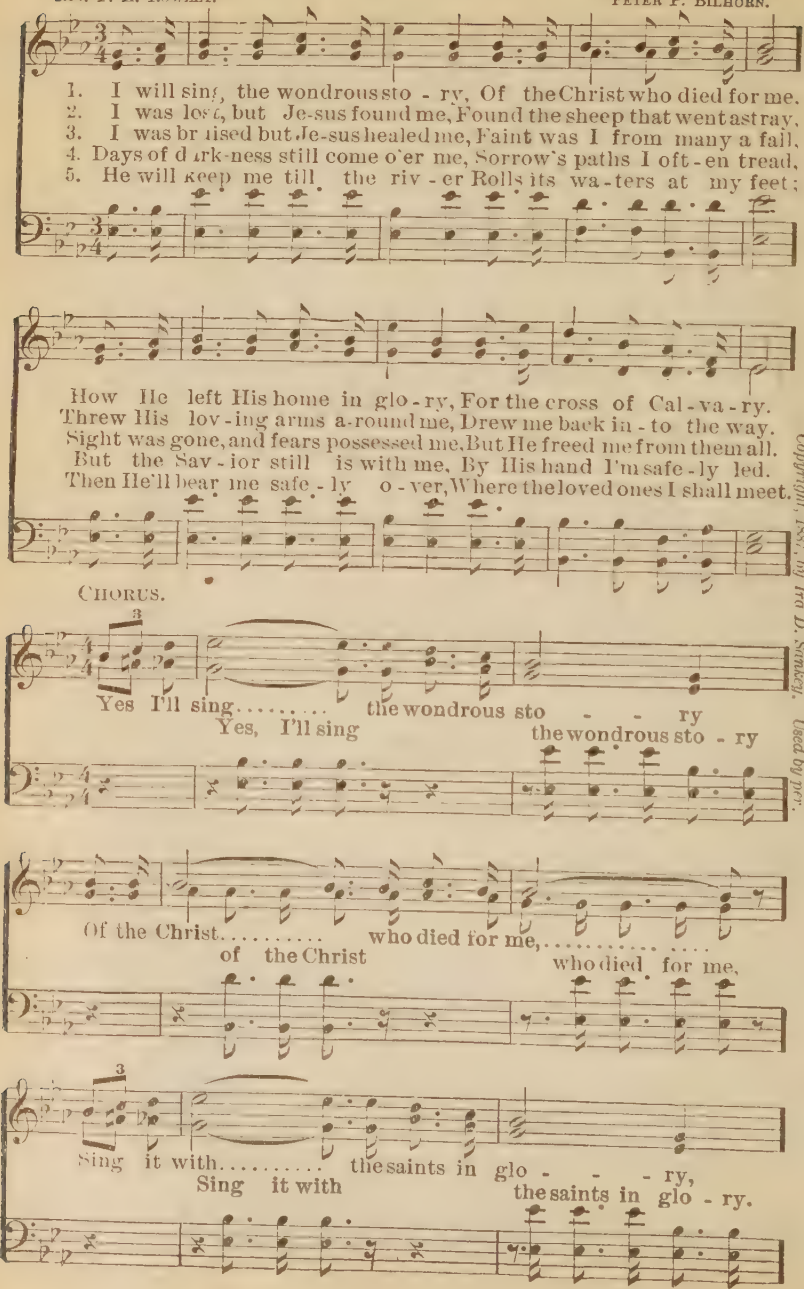
CHORUS.





I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Rev. F. H. Rowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.


1. I will sing, the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me.
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft-en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa-ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal-va - ry.
Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to the way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
CHORUS.
Yes I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry.

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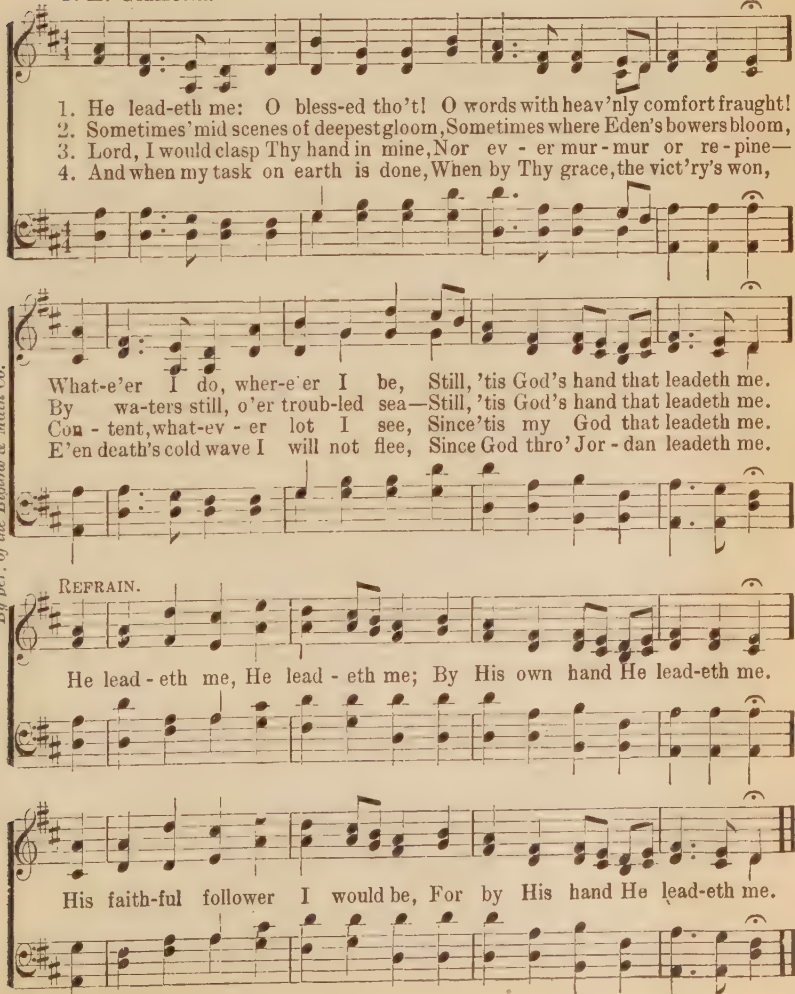
He Leadeth Me.

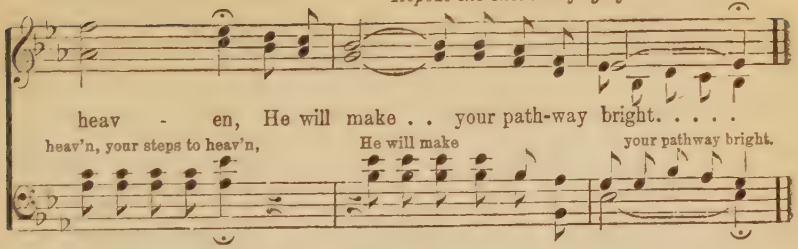
J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan leadeth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me.
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

By per. of the Bigelow & Main Co.

R. L. Pasmore
P. P. Bliss
1. All they who walk with Je - sus No sad cross or sor - row know;
2. All they who walk with Je - sus Should not or toil or fear;
3. All they who walk with Je - sus Ev - er will be true,
ways He shows them, And com-forts to them gives.
ver as - sures them, To help He's ev - er near;
er is with them, And will be to the end;
bright-ness, The sun and hon-ors light-ens,
ful - ness, And ev - 'ry wish ful - fill;
ful - ness, O how His com-forts fill;
Chorus.
He cannot He loves them so. Come and walk
He looks a will - ing ear,
And Je - sus is that Friend.
Come and walk
walk with Je - sus
He will make
He will guide
steps to
He will make
He will guide

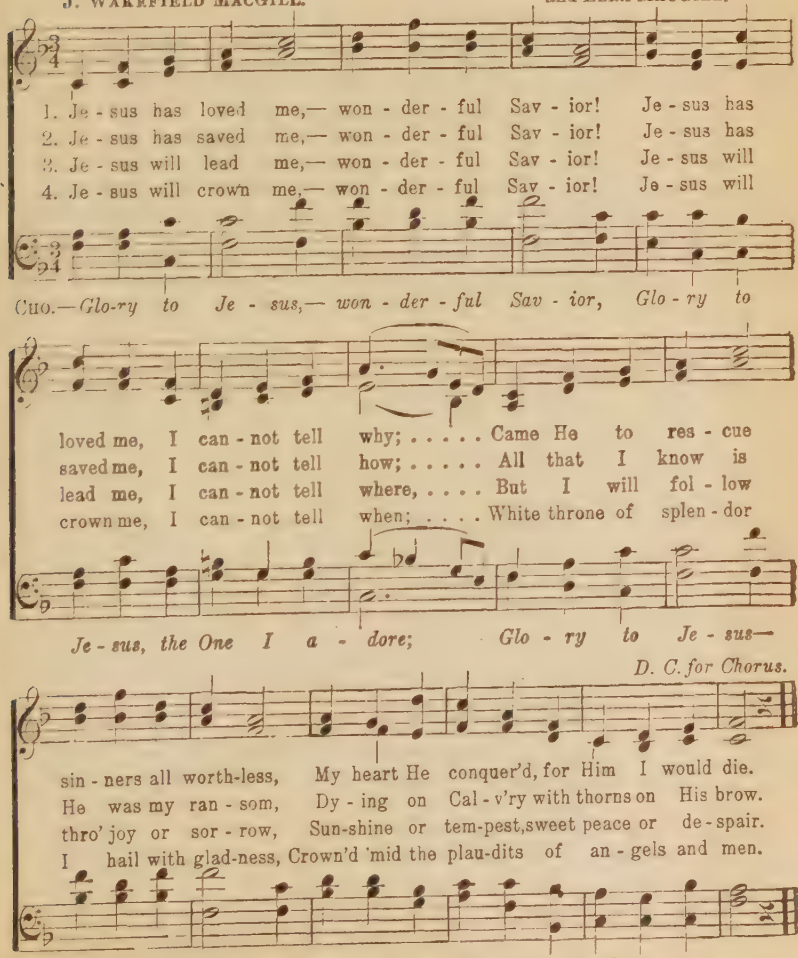
Repeat the chorus softly after last verse.



Glory to Jesus.

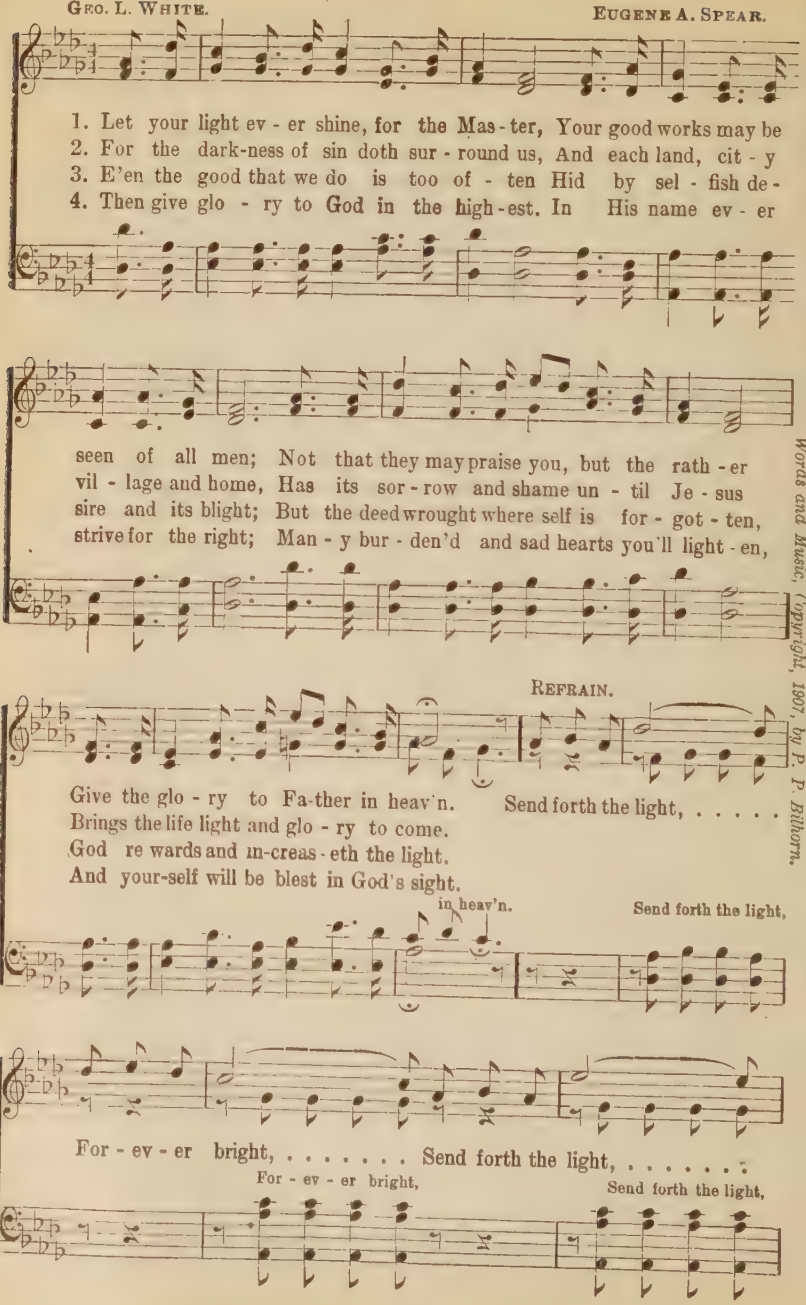
J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN and ELLA MACGILL.


1. Je - sus has loved me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
Cho.—Glo-ry to Je - sus,— won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo - ry to
loved me, I can - not tell why; . . . . . Came He to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how; . . . . . All that I know is
lead me, I can - not tell where, ... But I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when; . . . . White throne of splen - dor
Je - sus, the One I a - dore; Glo - ry to Je - sus—
D. C. for Chorus.
sin - ners all worth-less, My heart He conquer'd, for Him I would die.
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - v'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tem-pest, sweet peace or de - spair.
I hail with glad-ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.
won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er-more.

Let Your Light Ever Shine.

GEO. L. WHITE. EUGENE A. SPEAR.


1. Let your light ev - er shine, for the Mas - ter, Your good works may be
2. For the dark-ness of sin doth sur - round us, And each land, cit - y
3. E'en the good that we do is too of - ten Hid by sel - fish de -
4. Then give glo - ry to God in the high-est. In His name ev - er
seen of all men; Not that they may praise you, but the rath - er
vil - lage and home, Has its sor - row and shame un - til Je - sus
sire and its blight; But the deed wrought where self is for - got - ten,
strive for the right; Man - y bur - den'd and sad hearts you'll light - en,
REFRAIN.
Give the glo - ry to Fa-ther in heav'n. Send forth the light, ...
Brings the life light and glo - ry to come.
God re wards and in-creas - eth the light.
And your-self will be blest in God's sight.
in heav'n.
Send forth the light,
For - ev - er bright, ... Send forth the light, ...
For - ev - er bright,
Send forth the light,

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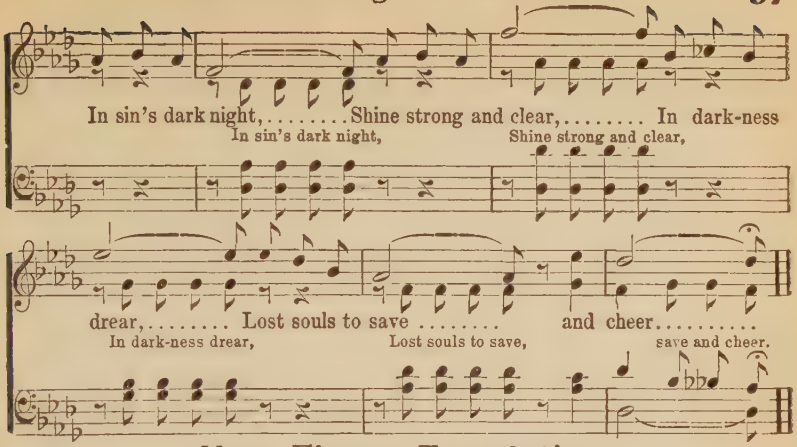
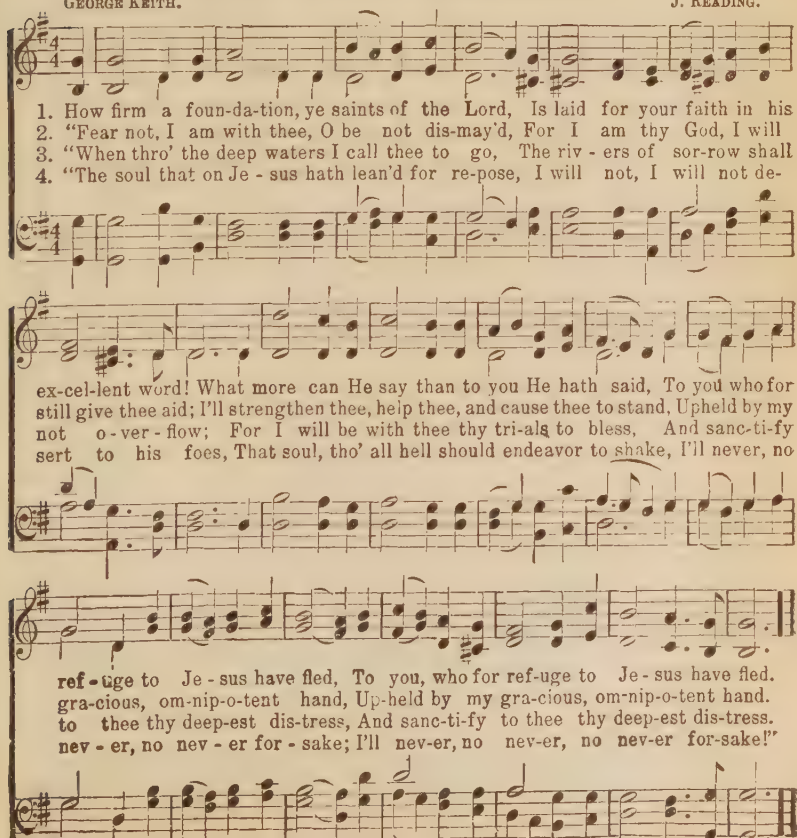

In sin's dark night, ... Shine strong and clear, ... In dark-ness
In sin's dark night,
Shine strong and clear,
drear, ... Lost souls to save ..... and cheer.....
In dark-ness drear,
Lost souls to save,
save and cheer.

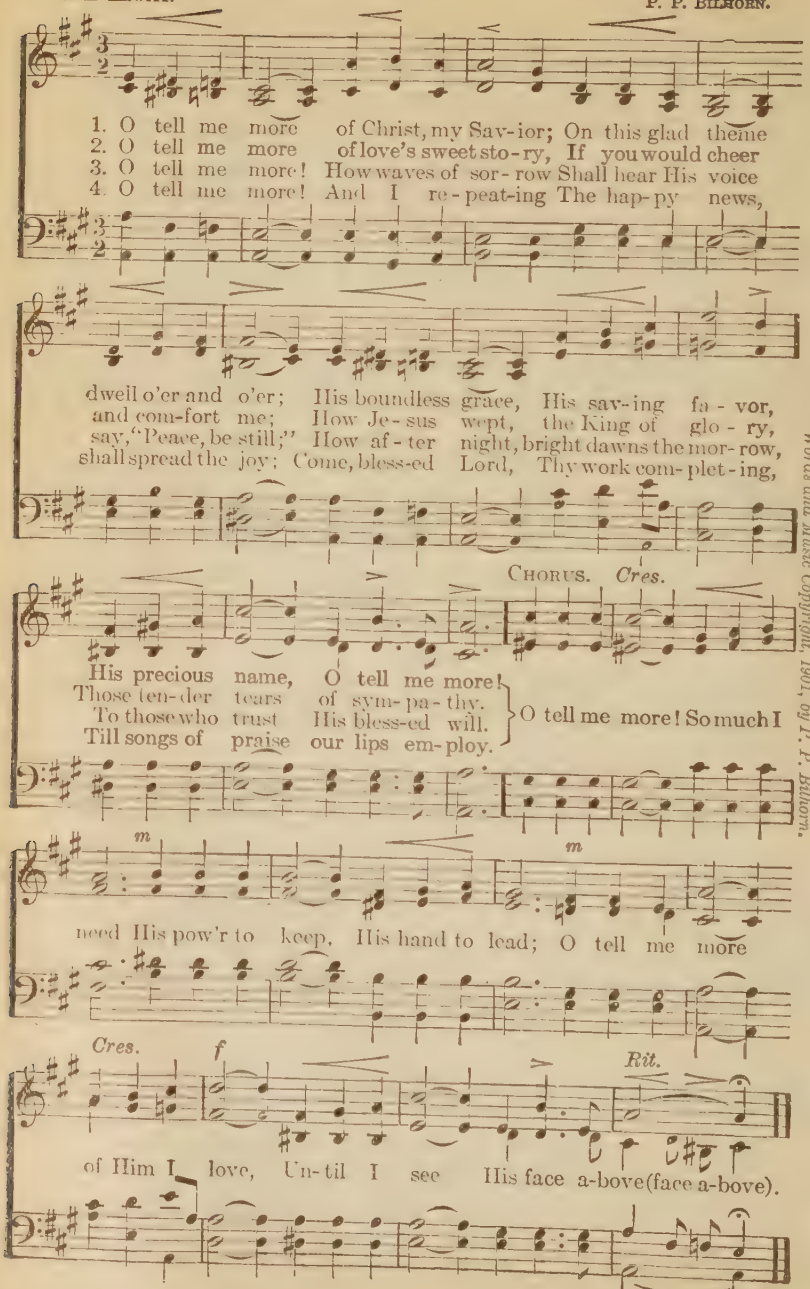
How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. J. READING.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my
not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
sert to his foes, That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je - sus have fled.
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev - er, no nev - er for - sake; I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

O Tell Me More of Christ.

E. E. Hewitt. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. O tell me more of Christ, my Sav-ior; On this glad theme
2. O tell me more of love's sweet sto-ry, If you would cheer
3. O tell me more! How waves of sor-row Shall hear His voice
4. O tell me more! And I re-peat-ing The hap-py news,
dwell o'er and o'er; His boundless grace, His sav-ing fa-vor,
and com-fort me; How Je-sus wept, the King of glo-ry,
say, "Peace, be still;" How af-ter night, bright dawns the mor-row,
shall spread the joy; Come, bless-ed Lord, Thy work com-plet-ing,
Chorus. Cres.
His precious name, O tell me more!
Those ten-der tears of sym-pa-thy.
To those who trust His bless-ed will.
Till songs of praise our lips em-ploy.
O tell me more! So much I
m
m
need His pow'r to keep, His hand to lead; O tell me more
Cres.
f
Rit.
of Him I love, Un-til I see His face a-bove (face a-bove).

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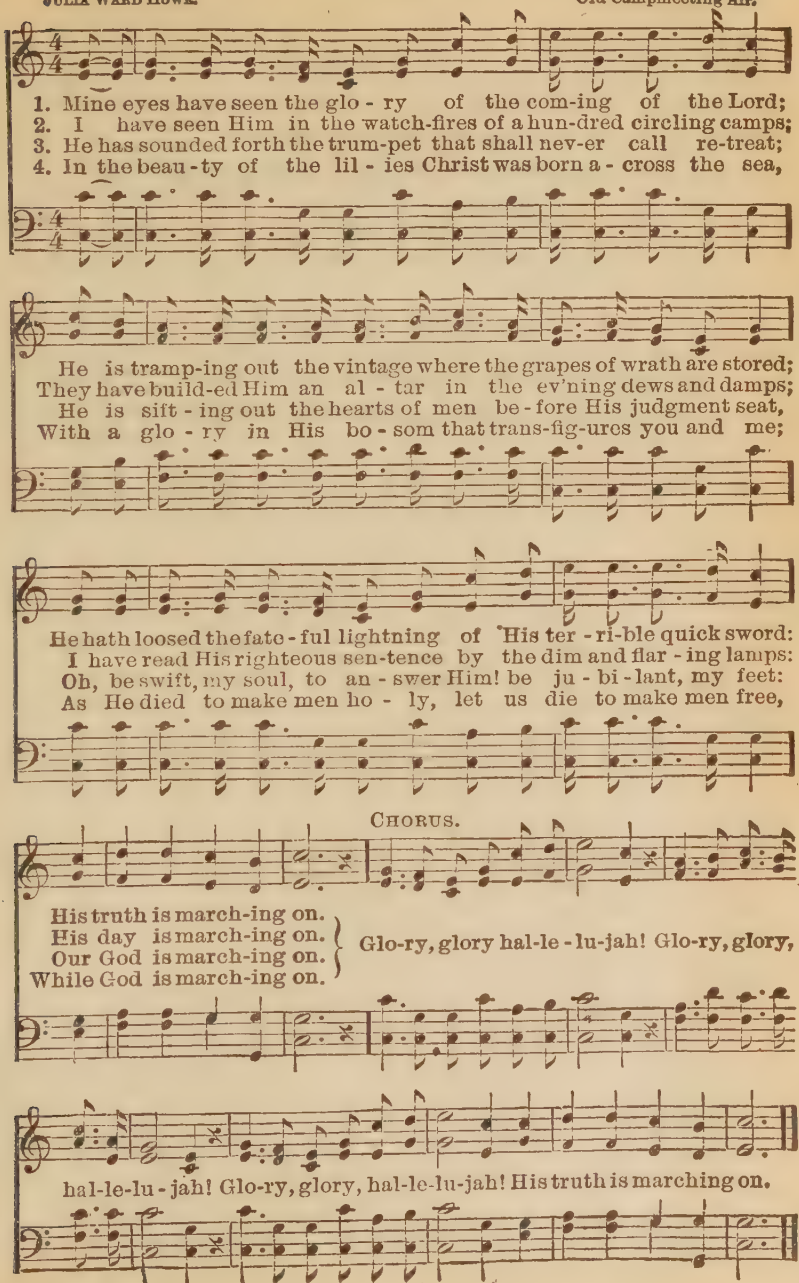
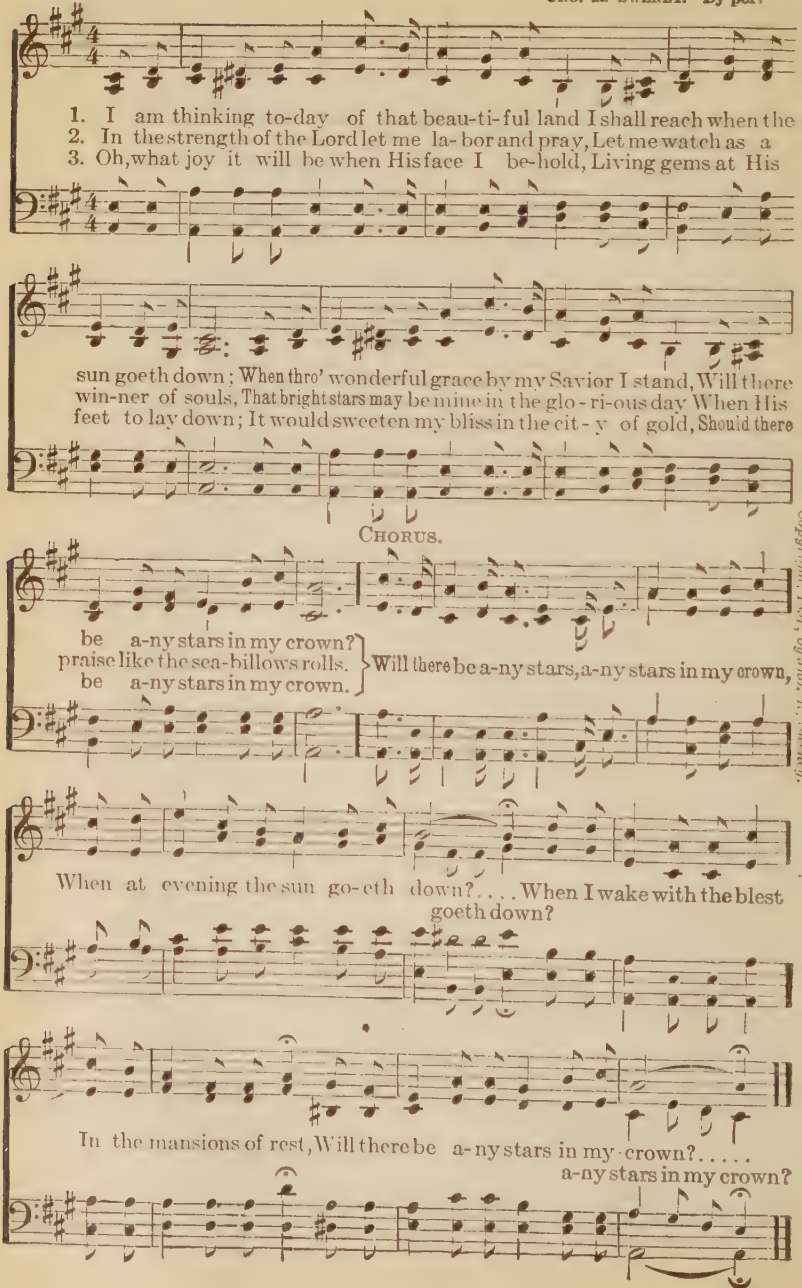
JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
3. He has sounded forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,
He is tramp-ing out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the ev'ning dews and damps;
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat,
With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me;
He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble quick sword:
I have read His righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet:
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,
CHORUS.
His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.
While God is march-ing on.
Glo-ry, glory hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry, glory,
hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry, glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Living gems at His
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billows rolls.
be a-ny stars in my crown.
Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,
When at evening the sun go-eth down?....When I wake with the blest
goeth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?.....
a-ny stars in my crown?

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In "the cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "that cit - y four-square,"
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."
CHORUS. mf
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
f
dim.
mf
And they count not time by years, For there is no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . there."

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My Savior Thinks of Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. By night or day, where e'er I roam, On land or trackless sea,
2. Tho' friends for - sake and cares op-press, A - lone I seem to be,
3. Tho' sometimes when I sing my songs, I reach a min - or key,
4. And when I'm near - ing Jor - dan's brink, My soul shall hap - py be,

My soul is safe, my heart is glad, My Sav - ior thinks of me.
My faith takes hold of Gods' own word, I'm sure He thinks of me.
This chord of love will stir my heart, My Sav - ior thinks of me.
And find sweet rest on Je - sus' breast, Be - cause He thinks of me.

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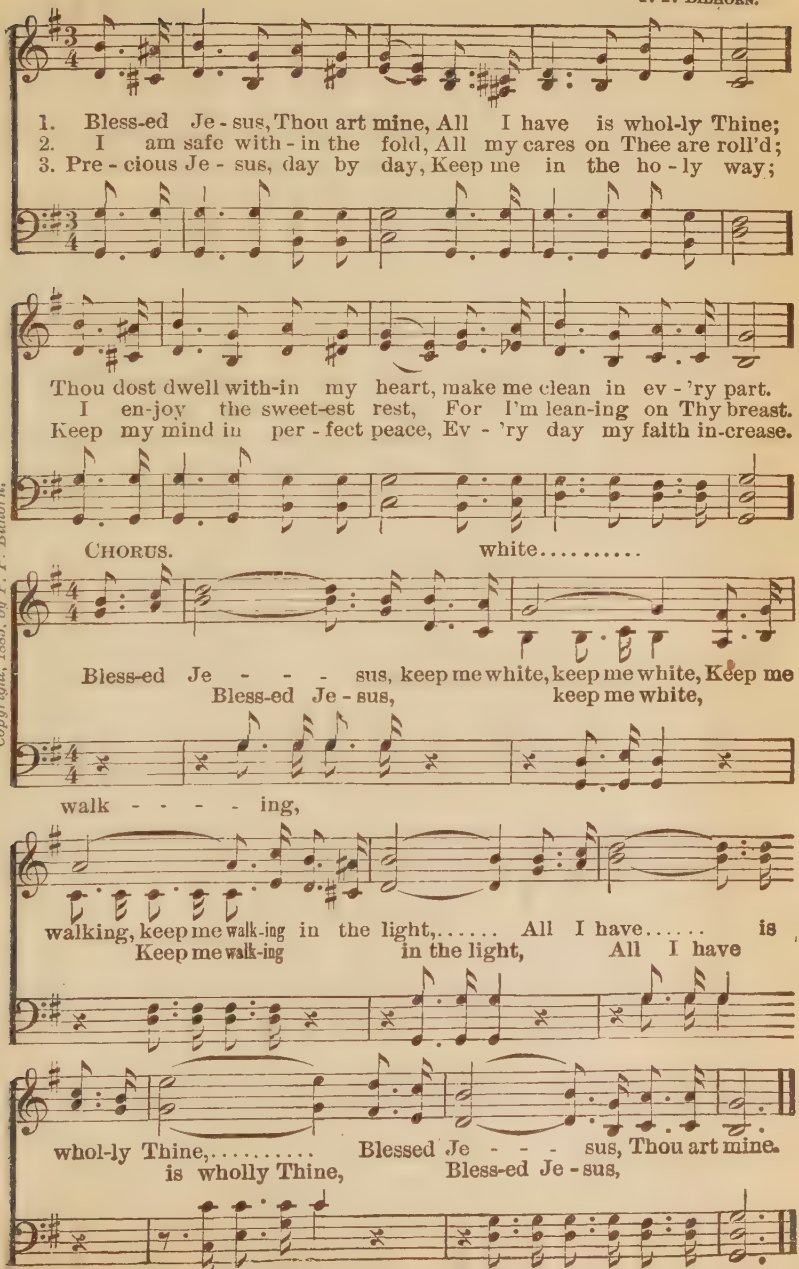
CHORUS.

Of me, . . . of me, . . . He thinks . . . of me, ...
My Sav - ior al - ways thinks of me. My Sav - ior al - ways thinks of me.

cres. *rit.*

My life is safe, my heart is glad, My Sav-ior thinks of me.
of me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre - cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;
Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, make me clean in ev - 'ry part.
I en-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in-crease.
CHORUS.
white.....
Bless-ed Je - - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,
walk - - - - - ing,
walking, keep me walk-ing in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walk-ing in the light, All I have
whol-ly Thine,..... Blessed Je - - - - sus, Thou art mine.
is wholly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,

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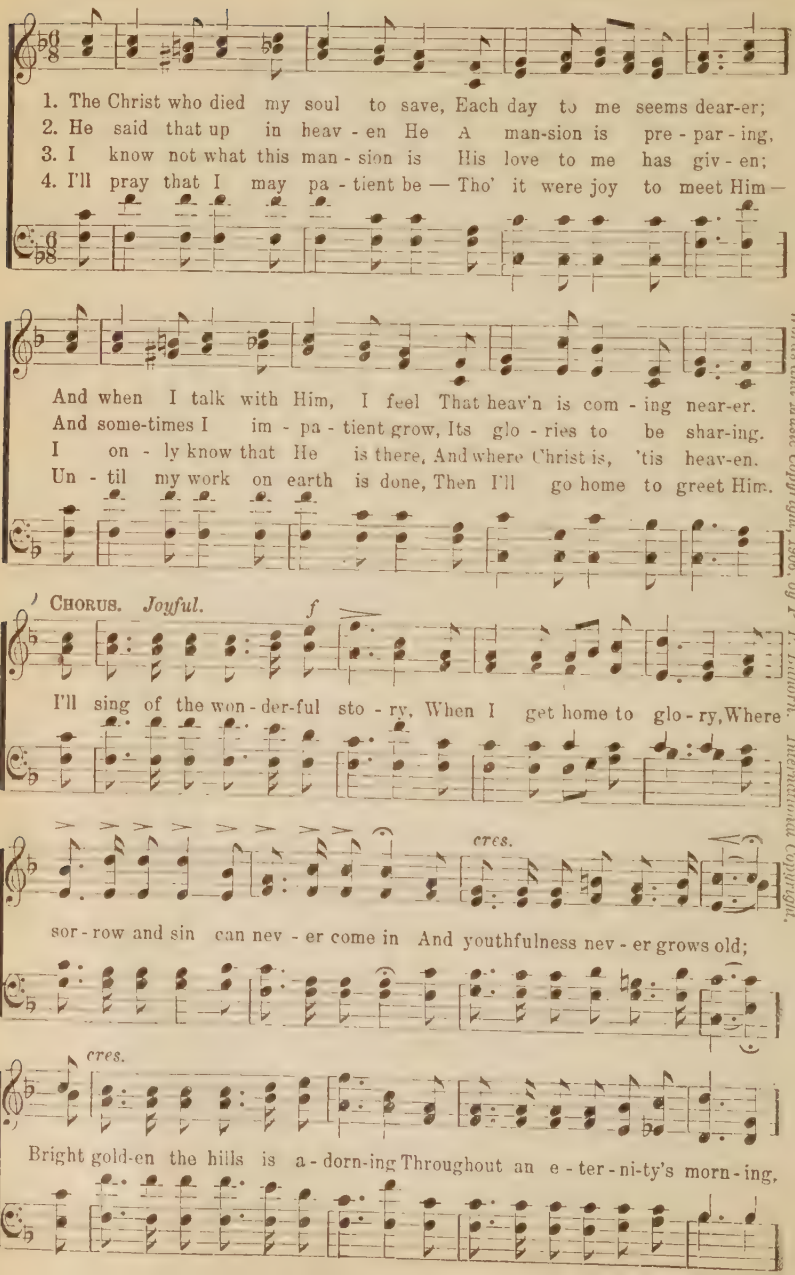
Wonderful Story.

J. W. B. JOSEPH W. BURGESS.


1. The Christ who died my soul to save, Each day to me seems dear-er;
2. He said that up in heav - en He A man-sion is pre - par - ing,
3. I know not what this man - sion is His love to me has giv - en;
4. I'll pray that I may pa - tient be — Tho' it were joy to meet Him —
And when I talk with Him, I feel That heav'n is com - ing near-er.
And some-times I im - pa - tient grow, Its glo - ries to be shar-ing.
I on - ly know that He is there, And where Christ is, 'tis heav-en.
Un - til my work on earth is done, Then I'll go home to greet Him.
CHORUS. Joyful.
f
I'll sing of the won - der-ful sto - ry, When I get home to glo - ry, Where
cres.
sor - row and sin can nev - er come in And youthfulness nev - er grows old;
cres.
Bright gold-en the hills is a - dorn-ing Throughout an e - ter - ni-ty's morn - ing,

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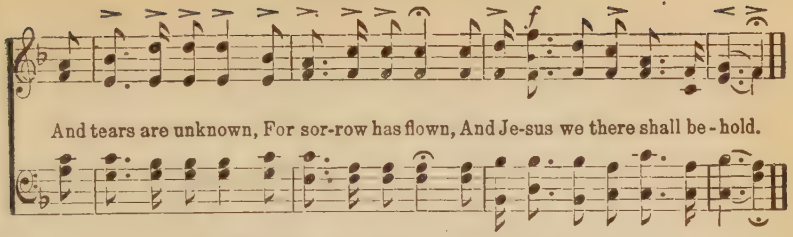
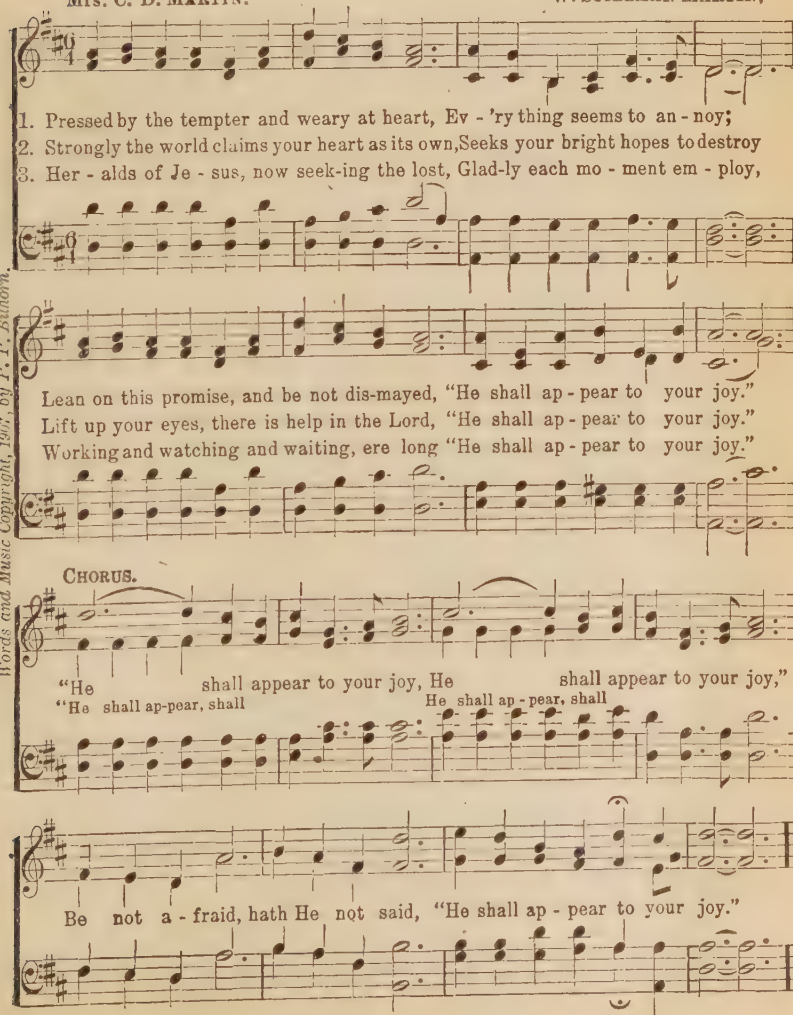


He Shall Appear to Your Joy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin,


1. Pressed by the tempter and weary at heart, Ev - 'ry thing seems to an - noy;
2. Strongly the world claims your heart as its own, Seeks your bright hopes to destroy
3. Her - alds of Je - sus, now seek-ing the lost, Glad-ly each mo - ment em - ploy,
Lean on this promise, and be not dis-mayed, "He shall ap - pear to your joy."
Lift up your eyes, there is help in the Lord, "He shall ap - pear to your joy."
Working and watching and waiting, ere long "He shall ap - pear to your joy."
Chorus.
"He shall appear to your joy, He shall appear to your joy,"
"He shall ap-pear, shall
He shall ap - pear, shall
Be not a - fraid, hath He not said, "He shall ap - pear to your joy."

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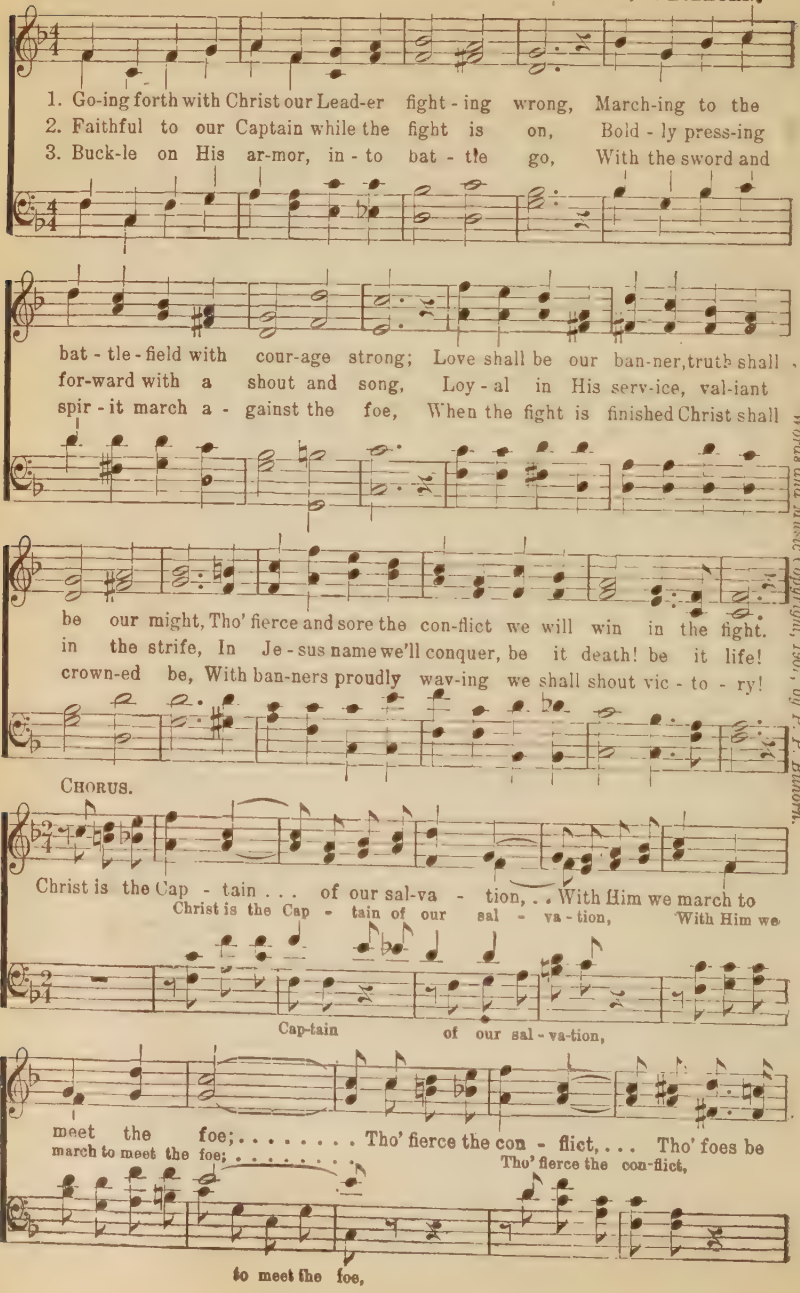
Christ is the Captain.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Go-ing forth with Christ our Lead-er fight-ing wrong, March-ing to the
2. Faithful to our Captain while the fight is on, Bold-ly press-ing
3. Buck-le on His ar-mor, in-to bat-tle go, With the sword and
bat-tle-field with cour-age strong; Love shall be our ban-ner, truth shall
for-ward with a shout and song, Loy-al in His serv-ice, val-iant
spir-it march a-gainst the foe, When the fight is finished Christ shall
be our might, Tho' fierce and sore the con-flict we will win in the fight.
in the strife, In Je-sus name we'll conquer, be it death! be it life!
crown-ed be, With ban-ners proudly wav-ing we shall shout vic-to-ry!
CHORUS.
Christ is the Cap-tain . . . of our sal-va-tion, . . With Him we march to
Christ is the Cap-tain of our sal-va-tion, With Him we
Cap-tain of our sal-va-tion,
meet the foe; . . . . . Tho' fierce the con-flict, . . . Tho' foes be
march to meet the foe; . . . . . Tho' fierce the con-flict,
to meet the foe,

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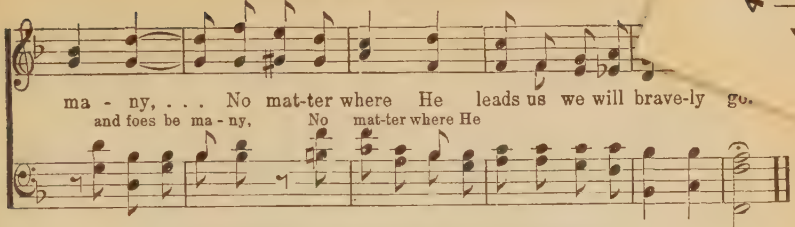
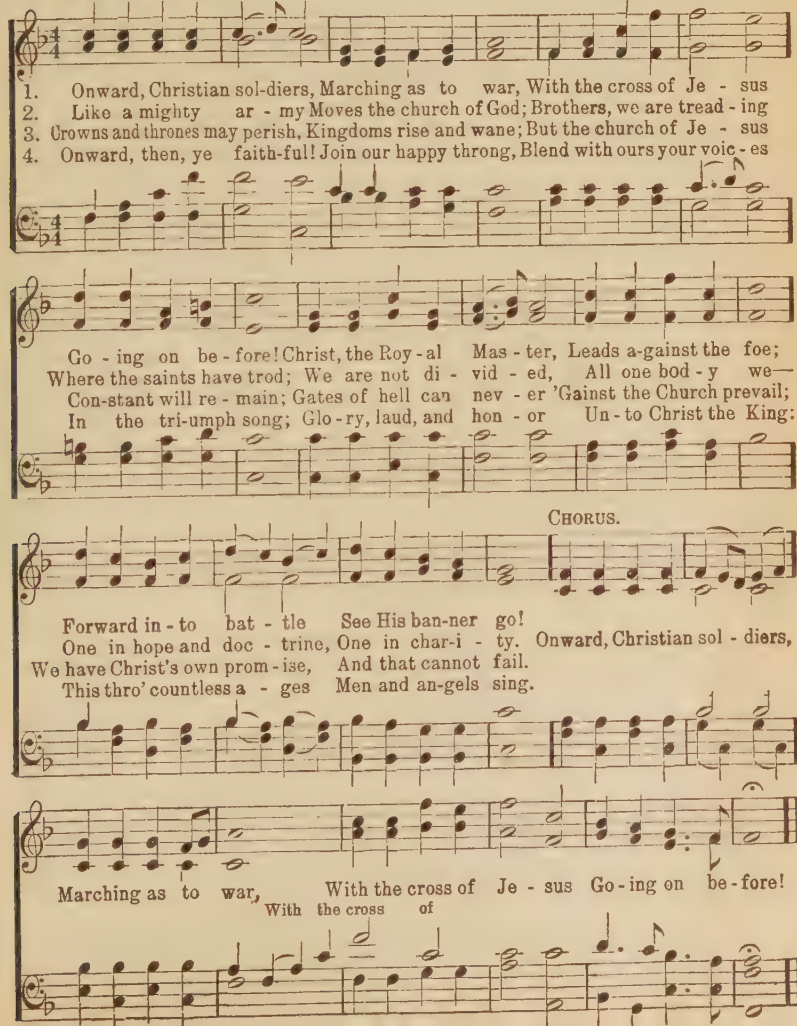
Christ is the Captain.



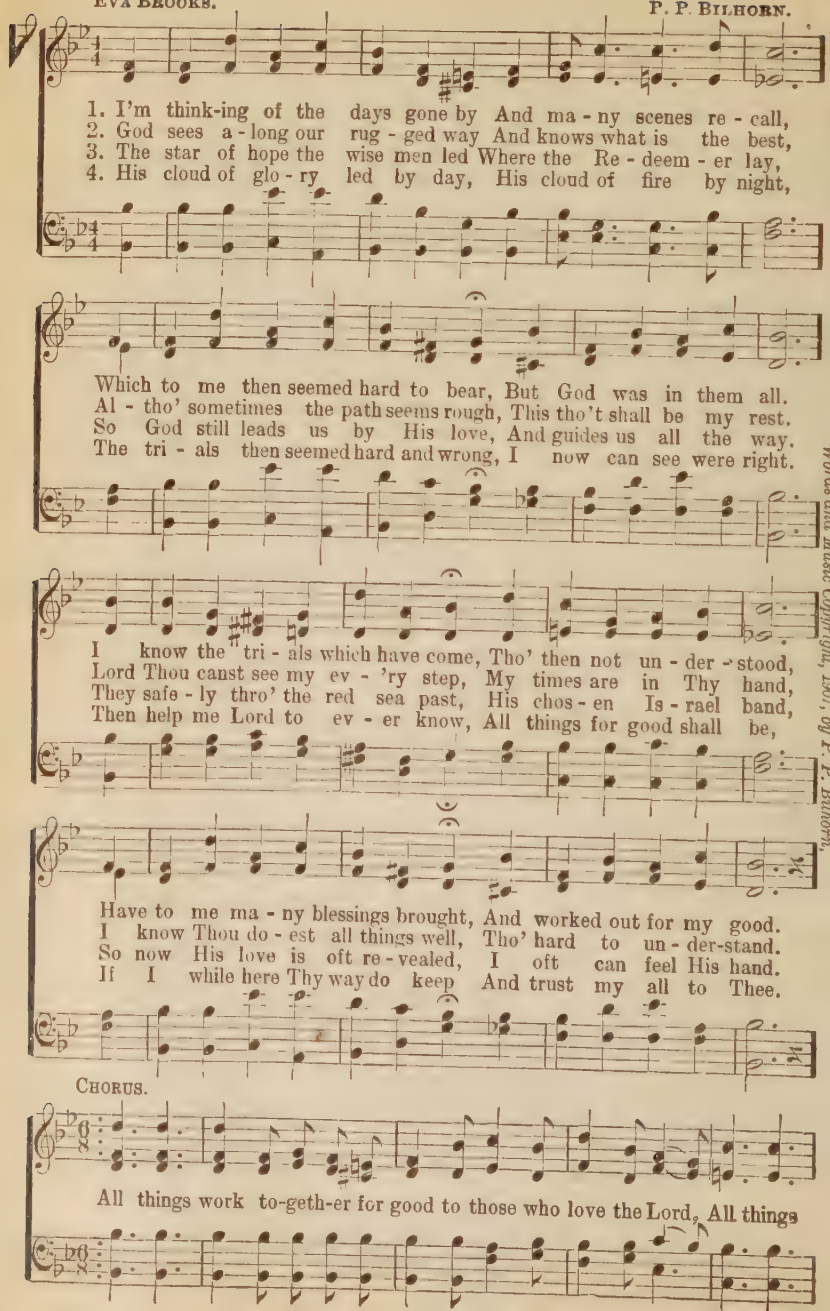
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. BARING GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye faith-ful! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we—
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King:
CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ner go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!
With the cross of

It Was Best to Be So.

EVA BROOKS. P. P. BILHORN.


1. I'm think-ing of the days gone by And ma - ny scenes re - call,
2. God sees a - long our rug - ged way And knows what is the best,
3. The star of hope the wise men led Where the Re - deem - er lay,
4. His cloud of glo - ry led by day, His cloud of fire by night,
Which to me then seemed hard to bear, But God was in them all.
Al - tho' sometimes the path seems rough, This tho't shall be my rest.
So God still leads us by His love, And guides us all the way.
The tri - als then seemed hard and wrong, I now can see were right.
I know the tri - als which have come, Tho' then not un - der - stood,
Lord Thou canst see my ev - 'ry step, My times are in Thy hand,
They safe - ly thro' the red sea past, His chos - en Is - rael band,
Then help me Lord to ev - er know, All things for good shall be,
Have to me ma - ny blessings brought, And worked out for my good.
I know Thou do - est all things well, Tho' hard to un - der-stand.
So now His love is oft re - vealed, I oft can feel His hand.
If I while here Thy way do keep And trust my all to Thee.
CHORUS.
All things work to-geth-er for good to those who love the Lord, All things

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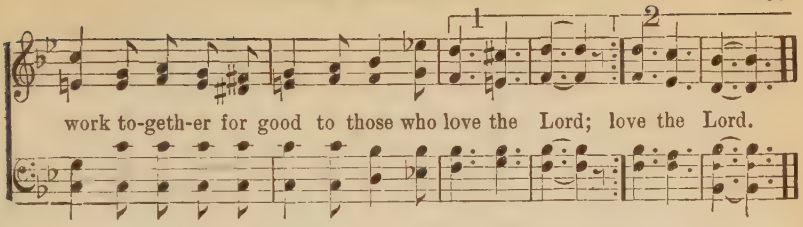
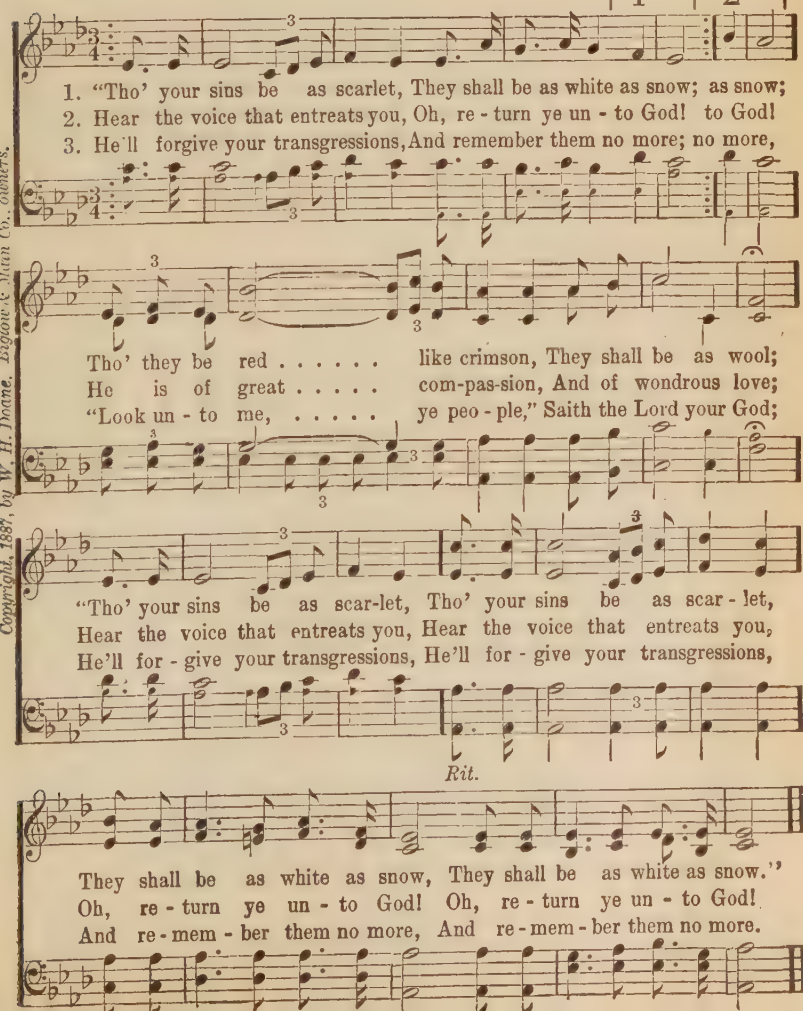


Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1
2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more,
Tho' they be red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;
He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to me, ... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,
Rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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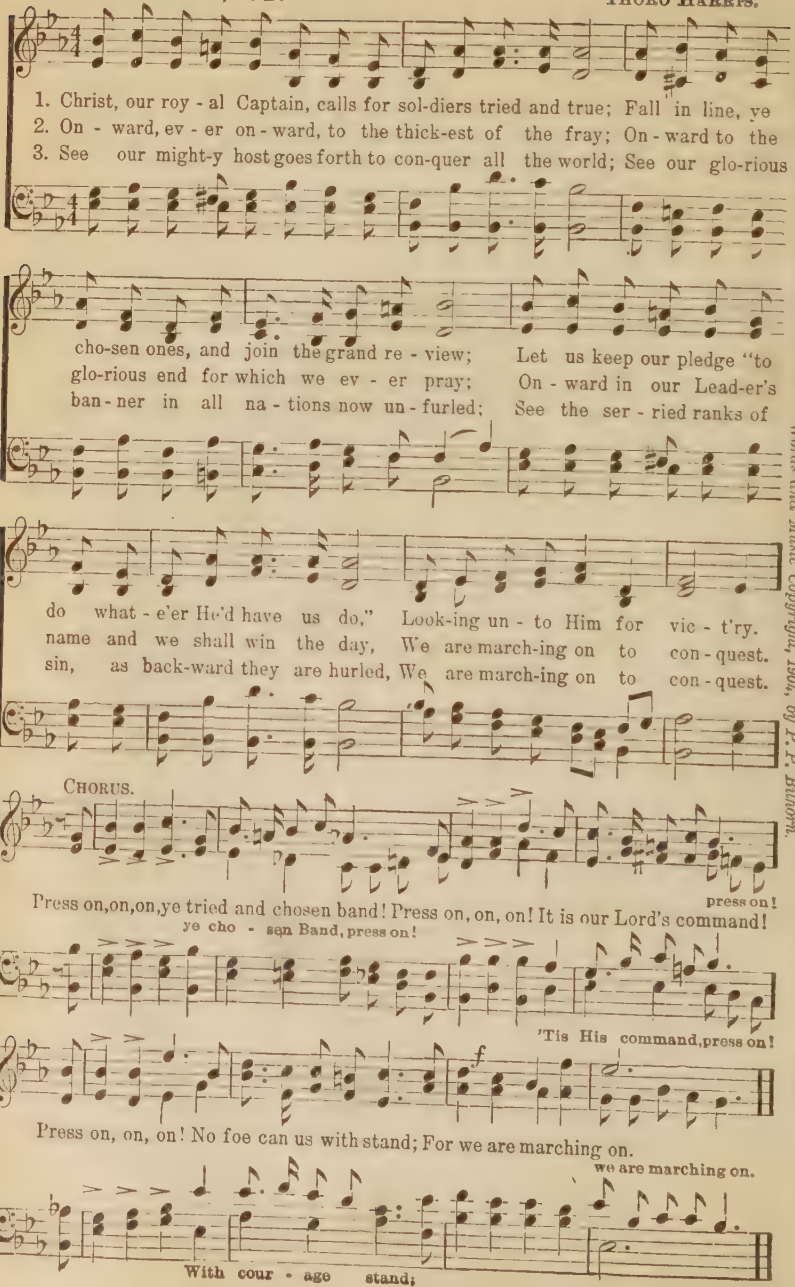
Fall In Line.

Rev. S. S. CRYOR, D. D. THORO HARRIS.


1. Christ, our roy - al Captain, calls for sol-diers tried and true; Fall in line, ye
2. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, to the thick-est of the fray; On - ward to the
3. See our might-y host goes forth to con-quer all the world; See our glo-rious
cho-sen ones, and join the grand re - view; Let us keep our pledge "to
glo-rious end for which we ev - er pray; On - ward in our Lead-er's
ban - ner in all na - tions now un - furled; See the ser - ried ranks of
do what - e'er He'd have us do," Look-ing un - to Him for vic - t'ry.
name and we shall win the day, We are march-ing on to con - quest.
sin, as back-ward they are hurled, We are march-ing on to con - quest.
CHORUS.
Press on, on, on, ye tried and chosen band! Press on, on, on! It is our Lord's command!
press on!
ye cho - sen Band, press on!
'Tis His command, press on!
Press on, on, on! No foe can us with stand; For we are marching on.
we are marching on.
With cour - age stand;

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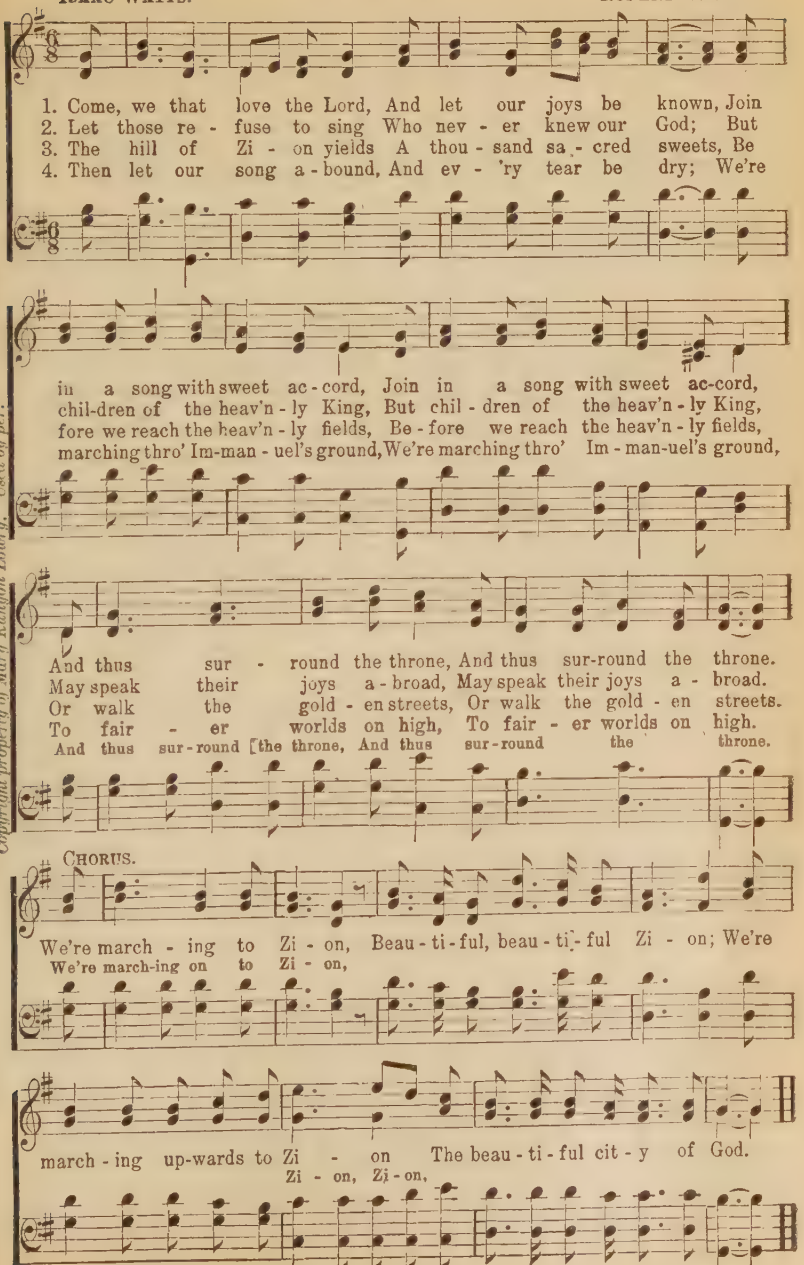
We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be
4. Then let our song a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
chil-dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march - ing up-wards to Zi - on The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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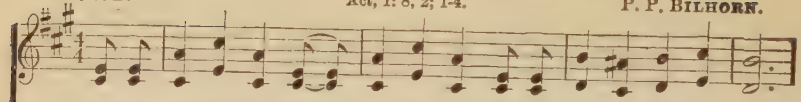
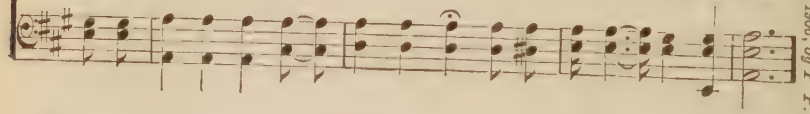
When the Power Fell on Me.

P. P. B. Act, 1: 8, 2; 1-4. P. P. BILHORN.



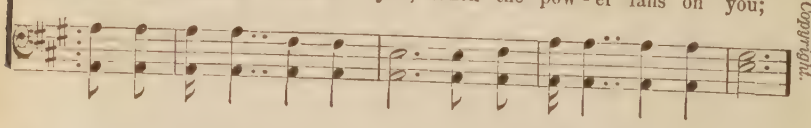
1. I can tell you when, I can tell you where, I can tell you why I'm free,
2. It was on the day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow'r of God was giv'n,
3. If you come to Christ and sur-ren - der all, And be-lieve His prom-ise true,

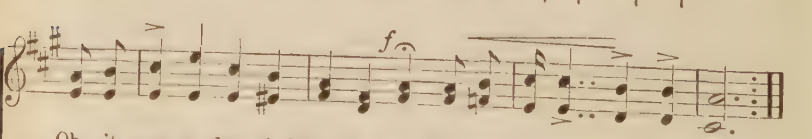
I can tell you how, I can tell you now, When the pow-er fell on me.
For they all were filled with the Holy Ghost, When the pow-er fell from heav'n.
You will have a day of Pen - te - cost, And the pow-er will fall on you.



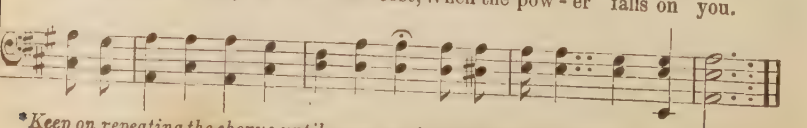
CHORUS.* *Faster*

When the pow - er fell on me, When the pow - er fell on me;
3. v. When the pow - er falls on you, When the pow - er falls on you;





Oh, it was a day of Pen - te - cost, When the pow - er fell on me.
You will have a day of Pen - te - cost, When the pow - er falls on you.



Keep on repeating the chorus until every one is filled with the Power. "Hallelujah!"

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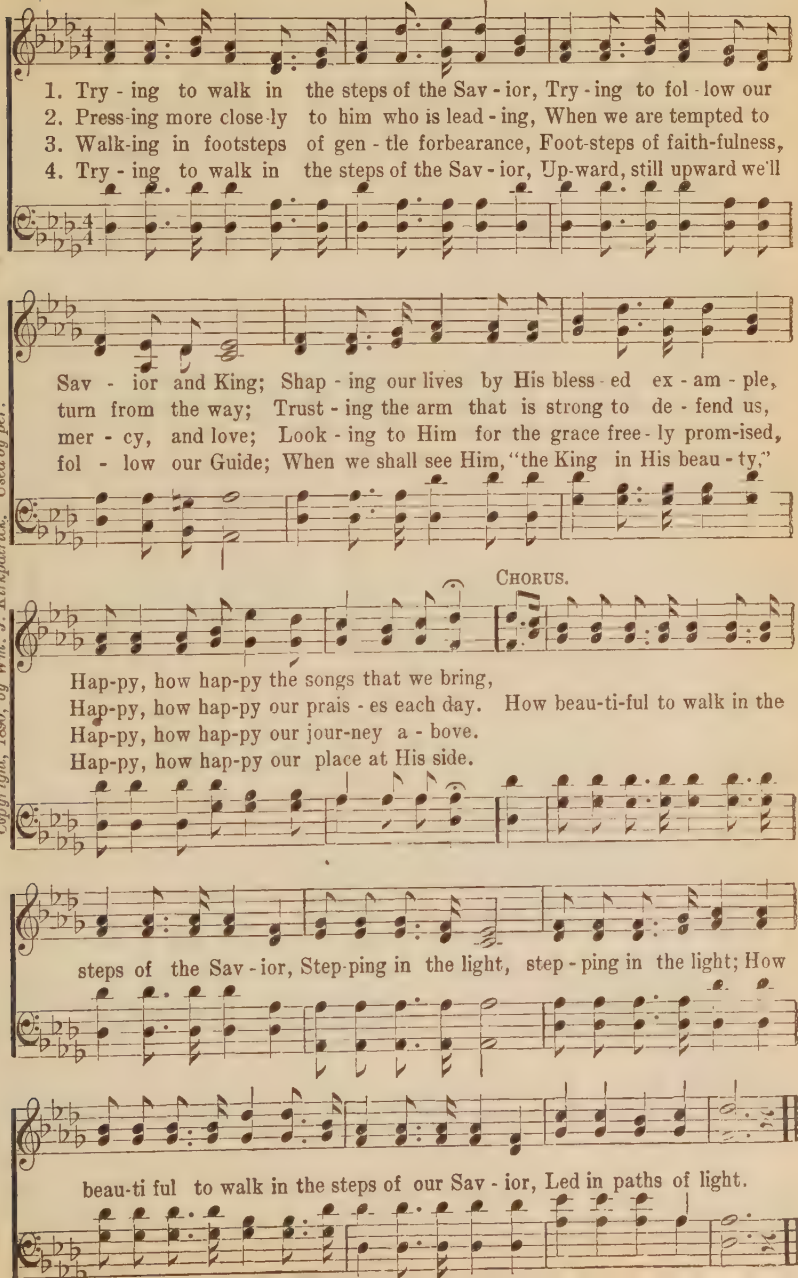
L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Foot-steps of faith-fulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still upward we'll
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love; Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"
CHORUS.
Hap-py, how hap-py the songs that we bring,
Hap-py, how hap-py our prais - es each day. How beau-ti-ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py our jour-ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py our place at His side.
steps of the Sav - ior, Step-ping in the light, step - ping in the light; How
beau-ti ful to walk in the steps of our Sav - ior, Led in paths of light.

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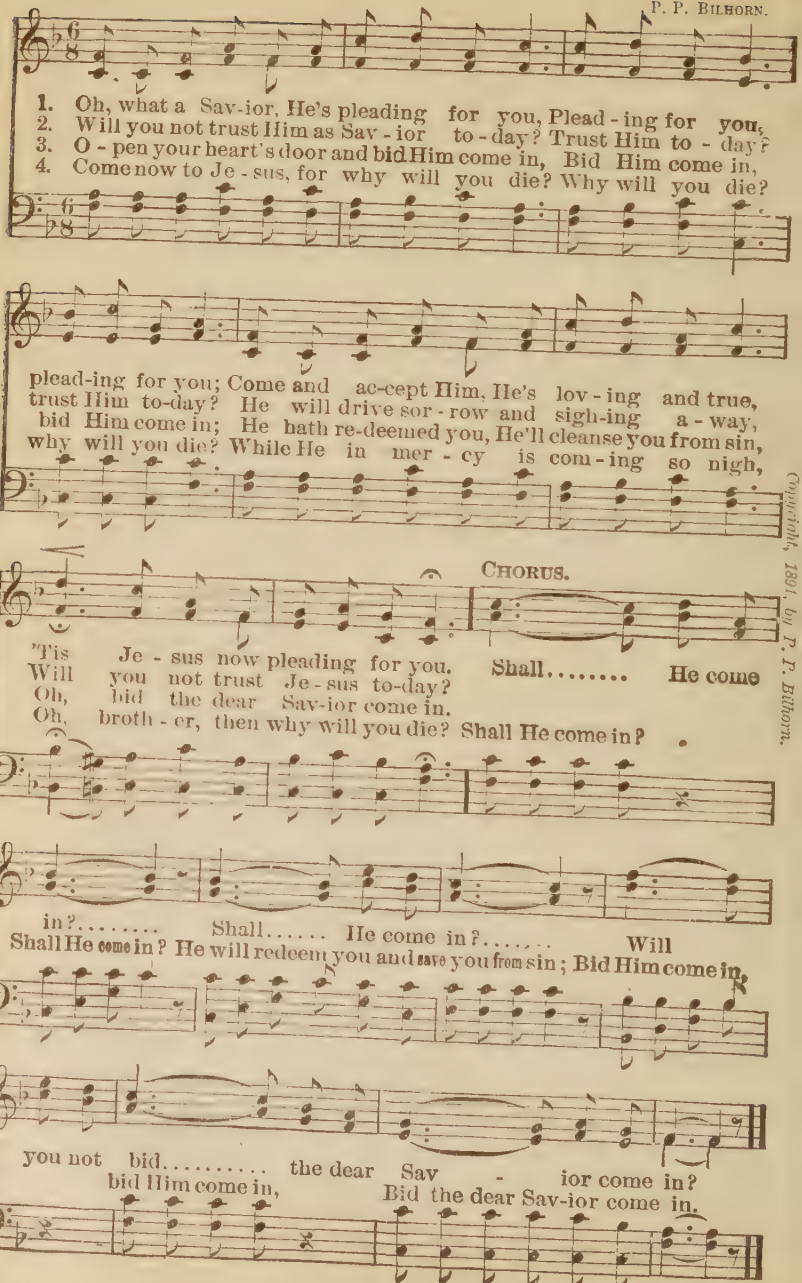
Bid Him Come In.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Oh, what a Sav-ior, He's pleading for you, Plead-ing for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav-ior to-day? Trust Him to-day?
3. O-pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je-sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?
plead-ing for you; Come and ac-cept Him, He's lov-ing and true,
trust Him to-day? He will drive sor-row and sigh-ing a-way,
bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
why will you die? While He in mer-cy is com-ing so nigh,
CHORUS.
'Tis Je-sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
Will you not trust Je-sus to-day?
Oh, bid the dear Sav-ior come in.
Oh, broth-er, then why will you die? Shall He come in?
in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will
Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in,
you not bid..... the dear Sav-ior come in?
bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-ior come in.

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Shepherd of Israel.

A. A. P. Psa. 80: 1. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, keep-ing Thy sheep—Nev - er for - get - ting in
2. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false hire - ling
3. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, strong is Thine arm, Shield-ing Thy flock from each
4. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de - liv - er Thy
slum-ber or sleep; Fold - ing them gent - ly when night com - eth on,
ser - vant hath flown; Lay - ing Thy life down their par - don to win,
threaten - ing harm; Gath-'ring the lambs as they fal - ter and fall,
"lit - tle flock here! Just to be - hold Thee, their rich - est re - ward—
CHORUS.
Go - ing be - fore them at break of the dawn!
Shed-ding Thy blood to re - deem them from sin! Shep-herd of Is - ra - el
Safe in Thy bo - som en - fold - ing them all!
Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!
Sbepherd of love! Watching Thy flock from the glo-ry a - bove! Knowing how
wea - ry their wil-der-ness way; Pray - ing for them—ev-er liv-ing to pray!

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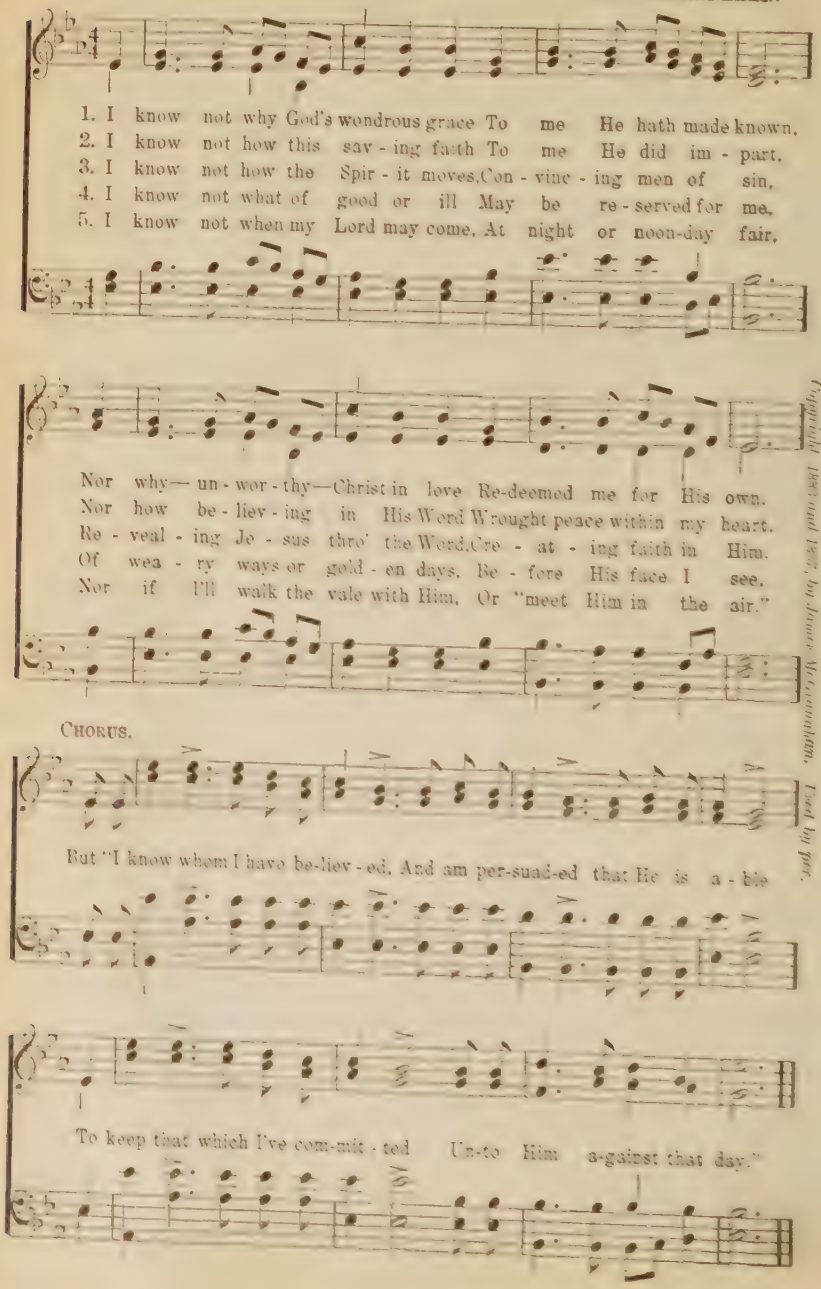
I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known.
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part.
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have be-liev - ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've com-mit - ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."

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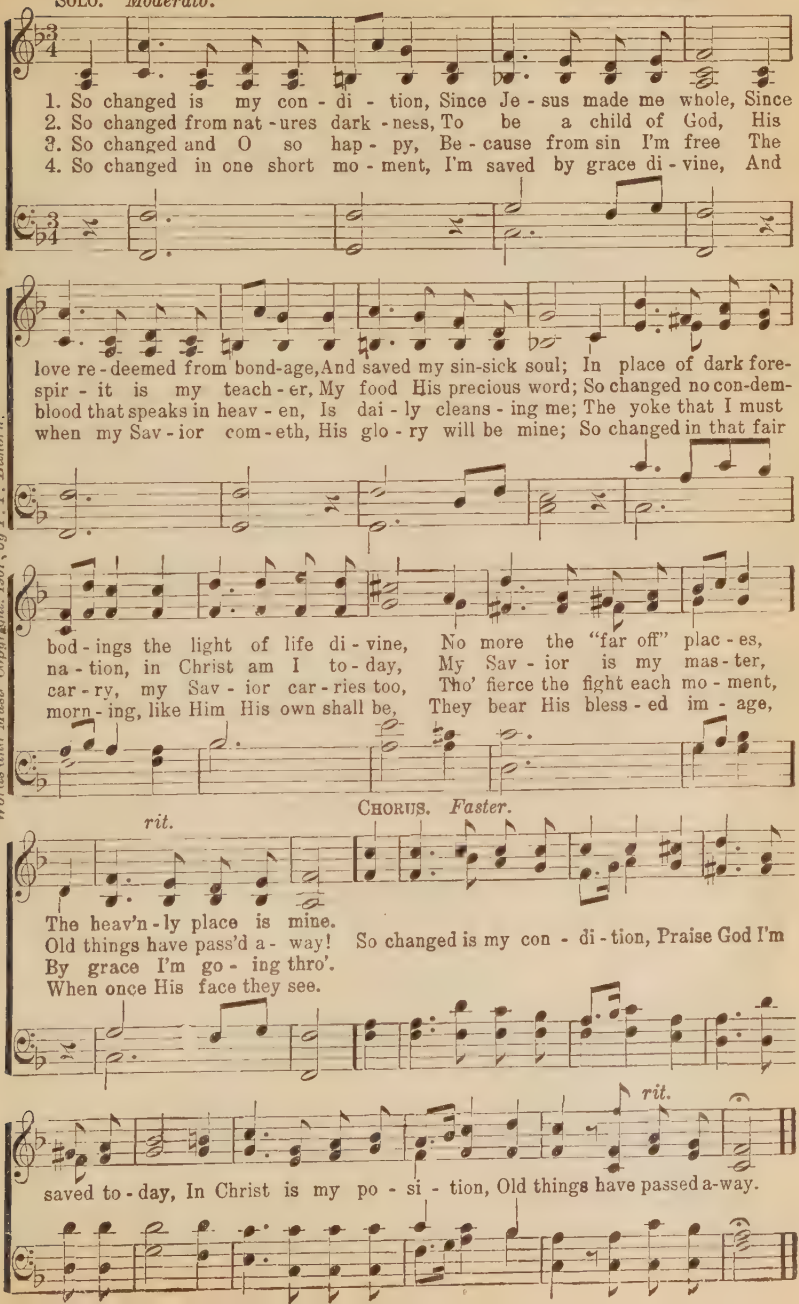
So Changed.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

SOLO. *Moderato.*


1. So changed is my con - di - tion, Since Je - sus made me whole, Since
2. So changed from nat - ures dark - ness, To be a child of God, His
3. So changed and O so hap - py, Be - cause from sin I'm free The
4. So changed in one short mo - ment, I'm saved by grace di - vine, And
love re - deemed from bond-age, And saved my sin-sick soul; In place of dark fore-
spir - it is my teach - er, My food His precious word; So changed no con-dem-
blood that speaks in heav - en, Is dai - ly cleans - ing me; The yoke that I must
when my Sav - ior com - eth, His glo - ry will be mine; So changed in that fair
bod - ings the light of life di - vine, No more the "far off" plac - es,
na - tion, in Christ am I to - day, My Sav - ior is my mas - ter,
car - ry, my Sav - ior car - ries too, Tho' fierce the fight each mo - ment,
morn - ing, like Him His own shall be, They bear His bless - ed im - age,
CHORUS. *Faster.*
rit.
The heav'n - ly place is mine.
Old things have pass'd a - way!
By grace I'm go - ing thro'.
When once His face they see.
So changed is my con - di - tion, Praise God I'm
rit.
saved to - day, In Christ is my po - si - tion, Old things have passed a-way.

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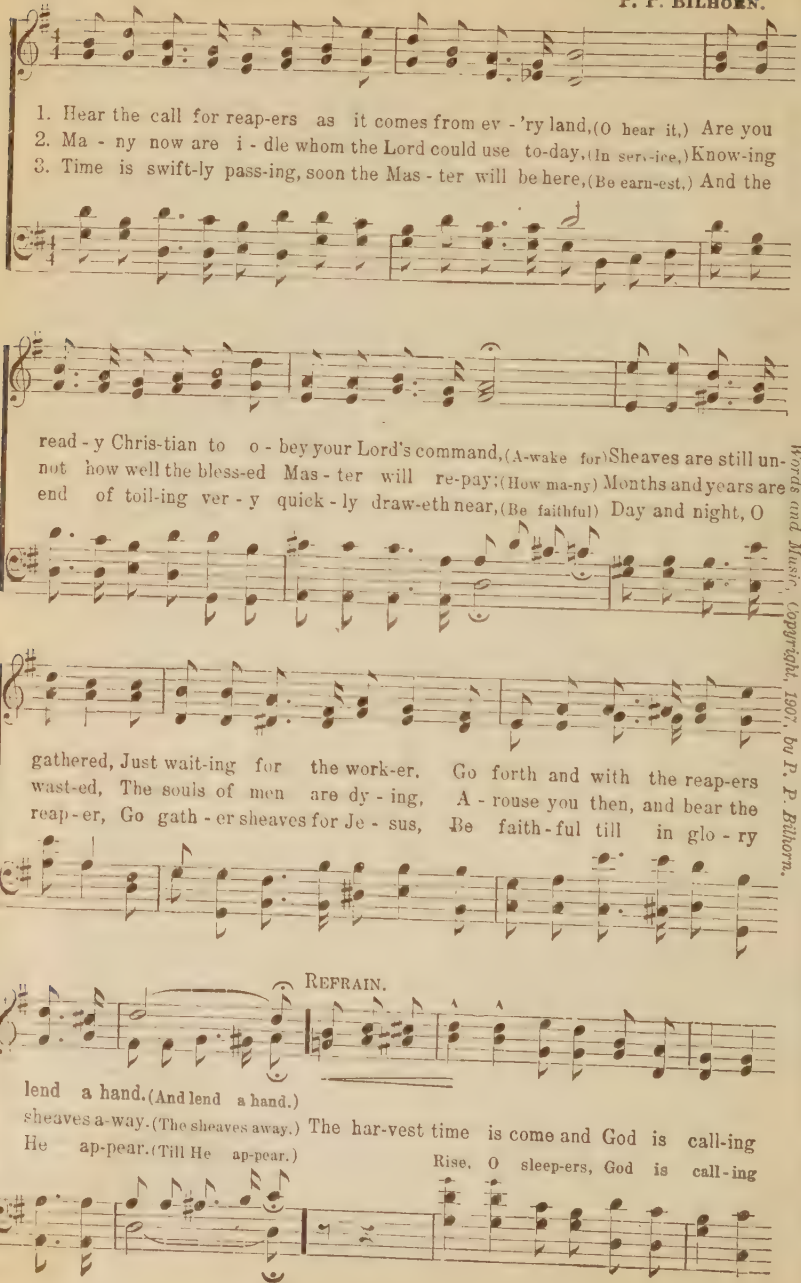
Hear the Call for Reapers.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Hear the call for reap-ers as it comes from ev - 'ry land, (O hear it,) Are you
2. Ma - ny now are i - dle whom the Lord could use to-day, (In serv-ice,) Know-ing
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, soon the Mas - ter will be here, (Be earn-est.) And the
read - y Chris-tian to o - bey your Lord's command, (A-wake for) Sheaves are still un-
not how well the bless-ed Mas - ter will re-pay: (How ma-ny) Months and years are
end of toil-ing ver - y quick - ly draw-eth near, (Be faithful) Day and night, O
gathered, Just wait-ing for the work-er. Go forth and with the reap-ers
wast-ed, The souls of men are dy - ing, A - rouse you then, and bear the
reap - er, Go gath - er sheaves for Je - sus, Be faith - ful till in glo - ry
REFRAIN.
lend a hand. (And lend a hand.)
sheaves a-way. (The sheaves away.) The har-vest time is come and God is call-ing
He ap-pear. (Till He ap-pear.)
Rise, O sleep-ers, God is call-ing

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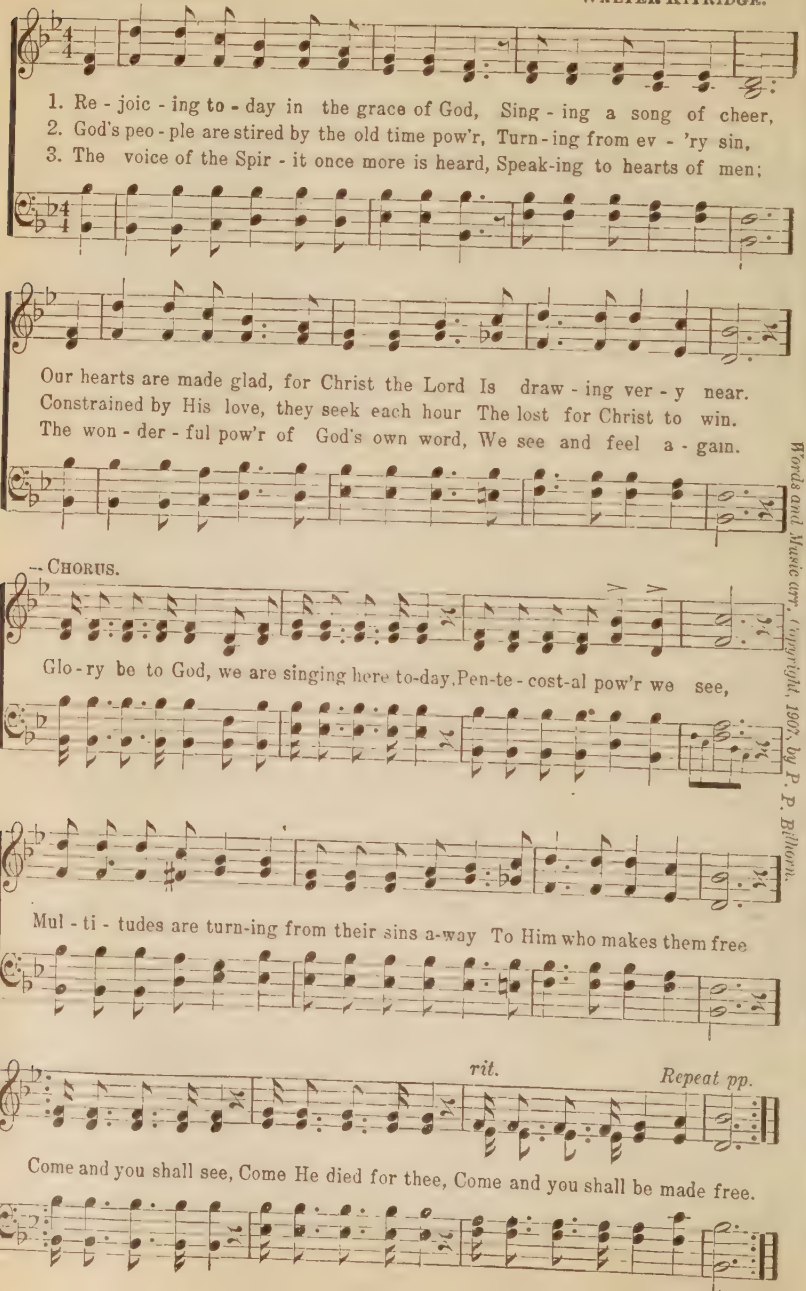
now for reap-ers, Who shall gath-er in the gold-en grain; A-wake, O
now for reap-ers, Who shall gath - er gold - en grain; A-wake, O
now for reap-ers, Who shall gath - er in the gold - en grain; A-wake, O
sleeper, be-come a reap-er, The call is sound-ing o-ver hill and
sleep-er, rise to-day, while you may,
plain. The harvest time is come and God is call - ing now for reapers
and plain. The har-vest time is come and God is call-ing now for
The har-vest time is come and God is call - ing now for reap-ers
Who shall gath-er in the golden grain; A-wake, O sleeper, be-come a
reap - ers, Who shall gath - er grain;
Who shall gath-er in the gold - en grain; A-wake, O sleeper, rise to-day, be-come a
f
reaper, The call for reapers now is sound-ing o - ver hill and plain.
while you may, The call for reap - ers sounds o'er hill and plain.

Multitudes are Turning.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Walter Kitridge.


1. Re - joic - ing to - day in the grace of God, Sing - ing a song of cheer,
2. God's peo - ple are stired by the old time pow'r, Turn - ing from ev - 'ry sin,
3. The voice of the Spir - it once more is heard, Speak-ing to hearts of men;
Our hearts are made glad, for Christ the Lord Is draw - ing ver - y near.
Constrained by His love, they seek each hour The lost for Christ to win.
The won - der - ful pow'r of God's own word, We see and feel a - gain.
Chorus.
Glo - ry be to God, we are singing here to-day, Pen-te - cost-al pow'r we see,
Mul - ti - tudes are turn-ing from their sins a-way To Him who makes them free
rit.
Repeat pp.
Come and you shall see, Come He died for thee, Come and you shall be made free.

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P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com - fort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of Jor - dan
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-
roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Leaning on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er more;
CHORUS. Spirited.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is
Je - - - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev-'ry day,
Je - sus all the way,
when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je-sus.

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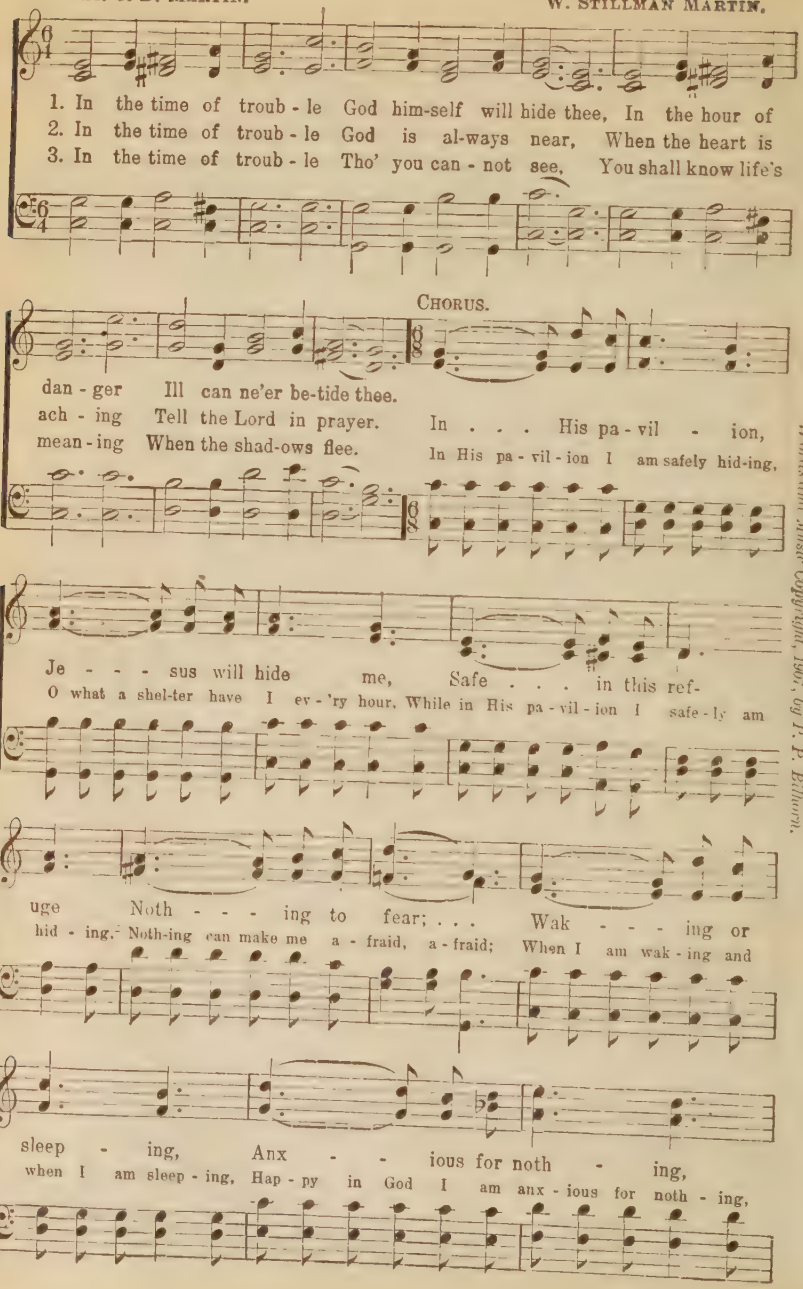
In the Time of Trouble.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. In the time of troub - le God him-self will hide thee, In the hour of
2. In the time of troub - le God is al-ways near, When the heart is
3. In the time of troub - le Tho' you can - not see, You shall know life's
Chorus.
dan - ger Ill can ne'er be-tide thee.
ach - ing Tell the Lord in prayer. In . . . His pa - vil - ion,
mean - ing When the shad-ows flee. In His pa - vil - ion I am safely hid-ing,
Je - - - sus will hide me, Safe . . . in this ref-
O what a shel-ter have I ev - 'ry hour, While in His pa - vil - ion I safe - ly am
uge Noth - - - ing to fear; . . . Wak - - - ing or
hid - ing, Noth-ing can make me a - fraid, a - fraid; When I am wak - ing and
sleep - ing, Anx - - ious for noth - ing,
when I am sleep - ing, Hap - py in God I am anx - ious for noth - ing,

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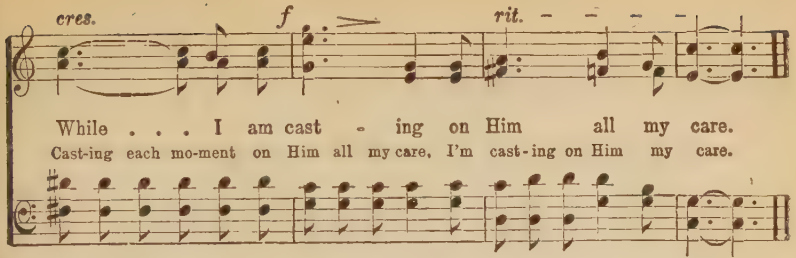
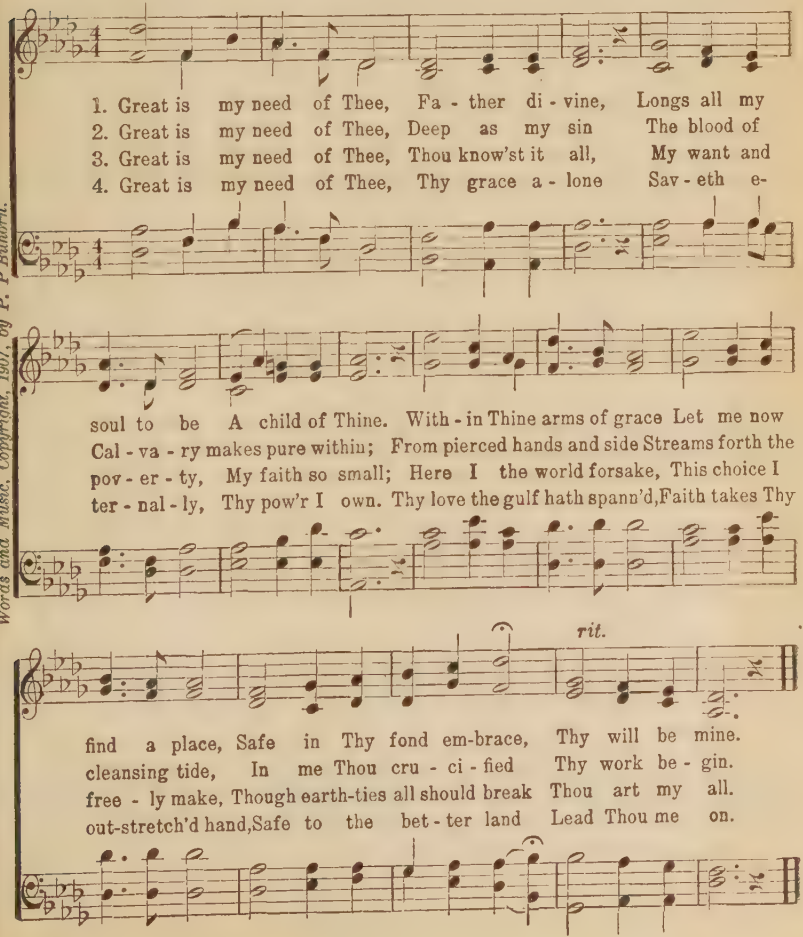


Great Is My Need.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Great is my need of Thee, Fa - ther di - vine, Longs all my
2. Great is my need of Thee, Deep as my sin The blood of
3. Great is my need of Thee, Thou know'st it all, My want and
4. Great is my need of Thee, Thy grace a - lone Sav - eth e-
soul to be A child of Thine. With - in Thine arms of grace Let me now
Cal - va - ry makes pure within; From pierced hands and side Streams forth the
pov - er - ty, My faith so small; Here I the world forsake, This choice I
ter - nal - ly, Thy pow'r I own. Thy love the gulf hath spann'd, Faith takes Thy
rit.
find a place, Safe in Thy fond em-brace, Thy will be mine.
cleansing tide, In me Thou cru - ci - fied Thy work be - gin.
free - ly make, Though earth-ties all should break Thou art my all.
out-stretch'd hand, Safe to the bet - ter land Lead Thou me on.

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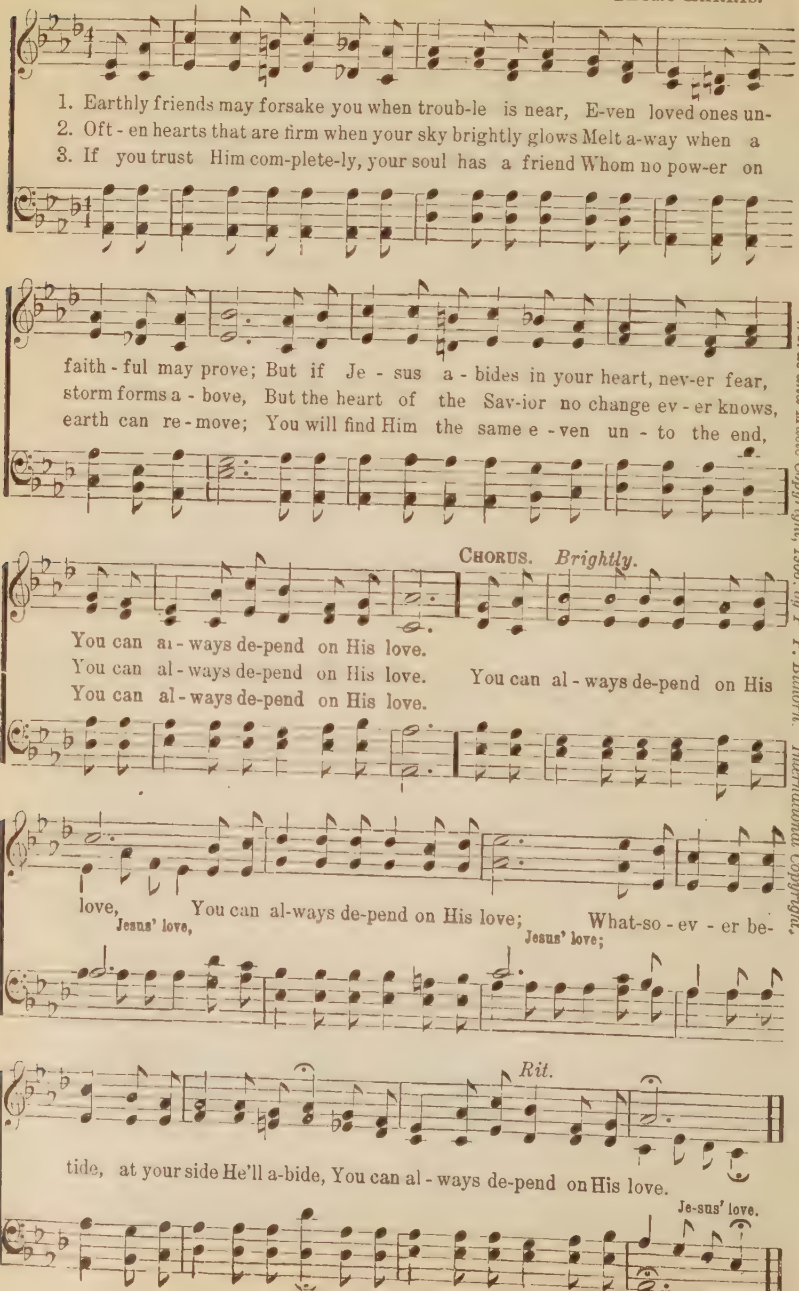
You Can Always Depend on His Love.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.


1. Earthly friends may forsake you when troub-le is near, E-ven loved ones un-
2. Oft - en hearts that are firm when your sky brightly glows Melt a-way when a
3. If you trust Him com-plete-ly, your soul has a friend Whom no pow-er on
faith - ful may prove; But if Je - sus a - bides in your heart, nev-er fear,
storm forms a - bove, But the heart of the Sav-ior no change ev - er knows,
earth can re - move; You will find Him the same e - ven un - to the end,
CHORUS. Brightly.
You can al - ways de-pend on His love.
You can al - ways de-pend on His love.
You can al - ways de-pend on His love.
You can al - ways de-pend on His
love,
You can al-ways de-pend on His love;
What-so - ev - er be-
Jesus' love,
Jesus' love;
Rit.
tide, at your side He'll a-bide, You can al - ways de-pend on His love.
Je-sus' love.

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ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. The Spir - it doth wit - ness just now in my heart, New life, light and
2. Be - cause on the cross my trans-gress-ions He bore, For me He was
3. The sweet, ten-der voice of His in - fi - nite love Sings low in my
4. Be - cause He pre - par - eth a man - sion for me, A home with the
joy He doth free-ly im - part; Be-cause from with-in He will nev - er de - part,
wounded, the thorn-crown He wore; He will my transgressions re - mem-ber no more,
heart, like a beau-ti - ful dove; A taste of the bliss, that a - waits me a - bove,—
blest, where His glo - ry I'll see; Soon I shall be-hold Him and with Him shall be,—
rit.
CHORUS.
I know I am saved by His grace. I know I am saved! O what
knowledge di - vine, To know I am His and to know He is mine! I
look, and behold on - ly love in His face, I know I am saved by His grace.
won-der-ful grace.

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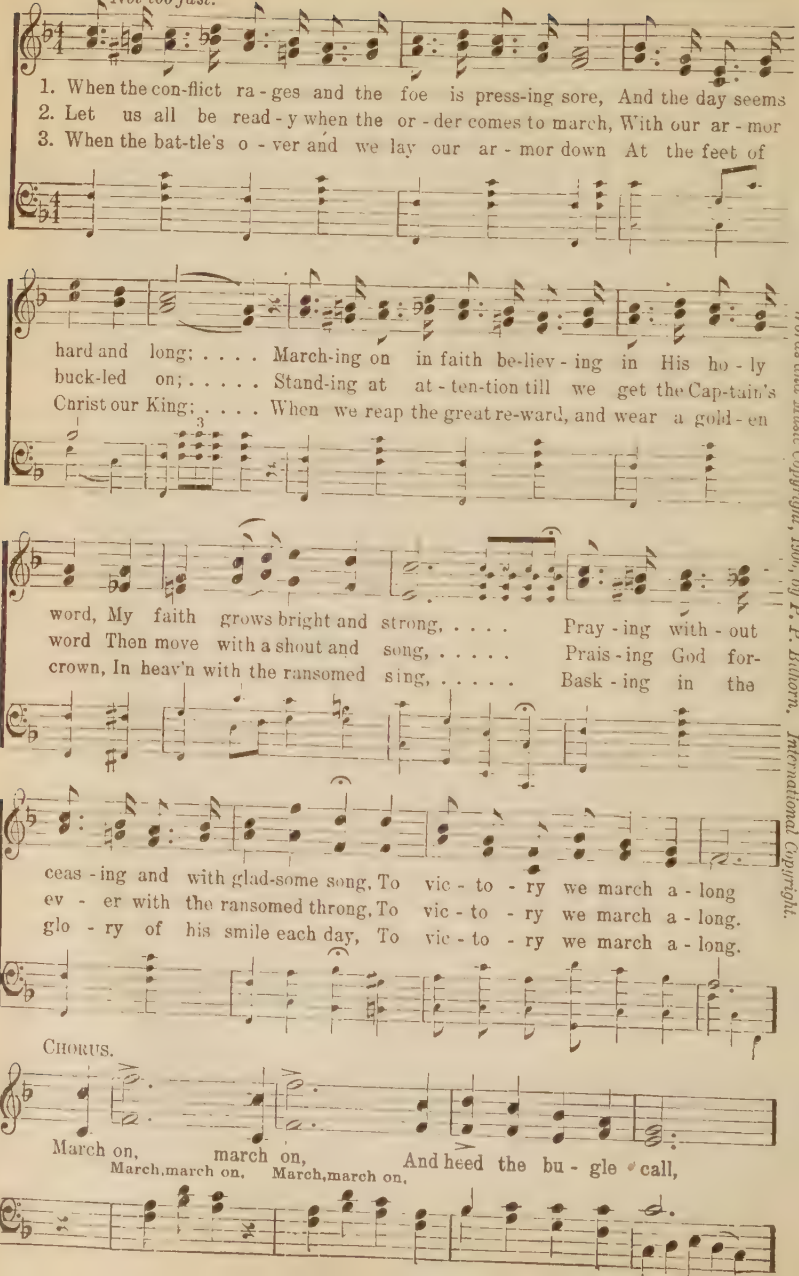
Victory.

H. L. B.

Not too fast.

H. L. BROOKS.


1. When the con-flict ra - ges and the foe is press-ing sore, And the day seems
2. Let us all be read - y when the or - der comes to march, With our ar - mor
3. When the bat-tle's o - ver and we lay our ar - mor down At the feet of
hard and long; . . . . March-ing on in faith be-liev - ing in His ho - ly
buck-led on; . . . . . Stand-ing at at - ten-tion till we get the Cap-tain's
Christ our King; . . . . When we reap the great re-ward, and wear a gold - en
word, My faith grows bright and strong, ... Pray - ing with - out
word Then move with a shout and song, ... Prais - ing God for-
crown, In heav'n with the ransomed sing, ... Bask - ing in the
ceas - ing and with glad-some song, To vic - to - ry we march a - long
ev - er with the ransomed throng, To vic - to - ry we march a - long.
glo - ry of his smile each day, To vic - to - ry we march a - long.
CHORUS.
March on, march on, And heed the bu - gle call,
March, march on, March, march on,

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Almost.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

Slowly.

1. Al - most I trust - ed in Je - sus, Al-most I turn'd from my sin;
2. Al - most I said, "Je - sus, save me," Al-most sub - mit-ted my will;
3. Al - most, but still I re - sist - ed, Al-most, but nev - er believed;
4. Al - most at one time I yield - ed, Al-most at one time was saved;
5. Al - most why long - er re - fuse Him? Al-most, O lost one be-lieve;
rit.
Al - most I yield-ed com-plete - ly To the sweet striving with - in.
Al - most per-suad - ed to serve Him, But I re - ject-ed Him still.
Al - most, but wait - ed and wait - ed, Till the sweet Spir-it was grieved.
Al - most, but drift - ed and drift - ed; Sa - tan thus held me en - slaved.
Al - most, swing o - pen thy heart's door, Je - sus, the Sav-ior, re - ceive.

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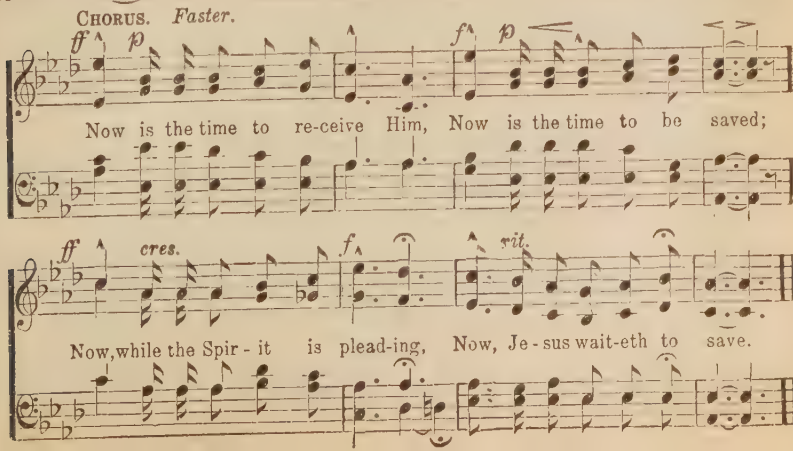
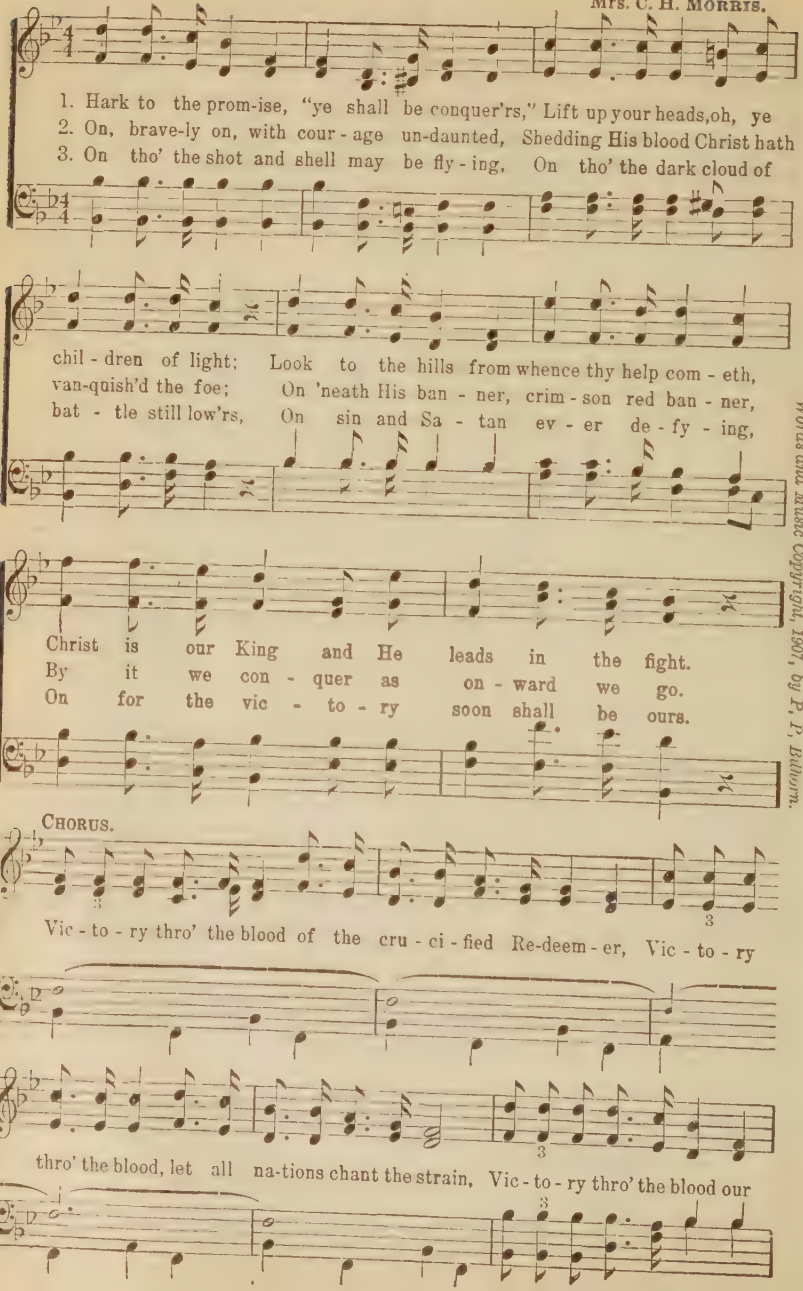


Victory Through the Blood.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Hark to the prom-ise, "ye shall be conquer'rs," Lift up your heads, oh, ye
chil - dren of light; Look to the hills from whence thy help com - eth,
2. On, brave-ly on, with cour - age un-daunted, Shedding His blood Christ hath
van-quish'd the foe; On 'neath His ban - ner, crim - son red ban - ner,
3. On tho' the shot and shell may be fly - ing, On tho' the dark cloud of
bat - tle still low'rs, On sin and Sa - tan ev - er de - fy - ing,
Christ is our King and He leads in the fight.
By it we con - quer as on - ward we go.
On for the vic - to - ry soon shall be ours.
Chorus.
Vic - to - ry thro' the blood of the cru - ci - fied Re-deem - er, Vic - to - ry
thro' the blood, let all na-tions chant the strain, Vic - to - ry thro' the blood our

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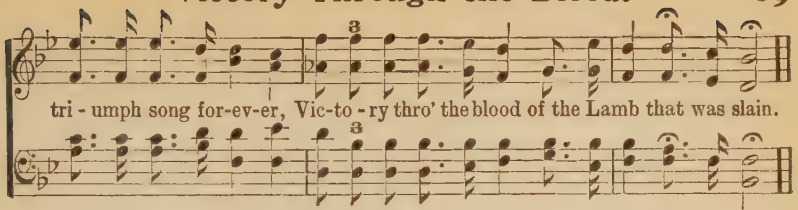
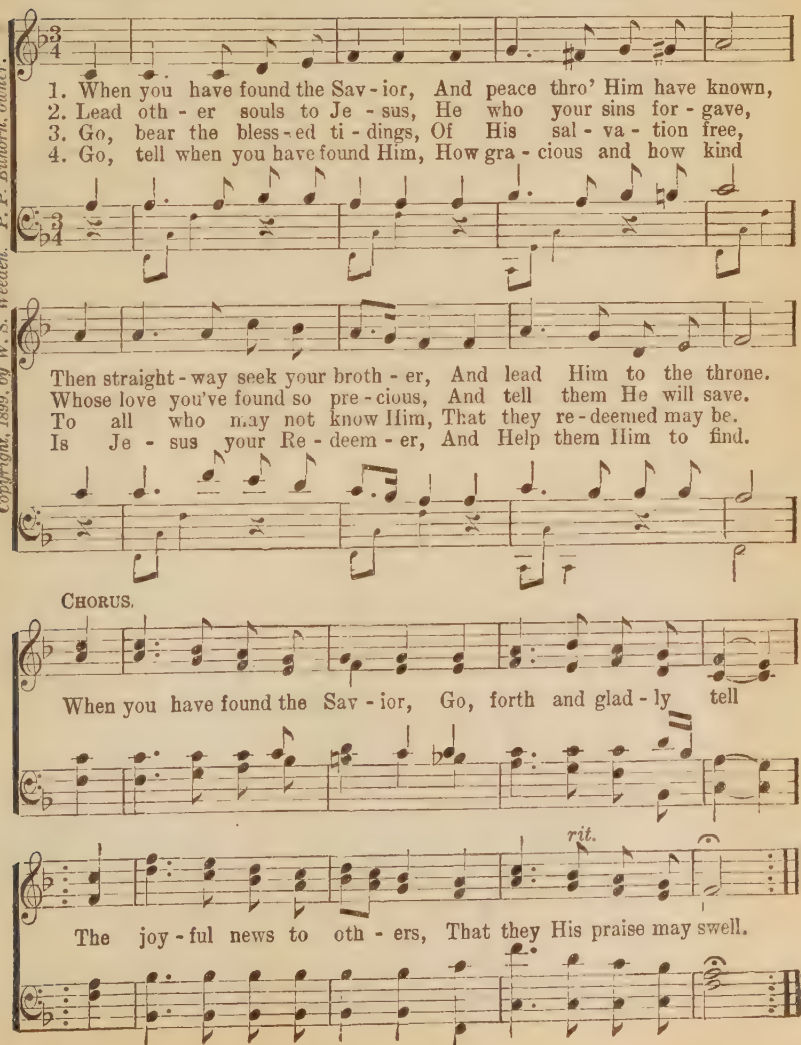


When You Have Found the Savior.

IDA L. REED. LEWIS S. CHAFER.


1. When you have found the Sav - ior, And peace thro' Him have known,
2. Lead oth - er souls to Je - sus, He who your sins for - gave,
3. Go, bear the bless - ed ti - dings, Of His sal - va - tion free,
4. Go, tell when you have found Him, How gra - cious and how kind
Then straight - way seek your broth - er, And lead Him to the throne.
Whose love you've found so pre - cious, And tell them He will save.
To all who may not know Him, That they re - deemed may be.
Is Je - sus your Re - deem - er, And Help them Him to find.
CHORUS.
When you have found the Sav - ior, Go, forth and glad - ly tell
rit.
The joy - ful news to oth - ers, That they His praise may swell.

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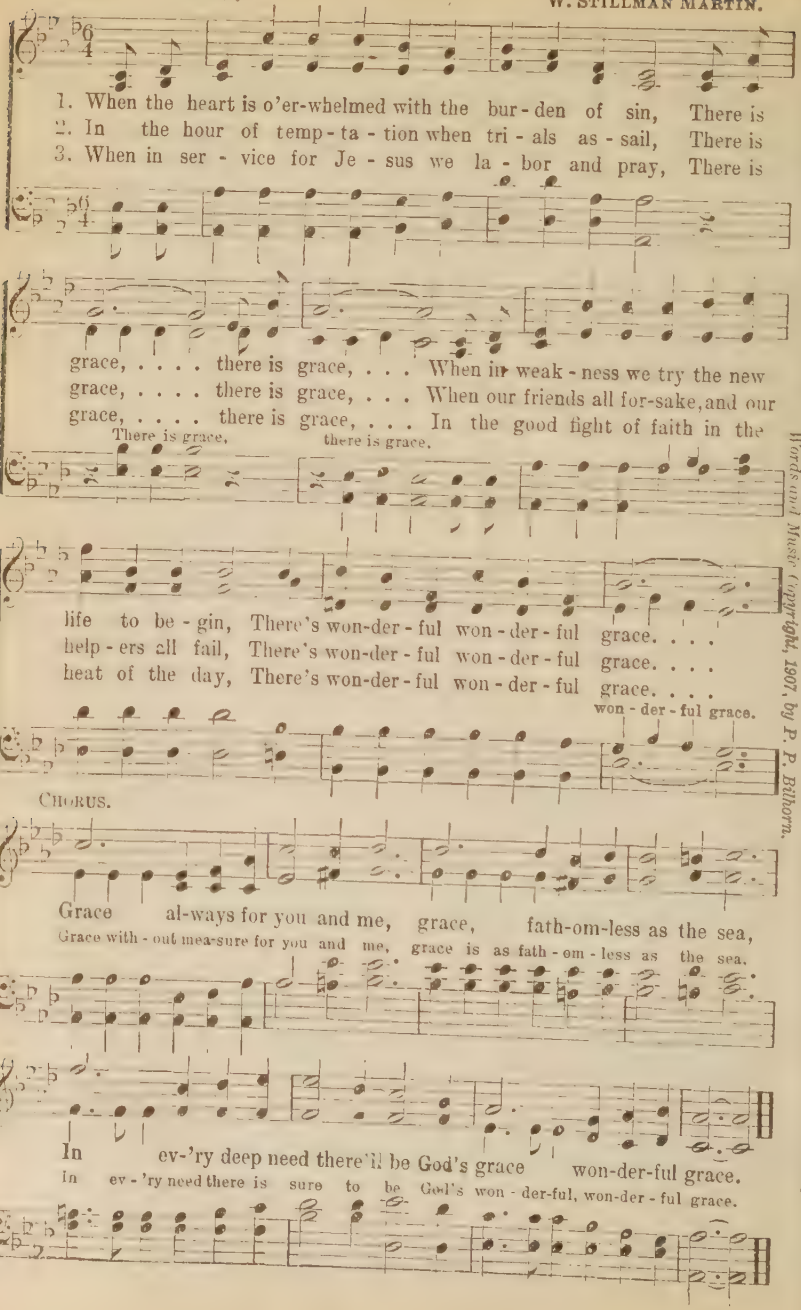
Grace Without Measure.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. When the heart is o'er-whelmed with the bur-den of sin, There is
2. In the hour of temp-ta-tion when tri-als as-sail, There is
3. When in ser-vice for Je-sus we la-bor and pray, There is
grace, ... there is grace, . . . When in weak-ness we try the new
grace, ... there is grace, . . . When our friends all for-sake, and our
grace, ... there is grace, . . . In the good fight of faith in the
There is grace, there is grace.
life to be-gin, There's won-der-ful won-der-ful grace. . . .
help-ers all fail, There's won-der-ful won-der-ful grace. . . .
heat of the day, There's won-der-ful won-der-ful grace. . . .
won-der-ful grace.
Chorus.
Grace al-ways for you and me, grace, fath-om-less as the sea,
Grace with-out mea-sure for you and me, grace is as fath-om-less as the sea.
In ev-'ry deep need there'll be God's grace won-der-ful grace.
In ev-'ry need there is sure to be God's won-der-ful, won-der-ful grace.

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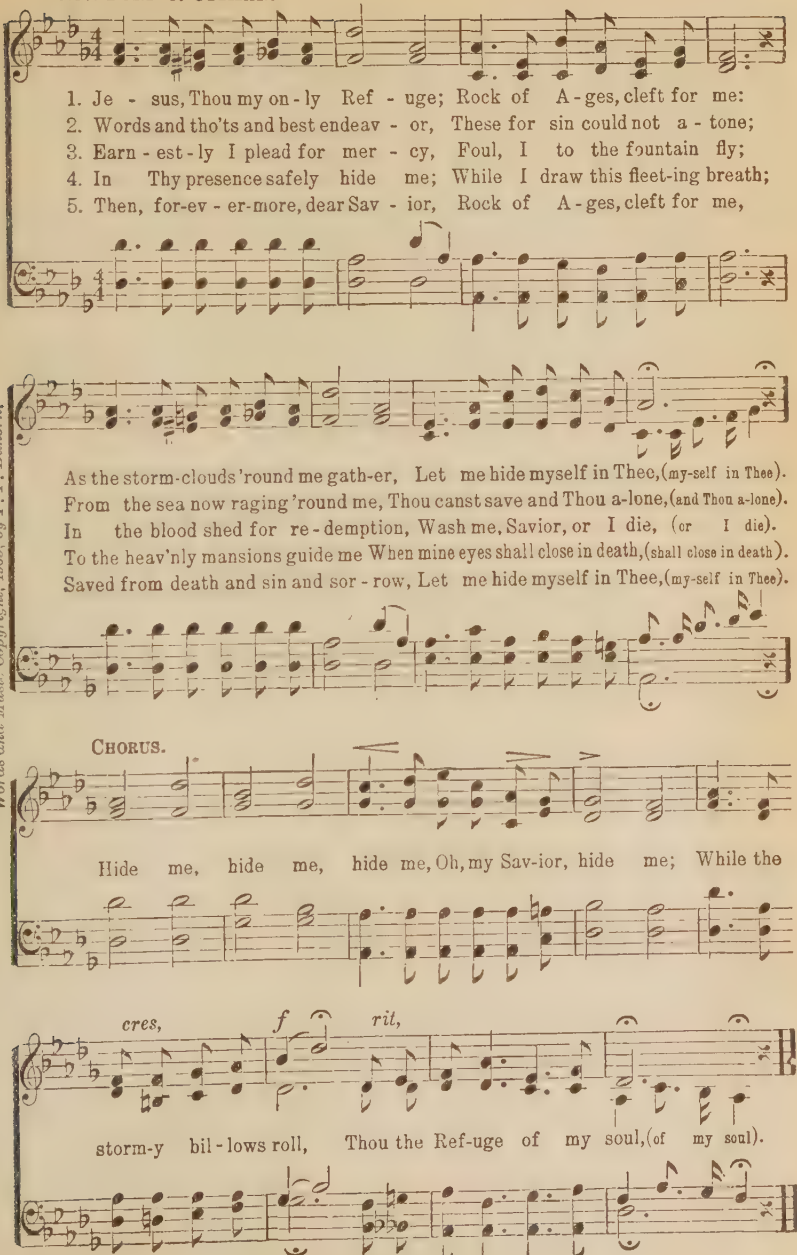
Rev. Ford C. Ottman. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Je - sus, Thou my on - ly Ref - uge; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me:
2. Words and tho'ts and best endeav - or, These for sin could not a - tone;
3. Earn - est - ly I plead for mer - cy, Foul, I to the fountain fly;
4. In Thy presence safely hide me; While I draw this fleet-ing breath;
5. Then, for-ev - er-more, dear Sav - ior, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
As the storm-clouds 'round me gath-er, Let me hide myself in Thee, (my-self in Thee).
From the sea now raging 'round me, Thou canst save and Thou a-lone, (and Thou a-lone).
In the blood shed for re - demption, Wash me, Savior, or I die, (or I die).
To the heav'nly mansions guide me When mine eyes shall close in death, (shall close in death).
Saved from death and sin and sor - row, Let me hide myself in Thee, (my-self in Thee).
Chorus.
Hide me, hide me, hide me, Oh, my Sav-ior, hide me; While the
cres, f rit,
storm-y bil - lows roll, Thou the Ref-uge of my soul, (of my soul).

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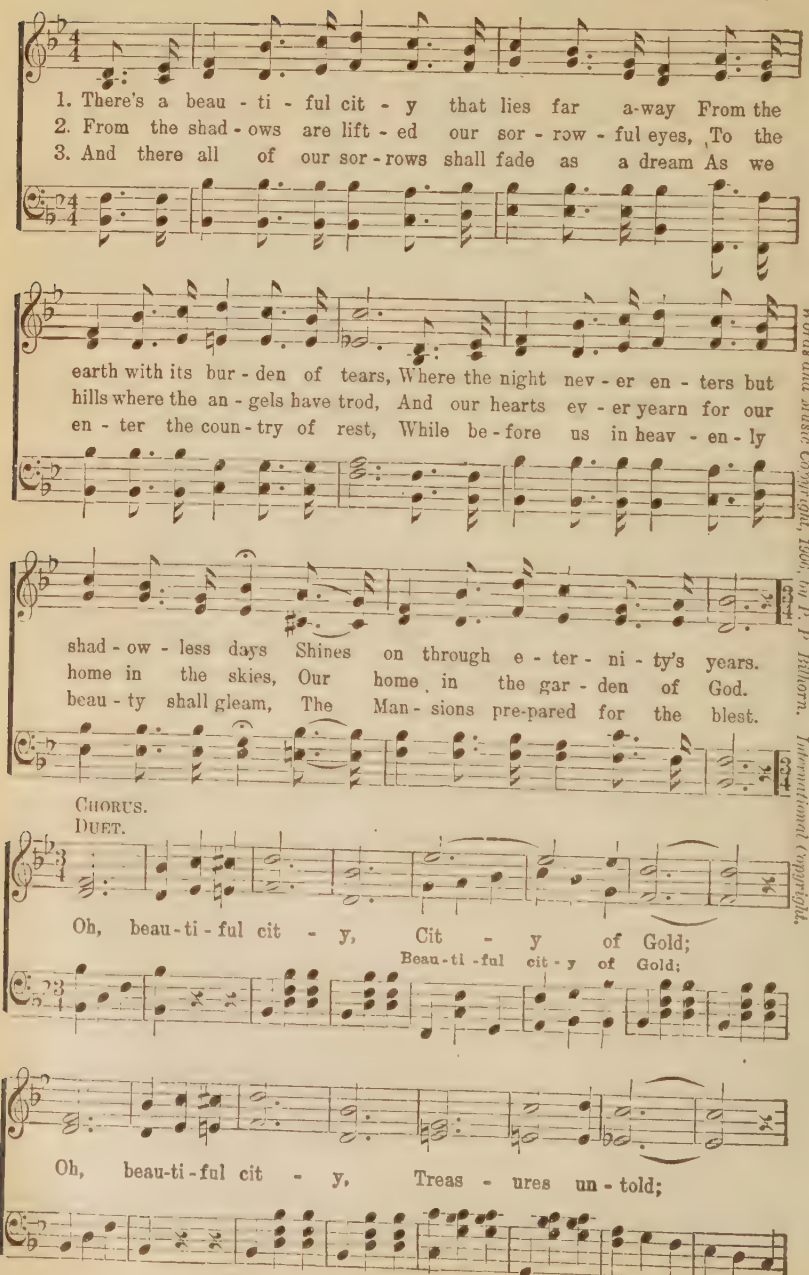
Garden of God.

L. D. SANTEE. HARRY L. BROOKS.


1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y that lies far a-way From the
2. From the shad - ows are lift - ed our sor - row - ful eyes, To the
3. And there all of our sor - rows shall fade as a dream As we
earth with its bur - den of tears, Where the night nev - er en - ters but
hills where the an - gels have trod, And our hearts ev - er yearn for our
en - ter the coun - try of rest, While be - fore us in heav - en - ly
shad - ow - less days Shines on through e - ter - ni - ty's years.
home in the skies, Our home in the gar - den of God.
beau - ty shall gleam, The Man - sions pre-pared for the blest.
CHORUS.
DUET.
Oh, beau - ti - ful cit - y, Cit - y of Gold;
Beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold;
Oh, beau - ti - ful cit - y, Treas - ures un - told;

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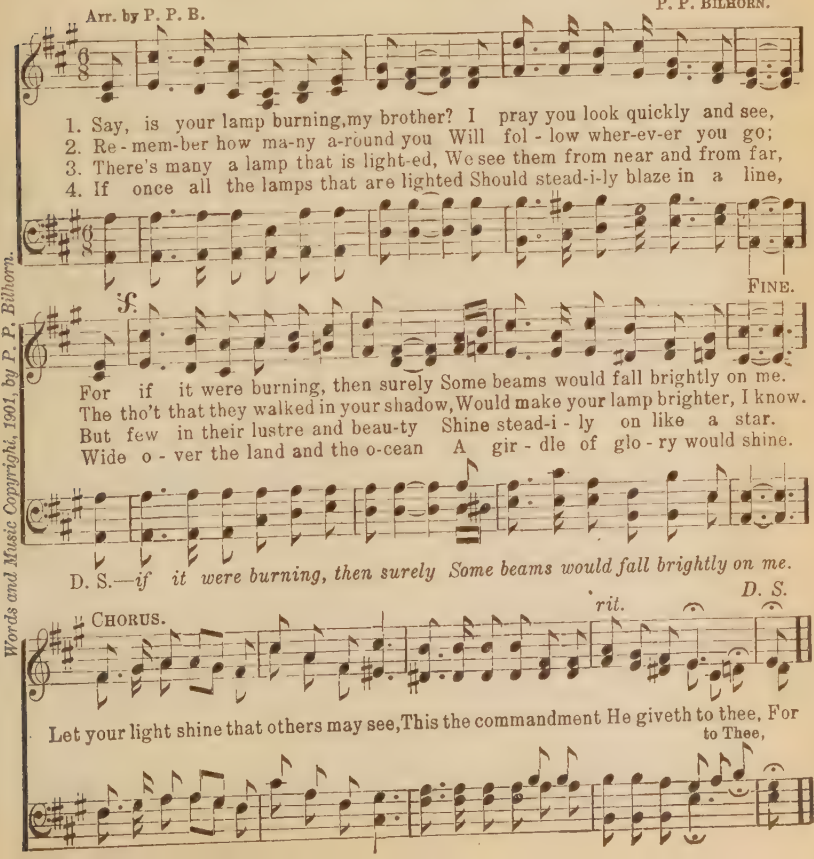
Oh, beau-ti-ful cit - y, Cit - y of gold;
Beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold;
QUARTET.
When shall I rest in that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
rest in that
cit-y of gold.

For if it Were Burning.


Arr. by P. P. B.
P. P. BILHORN.
1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see,
2. Re-mem-ber how ma-ny a-round you Will fol-low wher-ev-er you go;
3. There's many a lamp that is light-ed, We see them from near and from far,
4. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line,
FINE.
For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.
The tho't that they walked in your shadow, Would make your lamp brighter, I know.
But few in their lustre and beau-ty Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean A gir-dle of glo-ry would shine.
D. S.—if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.
D. S.
rit.
CHORUS.
Let your light shine that others may see, This the commandment He giveth to thee, For
to Thee,

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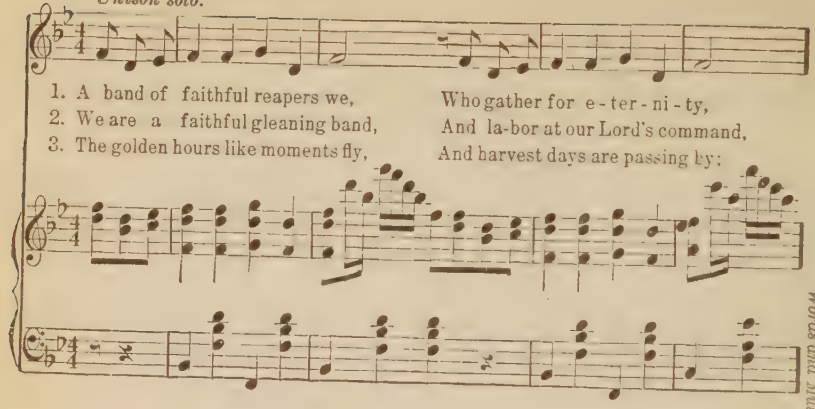
To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G.
Unison solo.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. A band of faithful reapers we, Who gather for e-ter-ni-ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by:

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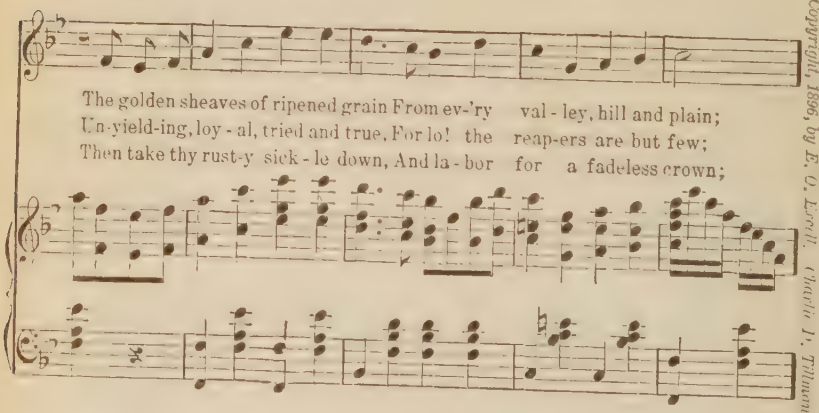
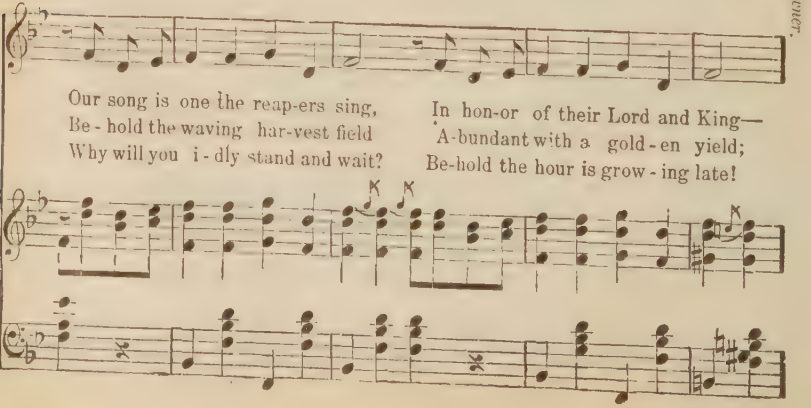
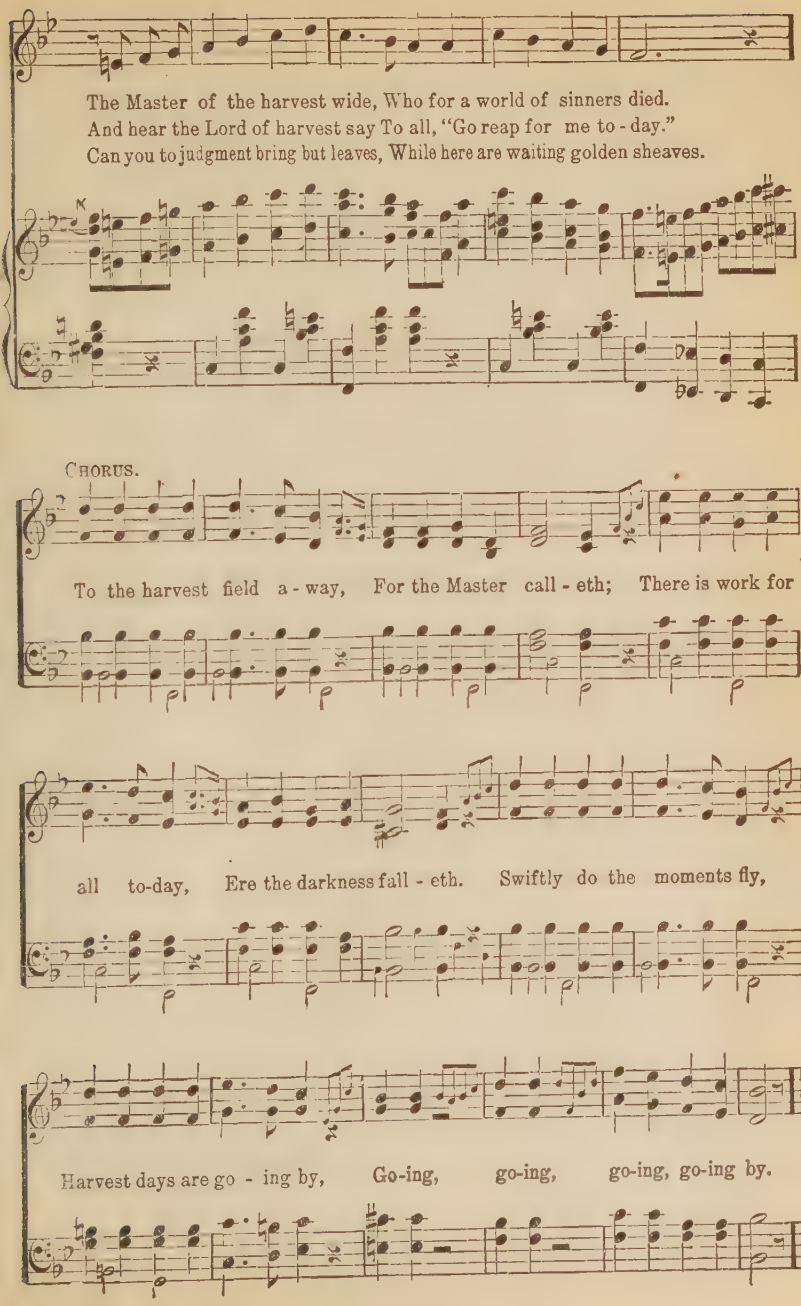

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain;
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few;
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fadeless crown;

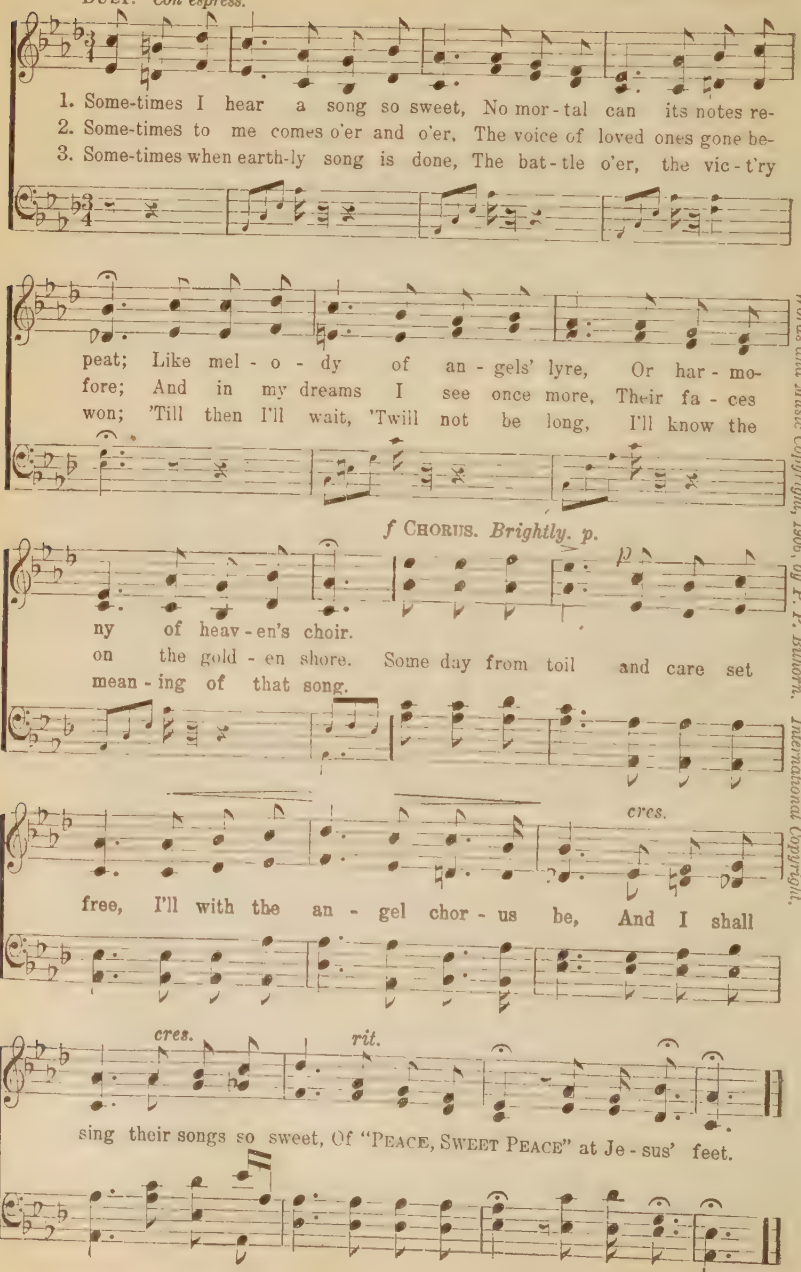

Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King—
Be-hold the waving har-vest field A-bundant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold the hour is grow-ing late!


The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves.
CHORUS.
To the harvest field a-way, For the Master call-eth; There is work for
all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth. Swiftly do the moments fly,
Harvest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

Sometimes.

H. L. B.
DUET. *Con espress.*

HARRY L. BROOKS.


1. Some-times I hear a song so sweet, No mor-tal can its notes re-
2. Some-times to me comes o'er and o'er, The voice of loved ones gone be-
3. Some-times when earth-ly song is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry
peat; Like mel-o-dy of an-gels' lyre, Or har-mo-
fore; And in my dreams I see once more, Their fa-ces
won; 'Till then I'll wait, 'Twill not be long, I'll know the
f CHORUS. *Brightly.* p.
ny of heav-en's choir.
on the gold-en shore. Some day from toil and care set
mean-ing of that song.
cres.
free, I'll with the an-gel chor-us be, And I shall
cres.
rit.
sing their songs so sweet, Of "PEACE, SWEET PEACE" at Je-sus' feet.

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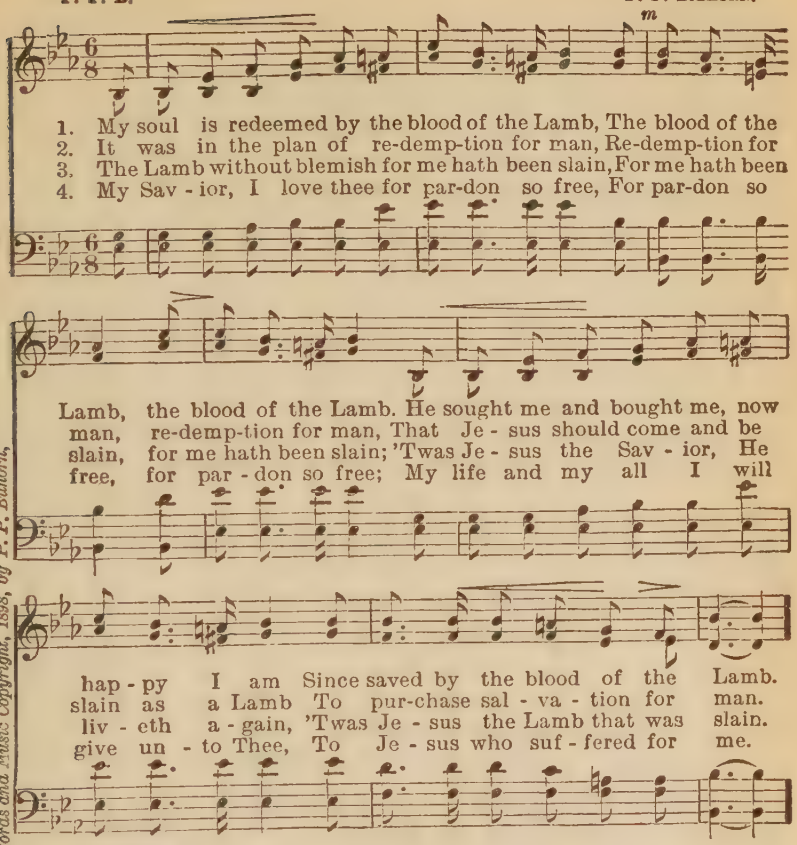
P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. My soul is redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, The blood of the
2. It was in the plan of re-demp-tion for man, Re-demp-tion for
3. The Lamb without blemish for me hath been slain, For me hath been
4. My Sav - ior, I love thee for par-don so free, For par-don so
Lamb, the blood of the Lamb. He sought me and bought me, now
man, re-demp-tion for man, That Je - sus should come and be
slain, for me hath been slain; 'Twas Je - sus the Sav - ior, He
free, for par - don so free; My life and my all I will
hap - py I am Since saved by the blood of the Lamb.
slain as a Lamb To pur-chase sal - va - tion for man.
liv - eth a - gain, 'Twas Je - sus the Lamb that was slain.
give un - to Thee, To Je - sus who suf - fered for me.
CHORUS.
My soul is re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, The
blood of the Lamb, The blood of the Lamb; blood of the Lamb of God.
Rit.

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Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. Jos P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our tri -
it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way To pre -
of the blest; And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
bute of praise For the Glo - ri - ous gift of his love And the
Chorus.
pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and by,
sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by - and - by,
bless-ings that hal - low our days. I be - lieve Je - sus saves
I be - lieve Je-sus saves
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the sweet
And His blood wash-es whit - er than snow; beau-ti-ful shore; I be - lieve In the sweet
whiter than snow; I be - lieve
by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
Je - sus saves by and by, And His blood wash - es whit - er than snow.
Je - sus saves

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. F. DEGEN.

1. How much my dear Sav - iour has suf - fered for me, To
2. His won - der - ful love I can nev - er ex - press, 'Tis
3. His glo - ri - ous beau - ty out - reach - es be - lief, When
4. No words ev - er meas - ured the breadth or the length Or
show His un - speak - a - ble love, How could He be will - ing my
far be-yond words to un - fold; No plum - met has fath-omed His
a - ges on a - ges have passed, We still shall be sound-ing the
depth or the height of his love; And no one can know till in
rit.
ran - som to be, And leave all His glo - ry a - bove?
deep ten-der - ness, Nor half of His good-ness been told.
praise of our Chief, Whose glo - ries for - ev - er will last.
re - gions of light, How great is His glo - ry a - bove.
CHORUS. Cheerful.
He is "Chief a-mong ten thou - sand, Al - to - geth - er love - ly" He—
He is Chief a - mong ten thousand, More than all the world to me.

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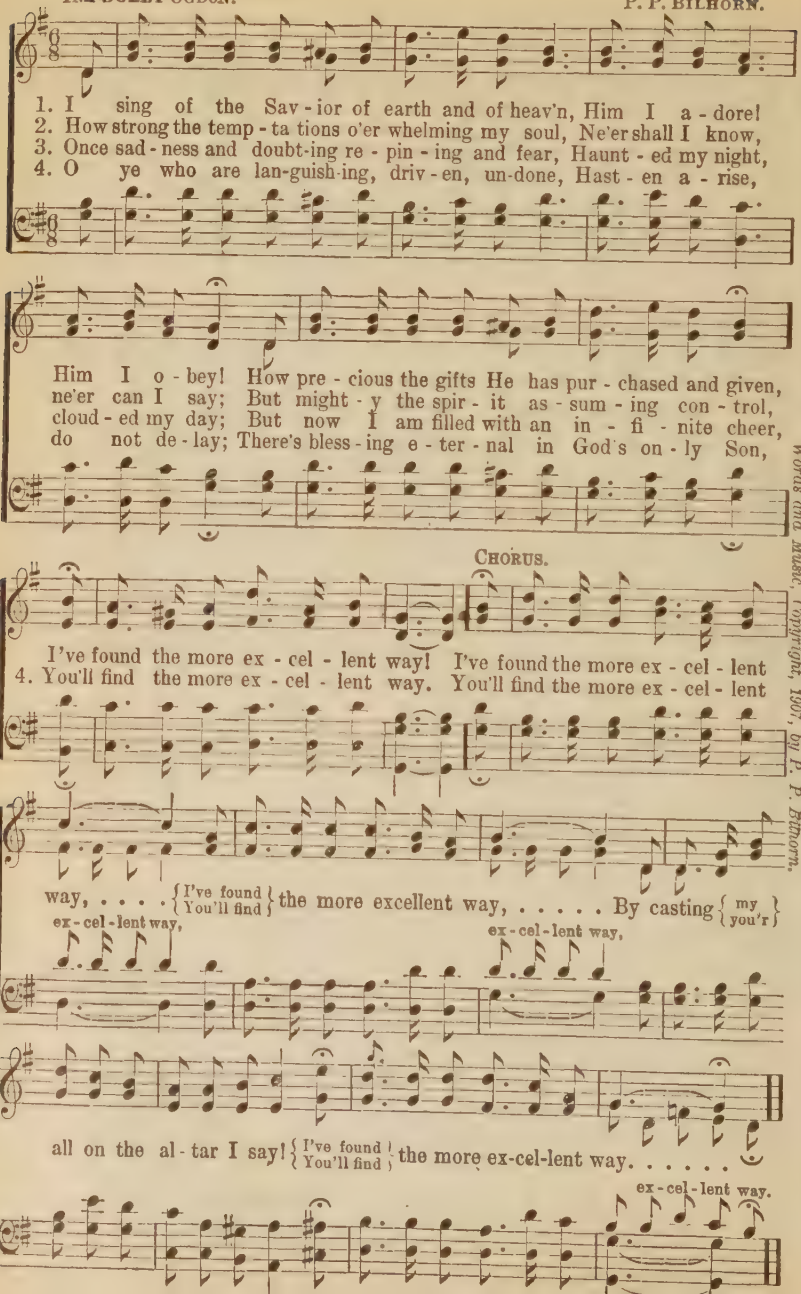
80 I've Found the More Excellent Way.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. I sing of the Sav - ior of earth and of heav'n, Him I a - dore!
2. How strong the temp - ta tions o'er whelming my soul, Ne'er shall I know,
3. Once sad - ness and doubt-ing re - pin - ing and fear, Haunt - ed my night,
4. O ye who are lan-guish-ing, driv - en, un-done, Hast - en a - rise,
Him I o - bey! How pre - cious the gifts He has pur - chased and given,
ne'er can I say; But might - y the spir - it as - sum - ing con - trol,
cloud - ed my day; But now I am filled with an in - fi - nite cheer,
do not de - lay; There's bless - ing e - ter - nal in God's on - ly Son,
CHORUS.
I've found the more ex - cel - lent way! I've found the more ex - cel - lent
4. You'll find the more ex - cel - lent way. You'll find the more ex - cel - lent
way, ... { I've found / You'll find } the more excellent way, ... By casting { my / you'r }
ex-cel-lent way,
ex-cel-lent way,
all on the al - tar I say! { I've found / You'll find } the more ex-cel-lent way. . . . . .
ex-cel-lent way.

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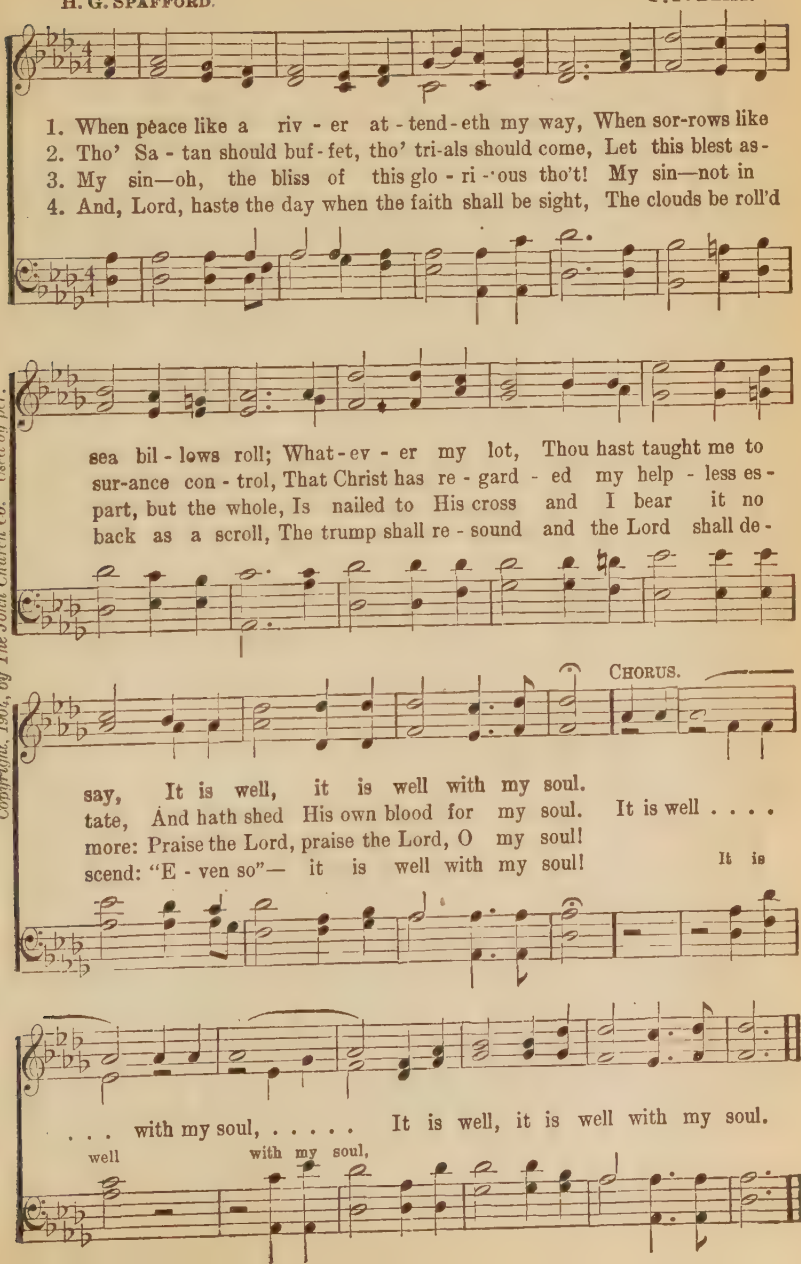
H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri-als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't! My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd
sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur-ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -
CHORUS.
say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . .
more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend: "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul!
It is
. . . with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
well
with my soul,

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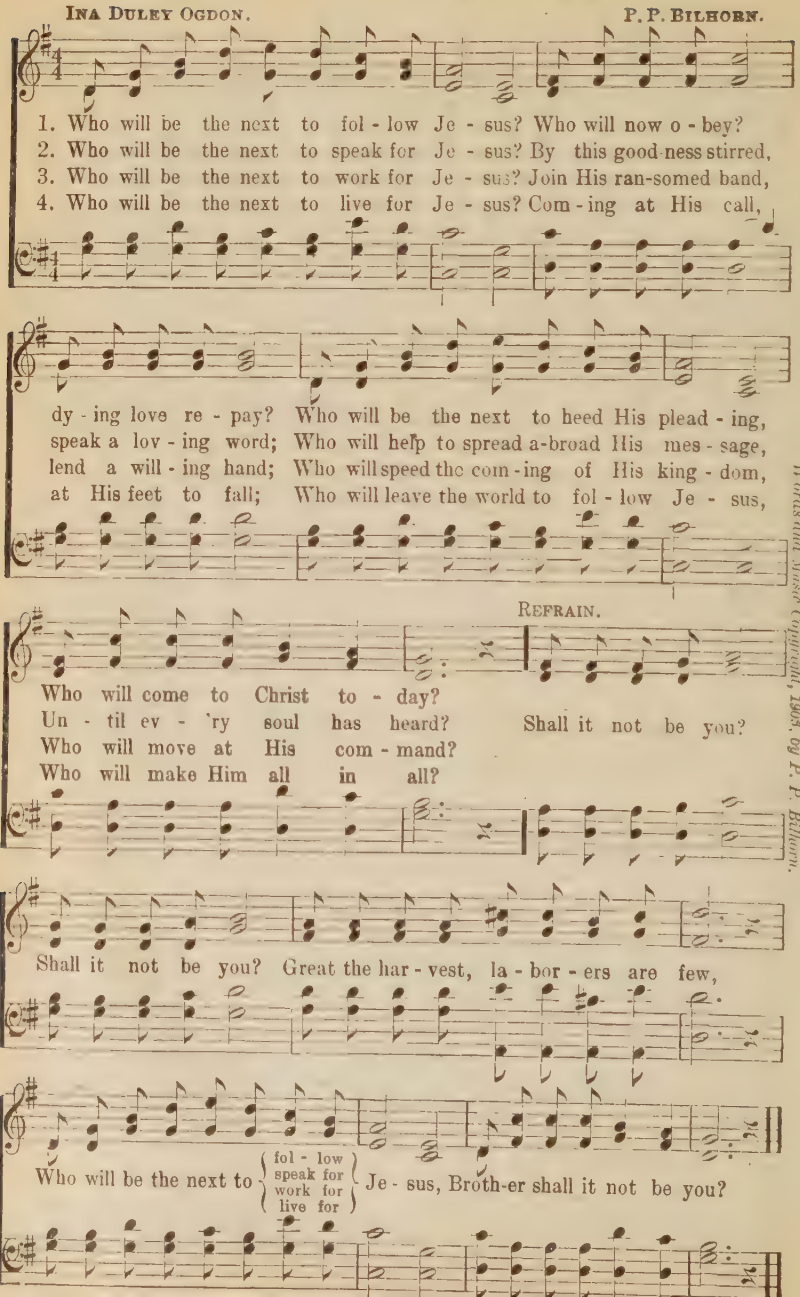
Who Will Be the Next.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Who will be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who will now o - bey?
2. Who will be the next to speak for Je - sus? By this good-ness stirred,
3. Who will be the next to work for Je - sus? Join His ran-somed band,
4. Who will be the next to live for Je - sus? Com - ing at His call,
dy - ing love re - pay? Who will be the next to heed His plead - ing,
speak a lov - ing word; Who will help to spread a-broad His mes - sage,
lend a will - ing hand; Who will speed the com - ing of His king - dom,
at His feet to fall; Who will leave the world to fol - low Je - sus,
REFRAIN.
Who will come to Christ to - day?
Un - til ev - 'ry soul has heard? Shall it not be you?
Who will move at His com - mand?
Who will make Him all in all?
Shall it not be you? Great the har - vest, la - bor - ers are few,
Who will be the next to { fol - low / speak for / work for / live for } Je - sus, Broth-er shall it not be you?

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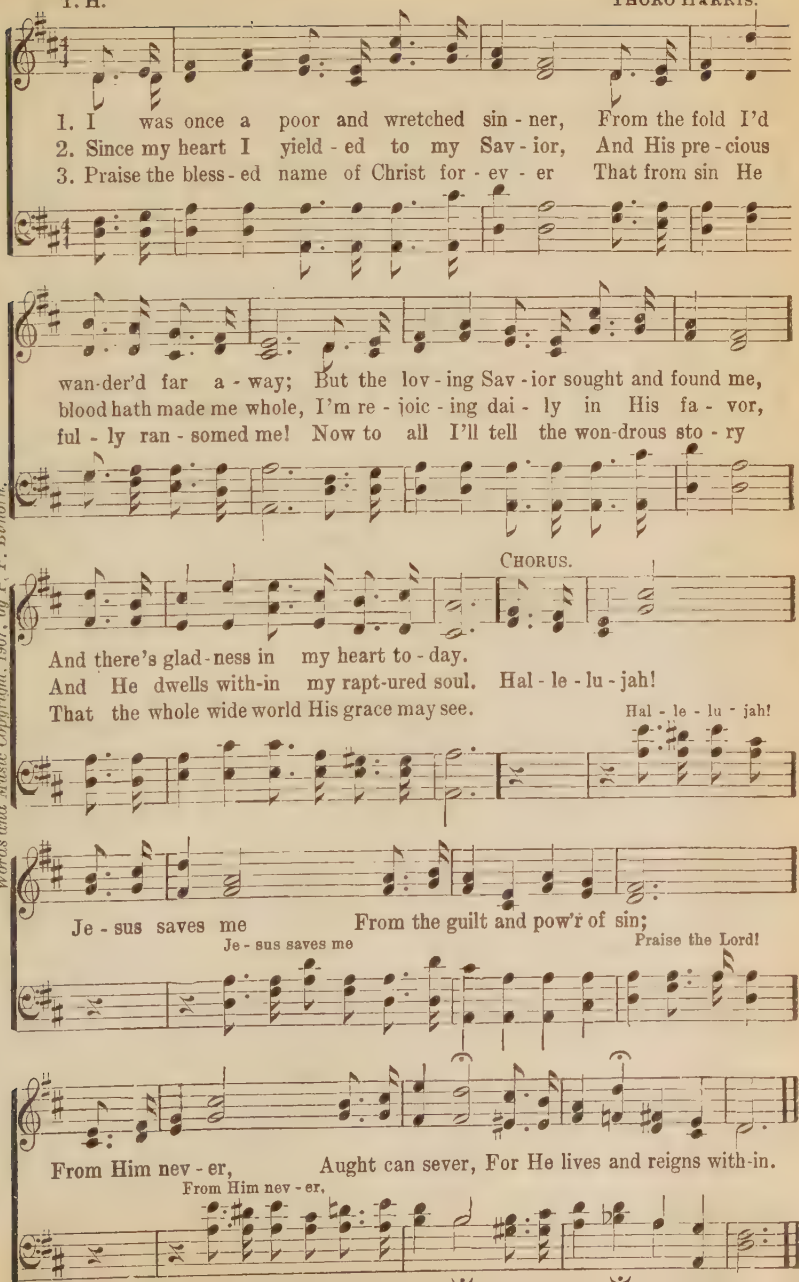
T. H. THORO HARRIS.


1. I was once a poor and wretched sin - ner, From the fold I'd
2. Since my heart I yield - ed to my Sav - ior, And His pre - cious
3. Praise the bless - ed name of Christ for - ev - er That from sin He
wan-der'd far a - way; But the lov - ing Sav - ior sought and found me,
blood hath made me whole, I'm re - joic - ing dai - ly in His fa - vor,
ful - ly ran - somed me! Now to all I'll tell the won-drous sto - ry
CHORUS.
And there's glad - ness in my heart to - day.
And He dwells with-in my rapt-ured soul. Hal - le - lu - jah!
That the whole wide world His grace may see.
Hal - le - lu - jah!
Je - sus saves me From the guilt and pow'r of sin;
Je - sus saves me
Praise the Lord!
From Him nev - er, Aught can sever, For He lives and reigns with-in.
From Him nev - er,

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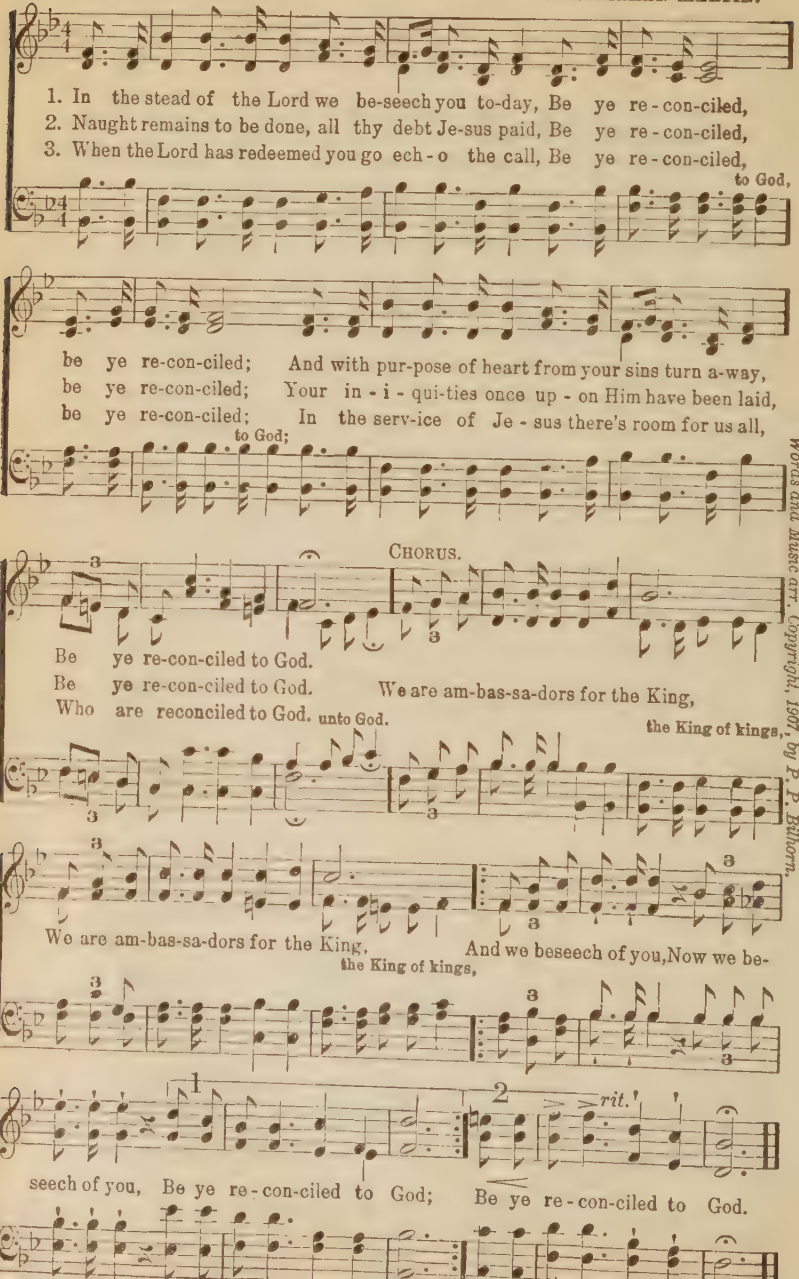
Ambassadors for the King.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. In the stead of the Lord we be-seech you to-day, Be ye re-con-ciled,
2. Naught remains to be done, all thy debt Je-sus paid, Be ye re-con-ciled,
3. When the Lord has redeemed you go ech-o the call, Be ye re-con-ciled,
to God,
be ye re-con-ciled; And with pur-pose of heart from your sins turn a-way,
be ye re-con-ciled; Your in-i-qui-ties once up-on Him have been laid,
be ye re-con-ciled; In the serv-ice of Je-sus there's room for us all,
to God;
CHORUS.
Be ye re-con-ciled to God.
Be ye re-con-ciled to God.
Who are reconciled to God.
We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King,
unto God.
the King of kings,
We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King,
And we beseech of you, Now we be-
the King of kings,
seech of you, Be ye re-con-ciled to God;
Be ye re-con-ciled to God.
rit.

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The Home I Have Up Yonder.

H. L. FRISBIE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Why should I strive for earth-ly things, I have a home up yon - der;
2. What if the path be rough and steep, I have a home up yon - der;
3. Why should I seek for emp-ty fame, I have a home up yon - der;
4. What need have I for lands or gold? I have a home up yon - der;
My Fa - ther is the King of kings, I have a home up yon - der.
His arm sus-tains, His mer-cies keep, I have a home up yon - der.
My hopes are built on Je - sus' name, I have a home up yon - der.
My Fa-ther's house has bliss un - told, I have a home up yon - der.
Near - er my home I dai - ly fare, My rich - est treasures all are there;
I'm go - ing home some sweet, glad day, His hand will lead me all the way;
By faith I see its walls a - rise, I forward press to gain the prize;
This home my Lord hath made for me, Thro' His great love the gift is free;
:8:
FINE.
'Tis beau - ti - ful be - vond com-pare, The home I have up yon - der.
'Tis mine for - ev - er - more and aye, The home I have up yon - der.
I'll soon be-hold with joy - ful eyes, The home I have up yon - der.
In God's good time mine eyes shall see, The home I have up yon - der.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home," His love to me hath giv - en free,

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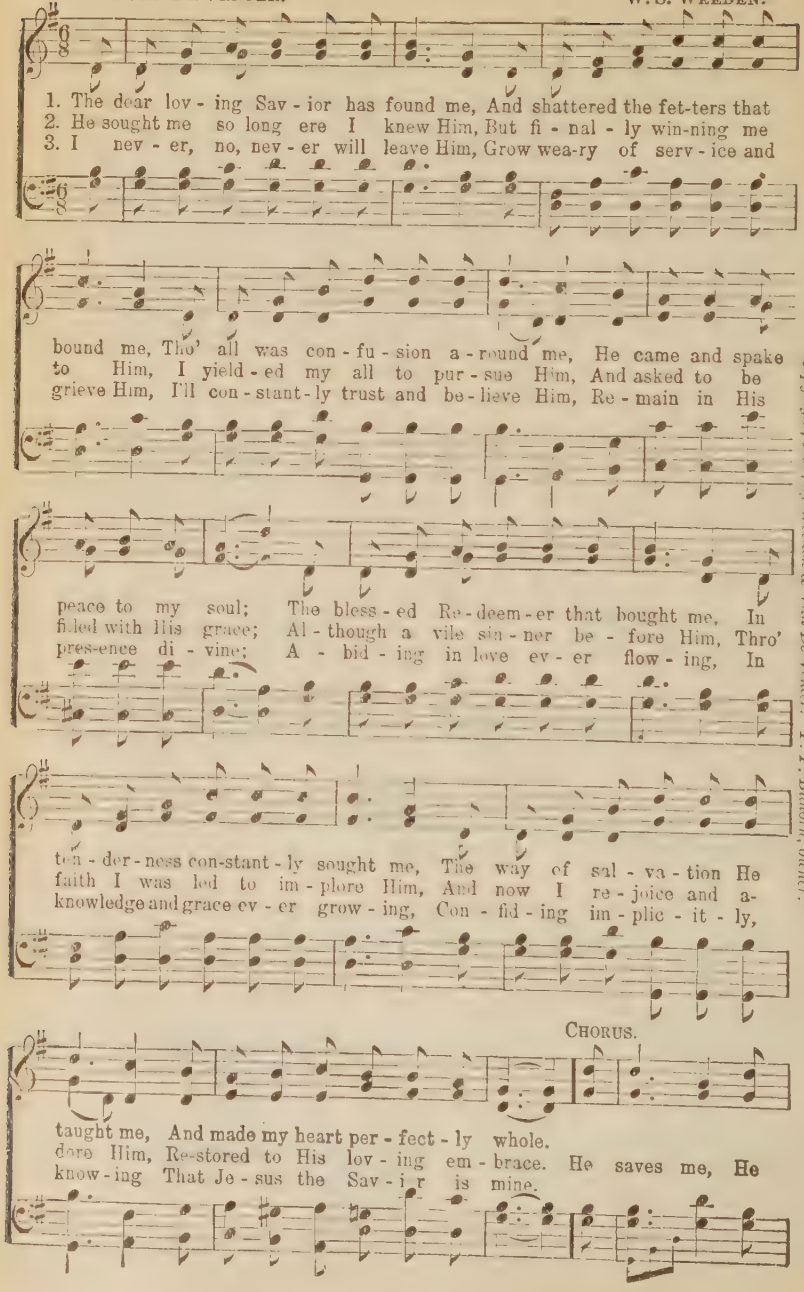
He Saves Me.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior has found me, And shattered the fet-ters that
bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake
peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In
ten - der - ness con-stant - ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win-ning me
to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a-
3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv - ice and
grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His
pres-ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In
knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,
Chorus.
taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.
dore Him, Re-stored to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He
know - ing That Je - sus the Sav - i r is mine.

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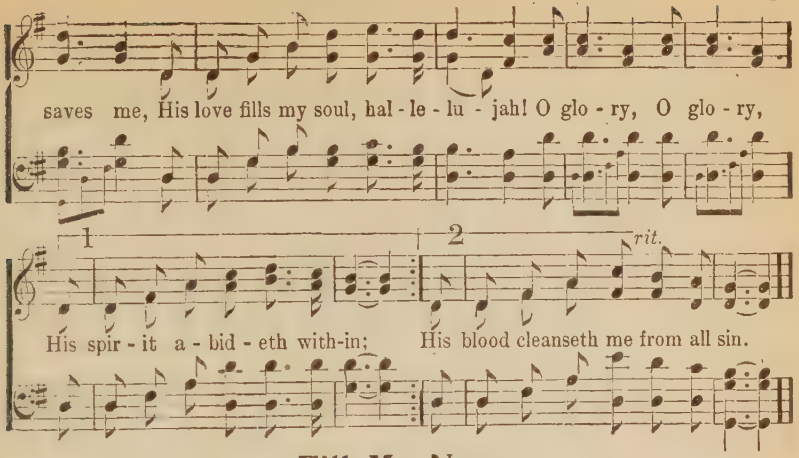
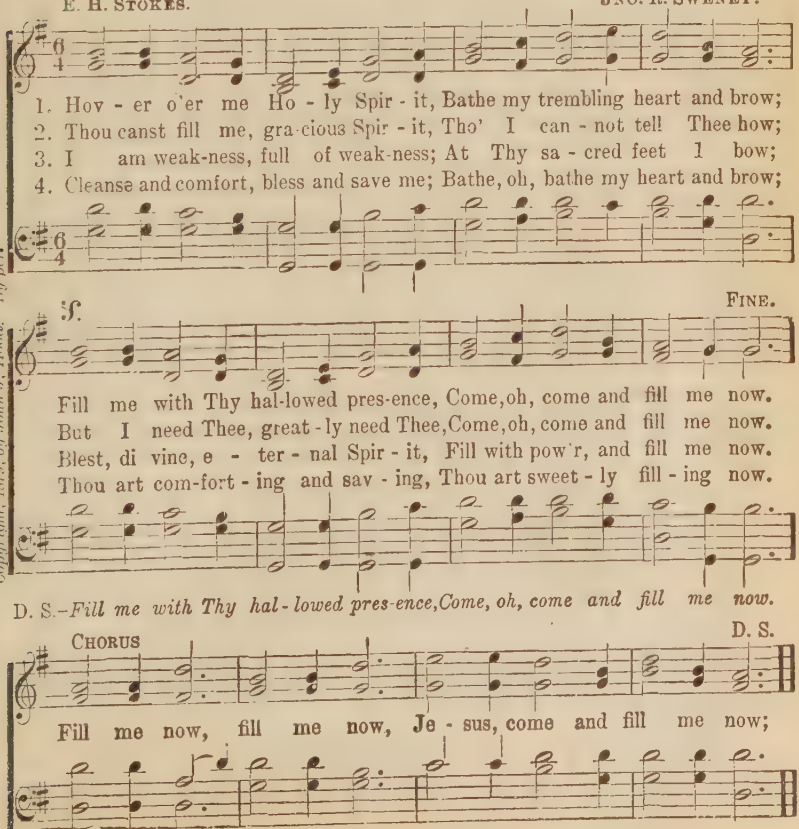

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,
1
2
rit.
His spir - it a - bid - eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Hov - er o'er me Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
f.
FINE.
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.
D. S.–Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
CHORUS
D. S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

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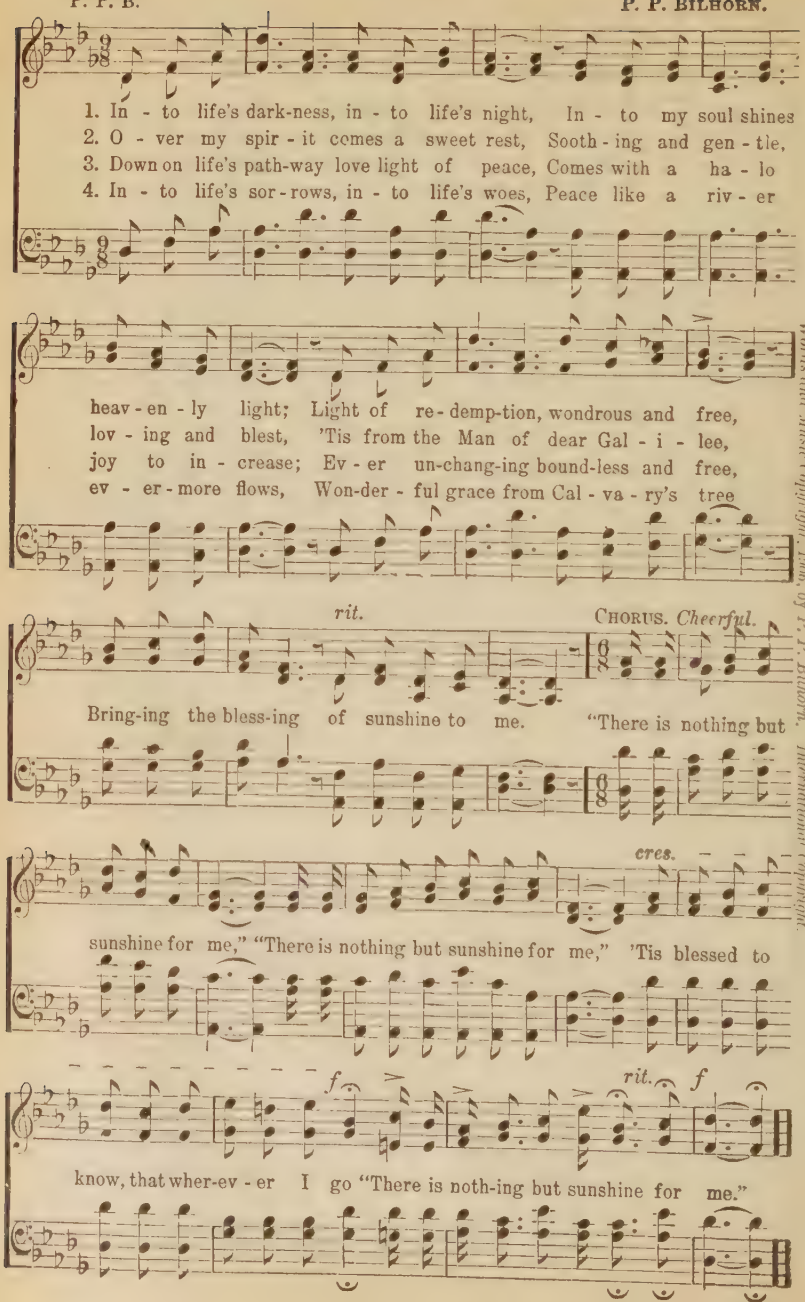
Sunshine for Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. In - to life's dark-ness, in - to life's night, In - to my soul shines
2. O - ver my spir - it comes a sweet rest, Sooth - ing and gen - tle,
3. Down on life's path-way love light of peace, Comes with a ha - lo
4. In - to life's sor - rows, in - to life's woes, Peace like a riv - er
heav - en - ly light; Light of re - demp-tion, wondrous and free,
lov - ing and blest, 'Tis from the Man of dear Gal - i - lee,
joy to in - crease; Ev - er un-chang-ing bound-less and free,
ev - er - more flows, Won-der - ful grace from Cal - va - ry's tree
rit.
Chorus. Cheerful.
Bring-ing the bless-ing of sunshine to me. "There is nothing but
cres.
sunshine for me," "There is nothing but sunshine for me," 'Tis blessed to
f
rit.
f
know, that wher-ev - er I go "There is noth-ing but sunshine for me."

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J. L. B. H. L. Brooks.

1. On - ly a ray of the sun - shine fair, But to the wea - ry heart
2. On - ly a word to the soul a - stray, Spok-en with love in a
3. On - ly a prayer of the con - trite heart, Ask-ing that sin and its
filled with care, Sweet as the dew - y, rose - la - den air,
kind - ly way, Tell - ing the theme of the Cross each day,
stain de - part, Seek - ing to know of the bet - ter part,
CHORUS.
Comes the sweet mes - sage of love. Come un - to
Sing - ing the sto - ry of love.
Is the sweet mes - sage of love. Come un - to me with thy
Come un - to me,
cres.
me Come un - to me, Hear the sweet
heart full of care. Come un - to me and thy bur-dens I'll bear,
Come un - to me,
f
rit.
voice of the Sav - iour, Come un - to me (un - to me.)
Sav - iour so dear,

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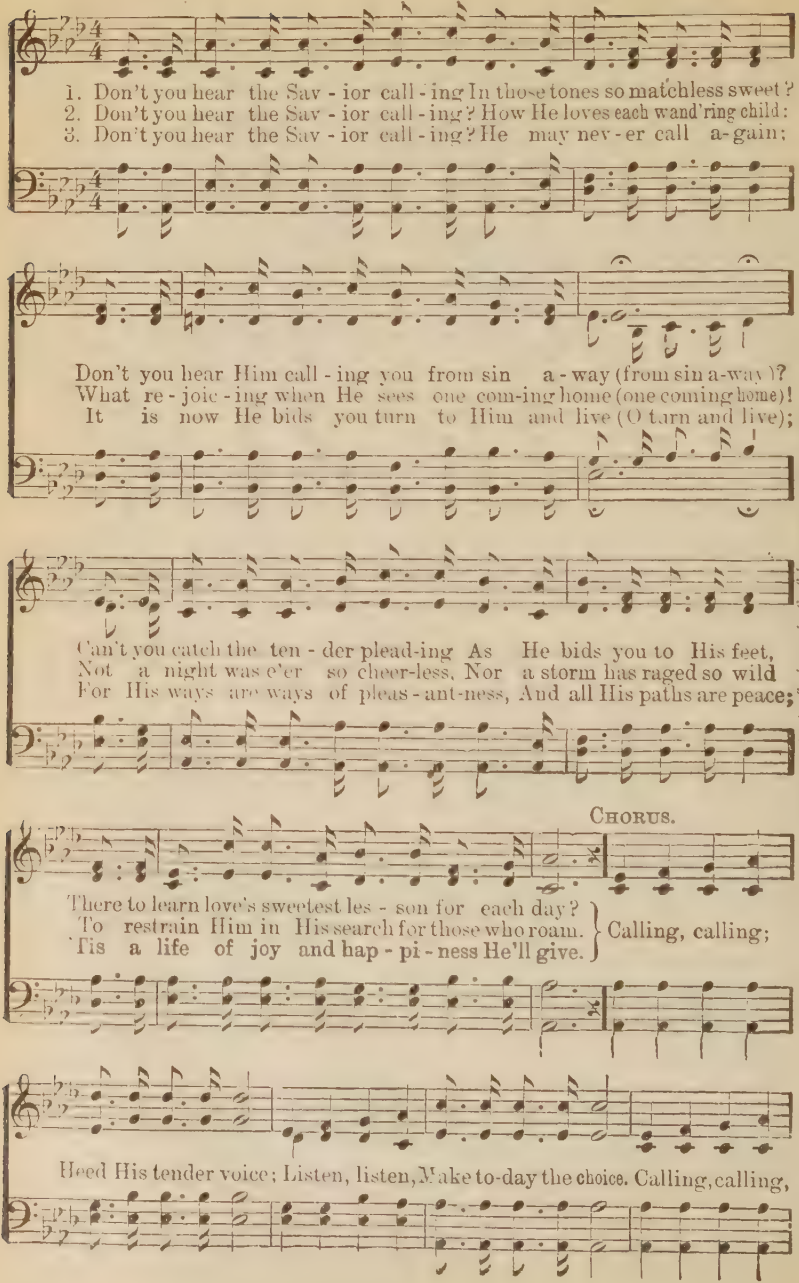
Hear Him Calling.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing In those tones so matchless sweet?
2. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing? How He loves each wand'ring child:
3. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing? He may nev - er call a-gain;
Don't you hear Him call - ing you from sin a - way (from sin a-way)?
What re - joic - ing when He sees one com-ing home (one coming home)!
It is now He bids you turn to Him and live (O turn and live);
Can't you catch the ten - der plead-ing As He bids you to His feet,
Not a night was e'er so cheer-less, Nor a storm has raged so wild
For His ways are ways of pleas - ant-ness, And all His paths are peace;
CHORUS.
There to learn love's sweetest les - son for each day?
To restrain Him in His search for those who roam.
'Tis a life of joy and hap - pi - ness He'll give.
Calling, calling;
Heed His tender voice; Listen, listen, Make to-day the choice. Calling, calling,

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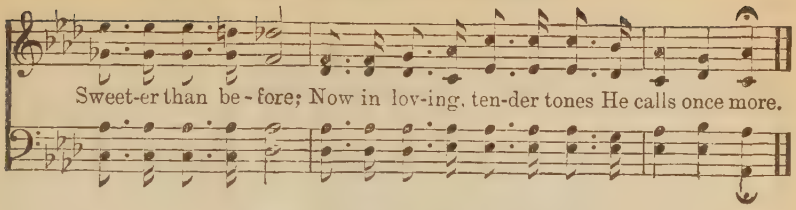

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,
May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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Sing Unto the Lord a New Song.

P. P. B.
Psalm 96.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Sing un - to the Lord and bless His ho - ly name, Sing un - to the
2. Give un - to the Lord, all beau - ty, hon - or, fame, Give un - to the
3. Wor - ship ye the Lord in truth and Ho - li - ness, Sing a mong the
4. Let the fields be joy - ful, and all that is there - in All the trees and
Lord, be glad sal - va - tion came, For the Lord is great and
Lord the glo - ry due His name, Bring an of - fer - ing and
heath - en, talk His right - eous - ness Let the heav'ns re - joice and
woods re - joice when free from sin, He shall judge the earth with
great - ly to be praised, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
come in - to His courts, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
let the earth be glad, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
right - eous - ness and truth, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
CHORUS. *Joyful.*
O sing un - to the Lord a new soug. A new song, a new song;
O sing . . . . . .
O, sing . . . . . a new song, a new song let us sing.
O, sing un - to the Lord.

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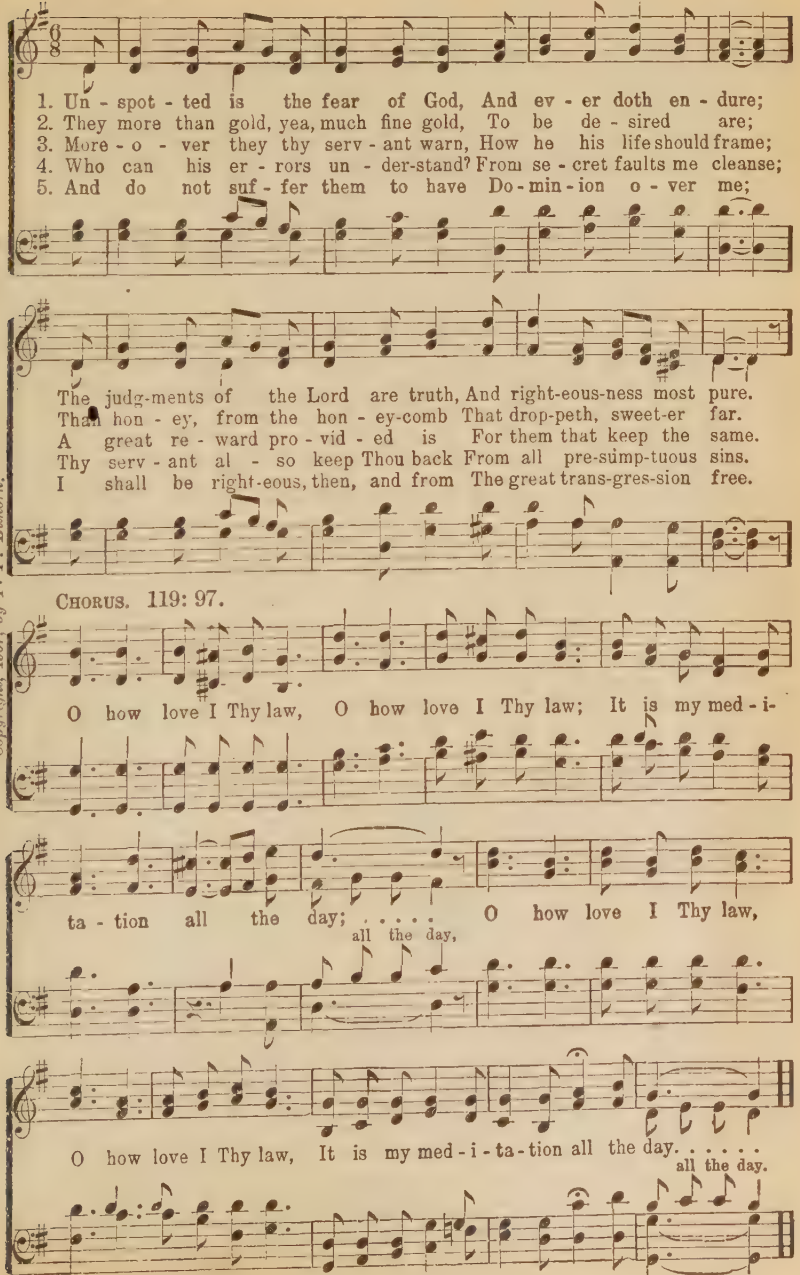
Thy Law is My Meditation.

From Psalm 19. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sired are;
3. More - o - ver they thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der-stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;
The judg-ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey-comb That drop-peth, sweet-er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre-sump-tuous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.
CHORUS. 119: 97.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i-
ta - tion all the day; . . . . O how love I Thy law,
all the day,
O how love I Thy law, It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day. . . . . .
all the day.

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When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,
1
2
And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal bright, and fair;
And the (Omit.) roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;
And the (Omit.) roll is called up
Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care;
And the (Omit.) roll is called up
D. S.—roll is called up
FINE. CHORUS.
yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up
yon - der, I'll be there.
yon - - - - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up yon - - - - -
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be
D. S.
der, When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der, When the
there. When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

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Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit. p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.
REFRAIN.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

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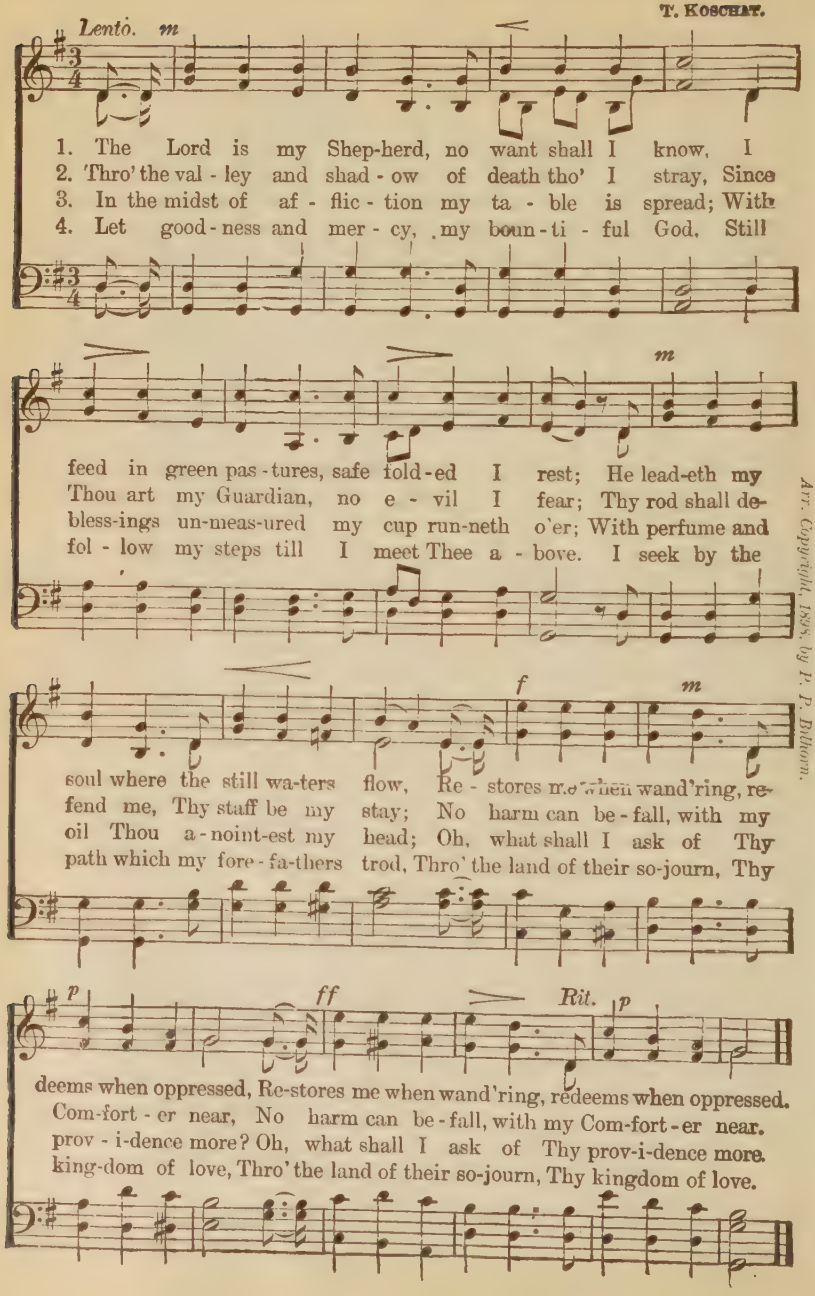
The Lord Is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT.


Lento. m
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still
feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the
soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy
deems when oppressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

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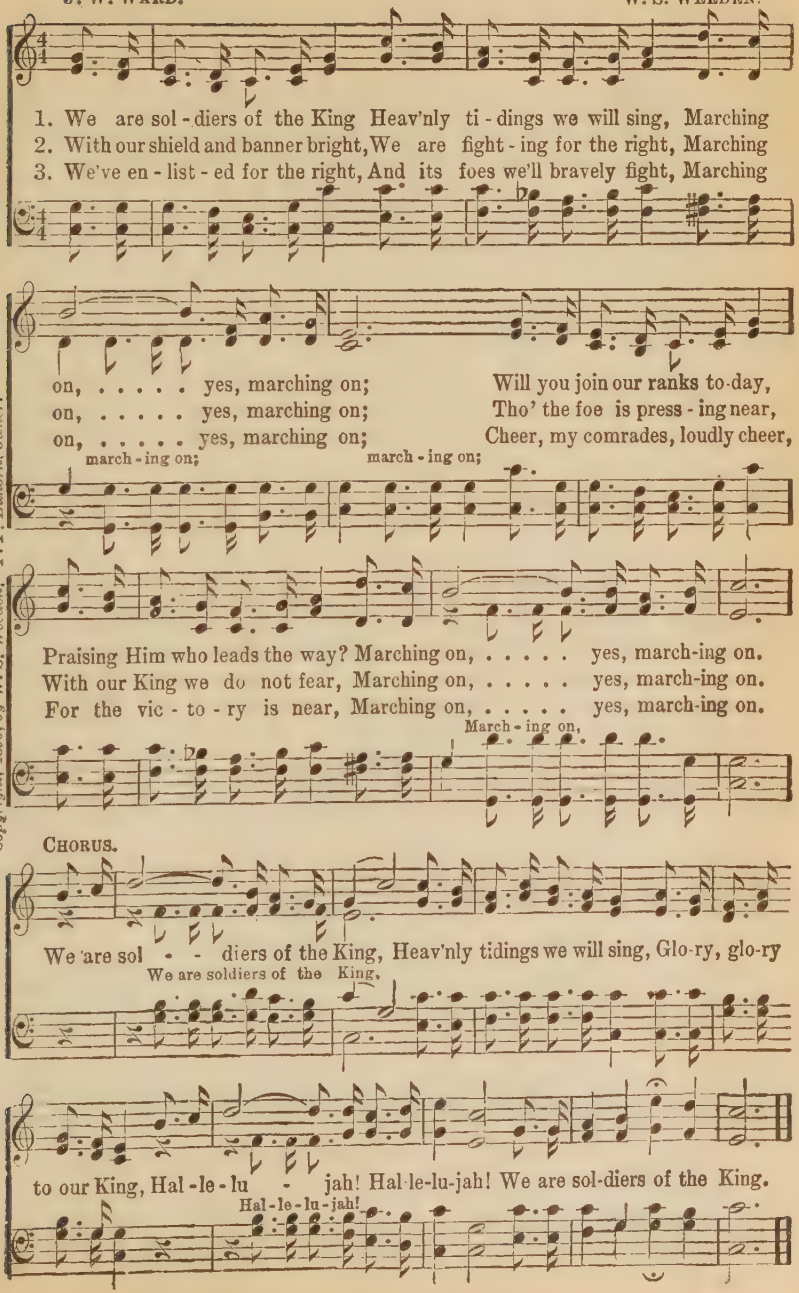
J. W. WARD. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. We are sol - diers of the King Heav'nly ti - dings we will sing, Marching
2. With our shield and banner bright, We are fight - ing for the right, Marching
3. We've en - list - ed for the right, And its foes we'll bravely fight, Marching
on, ... yes, marching on;
on, ... yes, marching on;
on, ... yes, marching on;
Will you join our ranks to-day,
Tho' the foe is press - ing near,
Cheer, my comrades, loudly cheer,
march - ing on;
march - ing on;
Praising Him who leads the way? Marching on, ... yes, march-ing on.
With our King we do not fear, Marching on, ... yes, march-ing on.
For the vic - to - ry is near, Marching on, ... yes, march-ing on.
March - ing on,
CHORUS.
We are sol - - diers of the King, Heav'nly tidings we will sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry
We are soldiers of the King,
to our King, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We are sol-diers of the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

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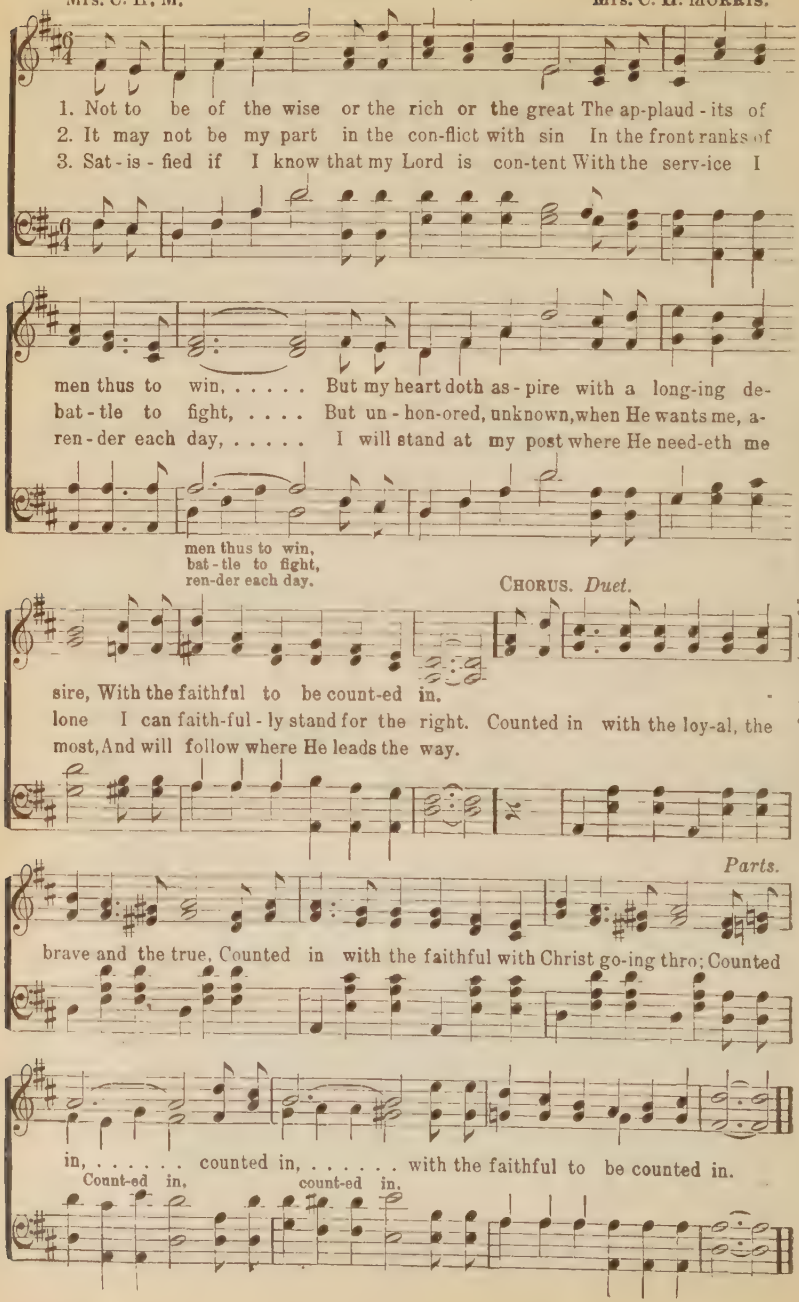
Counted In.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Not to be of the wise or the rich or the great The ap-plaud-its of
2. It may not be my part in the con-flict with sin In the front ranks of
3. Sat-is-fied if I know that my Lord is con-tent With the serv-ice I
men thus to win, ... But my heart doth as-pire with a long-ing de-
bat-tle to fight, ... But un-hon-ored, unknown, when He wants me, a-
ren-der each day, ... I will stand at my post where He need-eth me
men thus to win,
bat-tle to fight,
ren-der each day.
Chorus. Duet.
sire, With the faithful to be count-ed in.
lone I can faith-ful-ly stand for the right. Counted in with the loy-al, the
most, And will follow where He leads the way.
Parts.
brave and the true, Counted in with the faithful with Christ go-ing thro; Counted
in, ... counted in, ... with the faithful to be counted in.
Count-ed in,
count-ed in.

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O What a Savior is Jesus to Me.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O what a Sav - ior is Je - sus to me, Lov - ing and true,
2. Nev - er a mo - ment that He is not near, Grace to be - stow,
3. Is there an - oth - er so lov - ing a Friend, Gracious and kind,
lov - ing and true; Dai - ly re - new - ing His grace un - to me
grace to be - stow; Read - y to com - fort and read - y to cheer
gra - cious and kind; Ev - er-more read - y his own to de - fend,
CHORUS.
While His commandments I do!
As on my jour - ney I go. O what a ten - der, com-pas-sion-ate
And so to bless me in - clined?
Friend I've found Him to be, I've found Him to be! O what a
won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord to me! . . .
to me!

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Wonderful Calling.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. "Called to the king-dom and glo - ry of God," Called to be heirs with the
2. Called to be chil-dren, our Fa - ther to know, Called to the serv - ice of
3. Called to a life of sur - ren-der and pow'r, Called to be filled with God's
4. Called to par-take of sal - va - tion and peace, Called to a life of un-
Sav - ior and Lord, Called now to walk in the strength of His grace,
God here be - low; Called to be light in the dark world of sin,
Spir - it each hour; Called from the self life to "live un - to God",
speak-a - ble bliss; Called now the cross of our Sav - ior to share,
rit.
Chorus. cres.
Soon He will call us to look on His face.
Called, oth - er lost ones to Je - sus to win. This the "high call - ing" of
Know-ing no Mas - ter save Je - sus the Lord.
Soon He will call - us a bright crown to wear.
cres.
all who be - lieve, These are the blessings God's children re - ceive; Won-der-ful
cres.
f
rit.
grace from a won-der-ful Lord, Won-der-ful call-ing, Oh, glo-ry to God.

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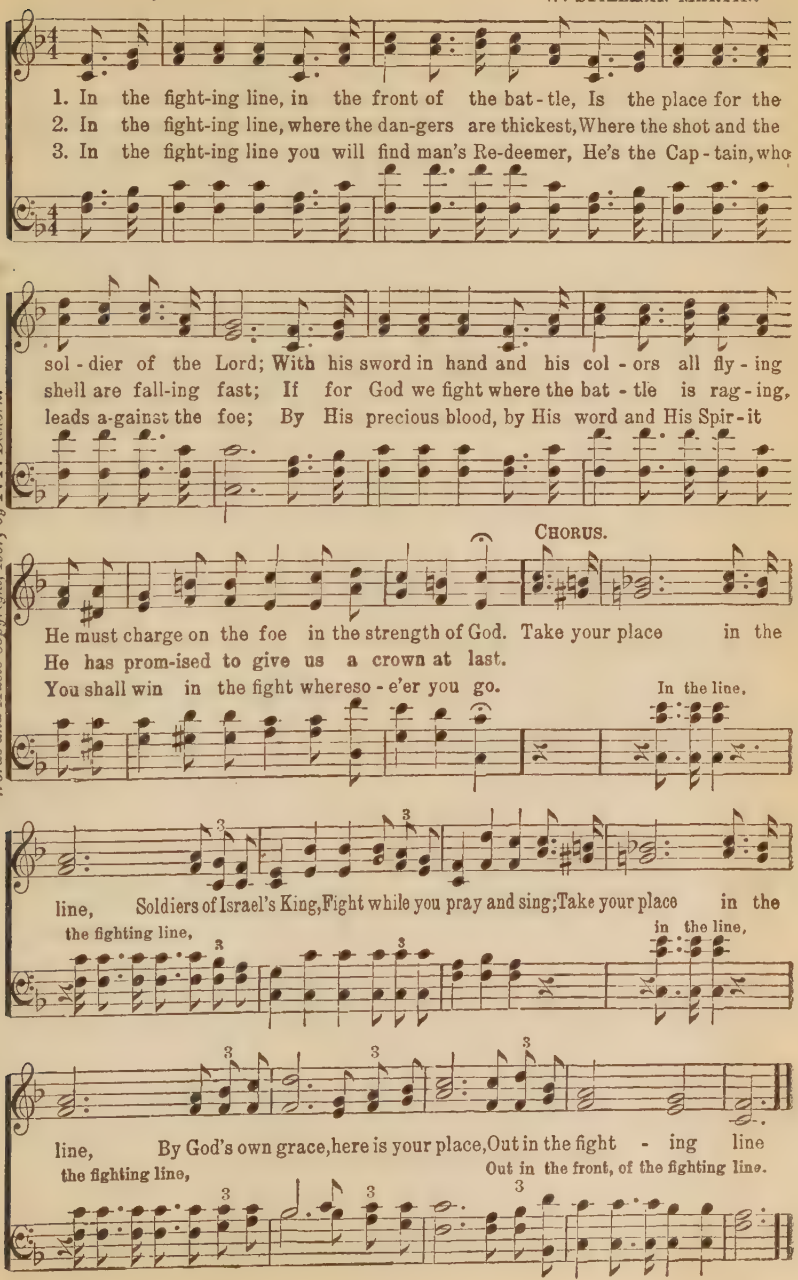
In the Fighting Line.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. In the fight-ing line, in the front of the bat-tle, Is the place for the
2. In the fight-ing line, where the dan-gers are thickest, Where the shot and the
3. In the fight-ing line you will find man's Re-deemer, He's the Cap-tain, who
sol-dier of the Lord; With his sword in hand and his col-ors all fly-ing
shell are fall-ing fast; If for God we fight where the bat-tle is rag-ing,
leads a-gainst the foe; By His precious blood, by His word and His Spir-it
Chorus.
He must charge on the foe in the strength of God. Take your place in the
He has prom-ised to give us a crown at last.
You shall win in the fight whereso-e'er you go.
In the line,
line, Soldiers of Israel's King, Fight while you pray and sing; Take your place in the
the fighting line,
in the line,
line, By God's own grace, here is your place, Out in the fight - ing line
the fighting line,
Out in the front, of the fighting line.

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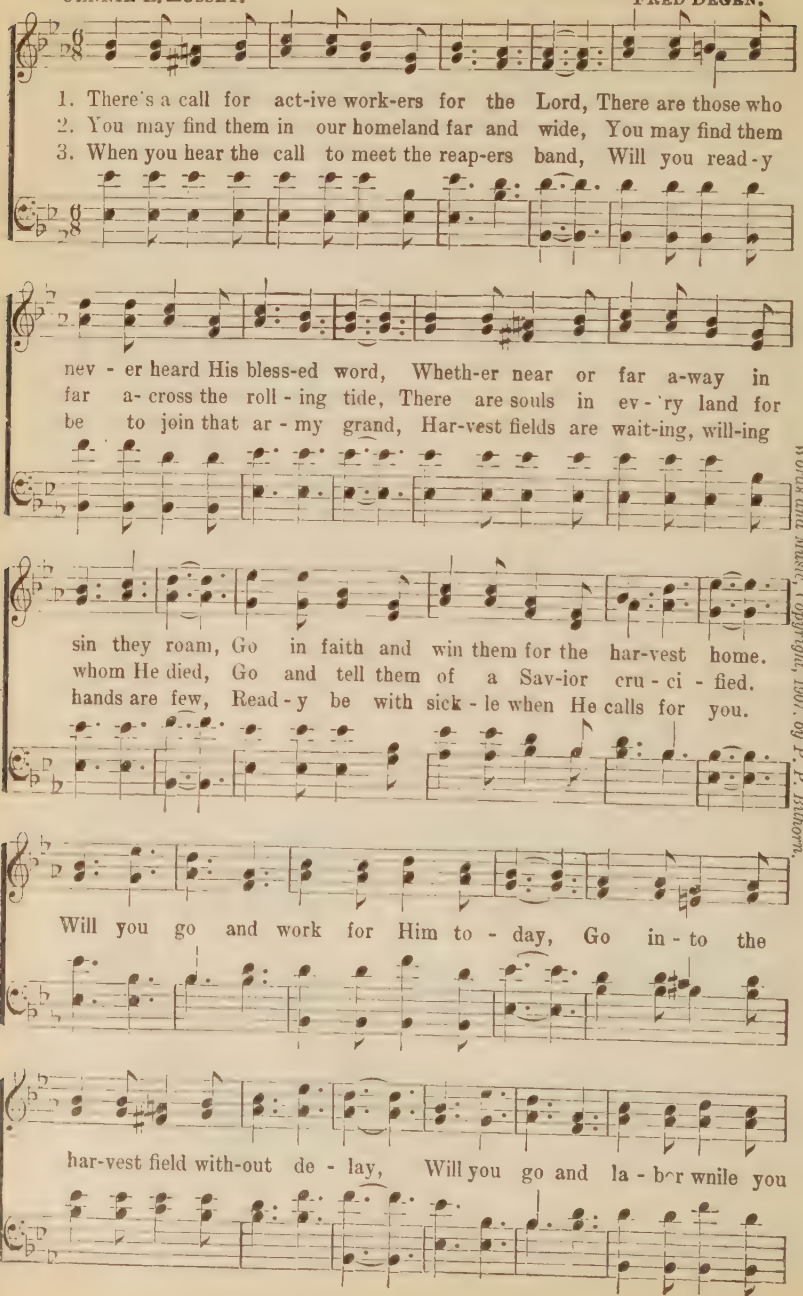
Harvest Fields are Waiting.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. FRED DEGEN.


1. There's a call for act-ive work-ers for the Lord, There are those who
2. You may find them in our homeland far and wide, You may find them
3. When you hear the call to meet the reap-ers band, Will you read-y
nev - er heard His bless-ed word, Wheth-er near or far a-way in
far a- cross the roll - ing tide, There are souls in ev - 'ry land for
be to join that ar - my grand, Har-vest fields are wait-ing, will-ing
sin they roam, Go in faith and win them for the har-vest home.
whom He died, Go and tell them of a Sav-ior cru - ci - fied.
hands are few, Read - y be with sick - le when He calls for you.
Will you go and work for Him to - day, Go in - to the
har-vest field with-out de - lay, Will you go and la - bor while you

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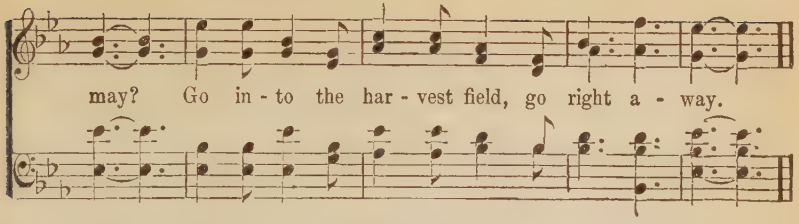
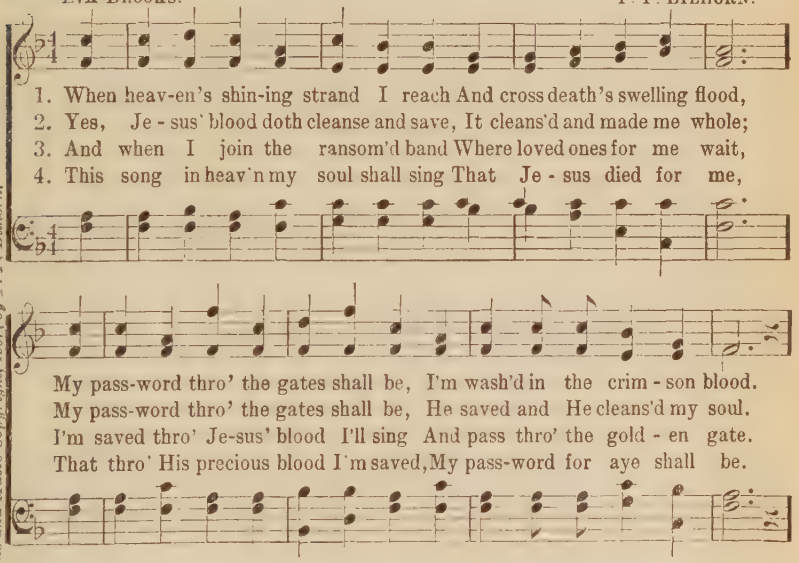


My Password Through Heaven's Gate.

EVA BROOKS. P. P. BILHORN.


1. When heav-en's shin-ing strand I reach And cross death's swelling flood,
2. Yes, Je - sus' blood doth cleanse and save, It cleans'd and made me whole;
3. And when I join the ransom'd band Where loved ones for me wait,
4. This song in heav'n my soul shall sing That Je - sus died for me,
My pass-word thro' the gates shall be, I'm wash'd in the crim - son blood.
My pass-word thro' the gates shall be, He saved and He cleans'd my soul.
I'm saved thro' Je-sus' blood I'll sing And pass thro' the gold - en gate.
That thro' His precious blood I'm saved, My pass-word for aye shall be.

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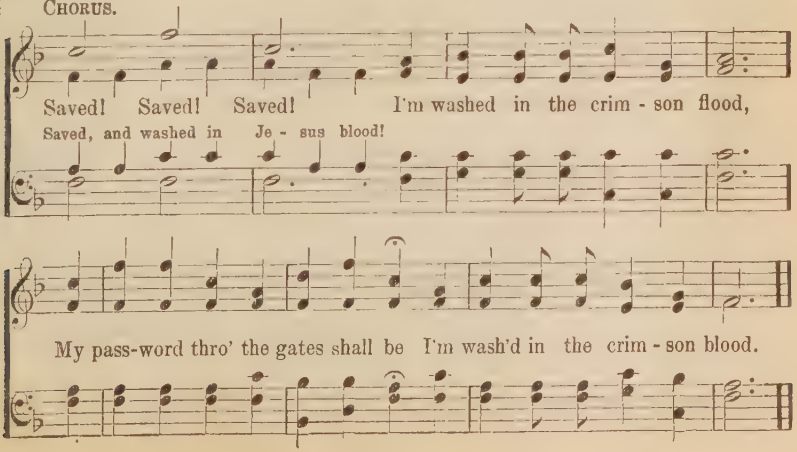
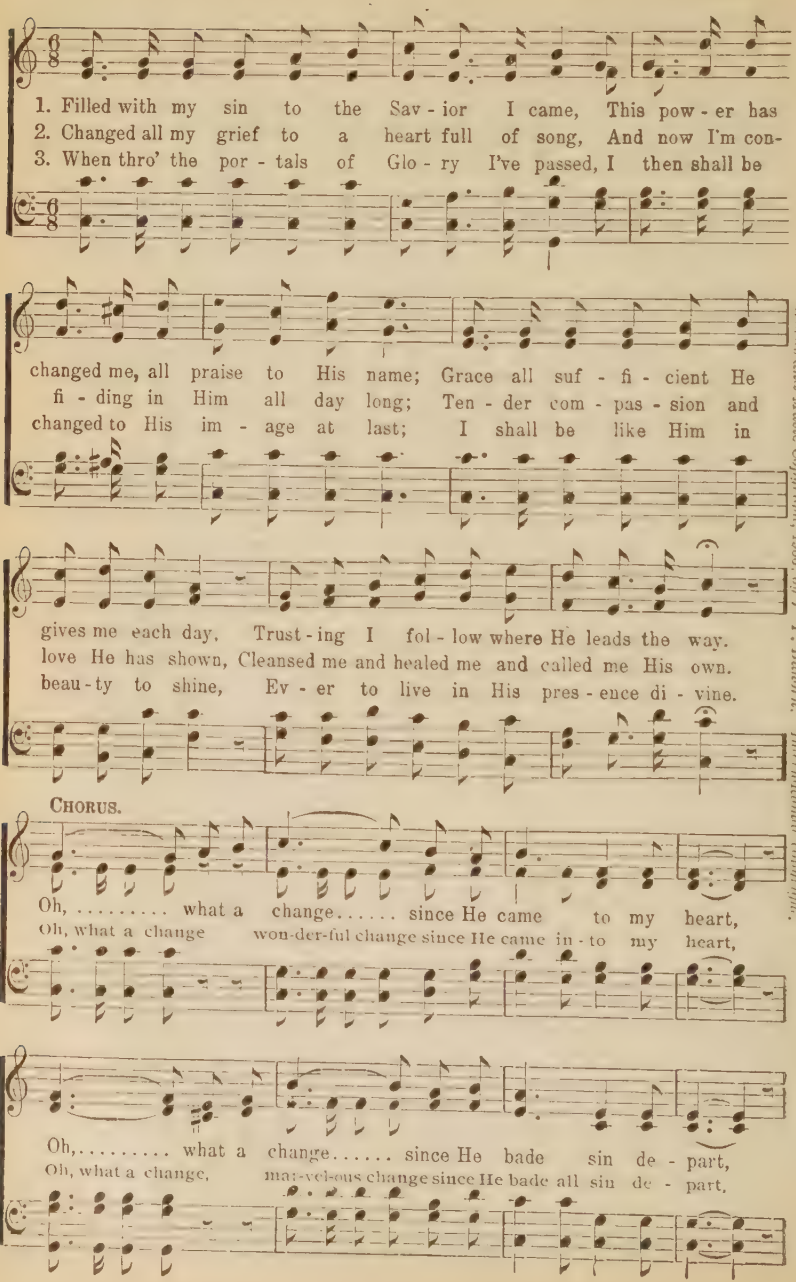
CHORUS.


Saved! Saved! Saved! I'm washed in the crim - son flood,
Saved, and washed in Je - sus blood!
My pass-word thro' the gates shall be I'm wash'd in the crim - son blood.

What a Wonderful Change.

H. L. B. H. L. BROOKS.


1. Filled with my sin to the Sav - ior I came, This pow - er has
2. Changed all my grief to a heart full of song, And now I'm con-
3. When thro' the por - tals of Glo - ry I've passed, I then shall be
changed me, all praise to His name; Grace all suf - fi - cient He
fi - ding in Him all day long; Ten - der com - pas - sion and
changed to His im - age at last; I shall be like Him in
gives me each day, Trust - ing I fol - low where He leads the way.
love He has shown, Cleansed me and healed me and called me His own.
beau - ty to shine, Ev - er to live in His pres - ence di - vine.
CHORUS.
Oh, ... what a change..... since He came to my heart,
Oh, what a change won-der-ful change since He came in - to my heart,
Oh, ... what a change..... since He bade sin de - part,
Oh, what a change, mar-vel-ous change since He bade all sin de - part.

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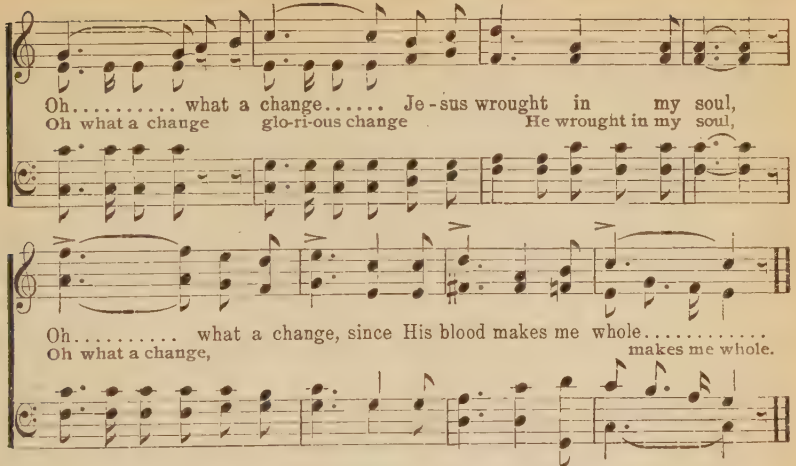
Oh..... what a change..... Je-sus wrought in my soul,
Oh what a change glo-ri-ous change He wrought in my soul,
Oh..... what a change, since His blood makes me whole.....
Oh what a change, makes me whole.

Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gra-cious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn con-tri-tion's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
My soul bowed down is long-ing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
One look, from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Re-gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
D. C.—*O take me now and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.*
D.S.

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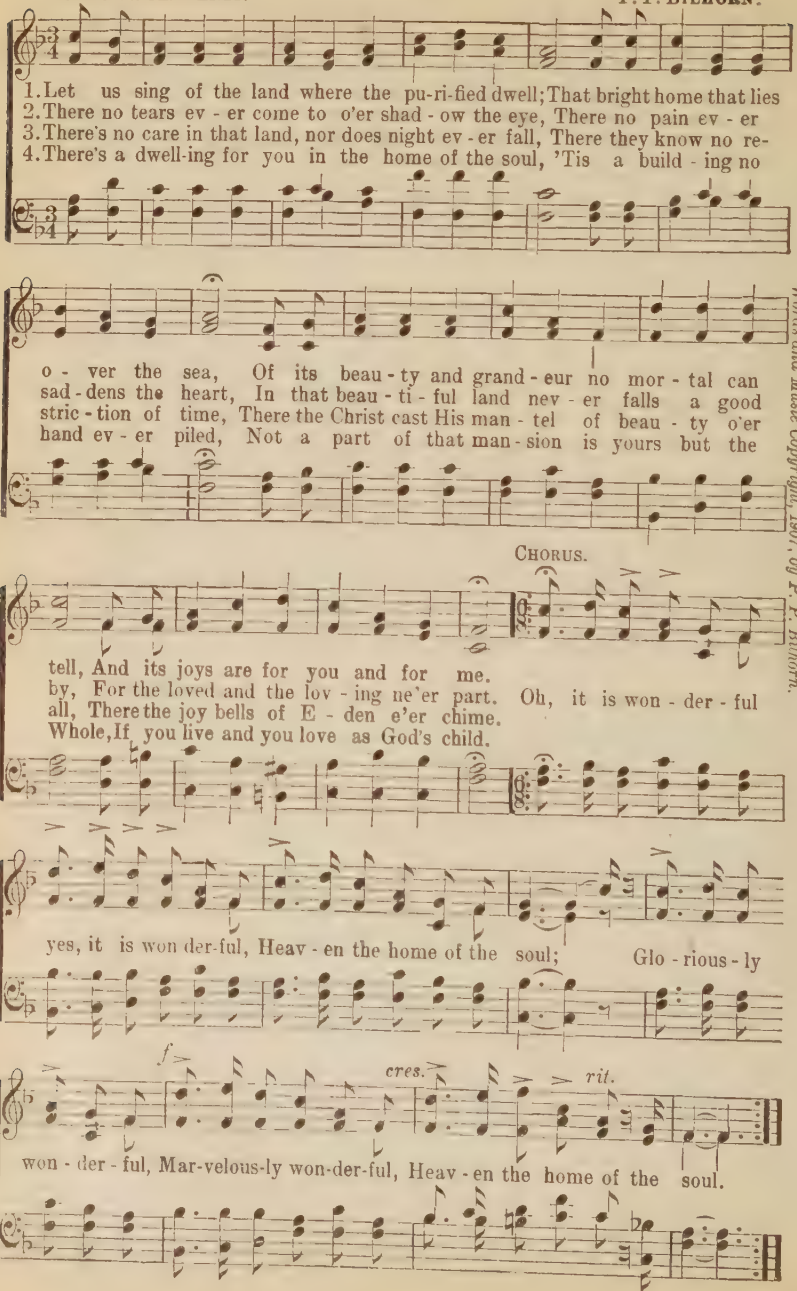
REFRAIN.

Marvelously Wonderful.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.


1.Let us sing of the land where the pu-ri-fied dwell; That bright home that lies
2.There no tears ev - er come to o'er shad - ow the eye, There no pain ev - er
3.There's no care in that land, nor does night ev - er fall, There they know no re-
4.There's a dwell-ing for you in the home of the soul, 'Tis a build - ing no
o - ver the sea, Of its beau - ty and grand - eur no mor - tal can
sad - dens the heart, In that beau - ti - ful land nev - er falls a good
stric - tion of time, There the Christ cast His man - tel of beau - ty o'er
hand ev - er piled, Not a part of that man - sion is yours but the
CHORUS.
tell, And its joys are for you and for me.
by, For the loved and the lov - ing ne'er part. Oh, it is won - der - ful
all, There the joy bells of E - den e'er chime.
Whole, If you live and you love as God's child.
yes, it is won der-ful, Heav - en the home of the soul; Glo - rious - ly
f
cres.
rit.
won - der - ful, Mar-velous-ly won-der-ful, Heav - en the home of the soul.

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God Calling Yet.

JANE BORTHWICK, P. P. BILHORN,

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay:
rit.
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
Vain world, fare-well! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.
CHORUS.
God call-ing yet! . . . . . shall I not hear? . . . . Earth's pleasures
God call - ing yet!
Shall I not hear?
shall . . . . I still hold dear? . . Shall life's swift pass - - ing years all
Earth's pleasures shall
I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing
rit.
fly, ... And still my soul . . . . . in slum-bers lie? . . . .
years all fly,
And still my soul
in slumbers lie!

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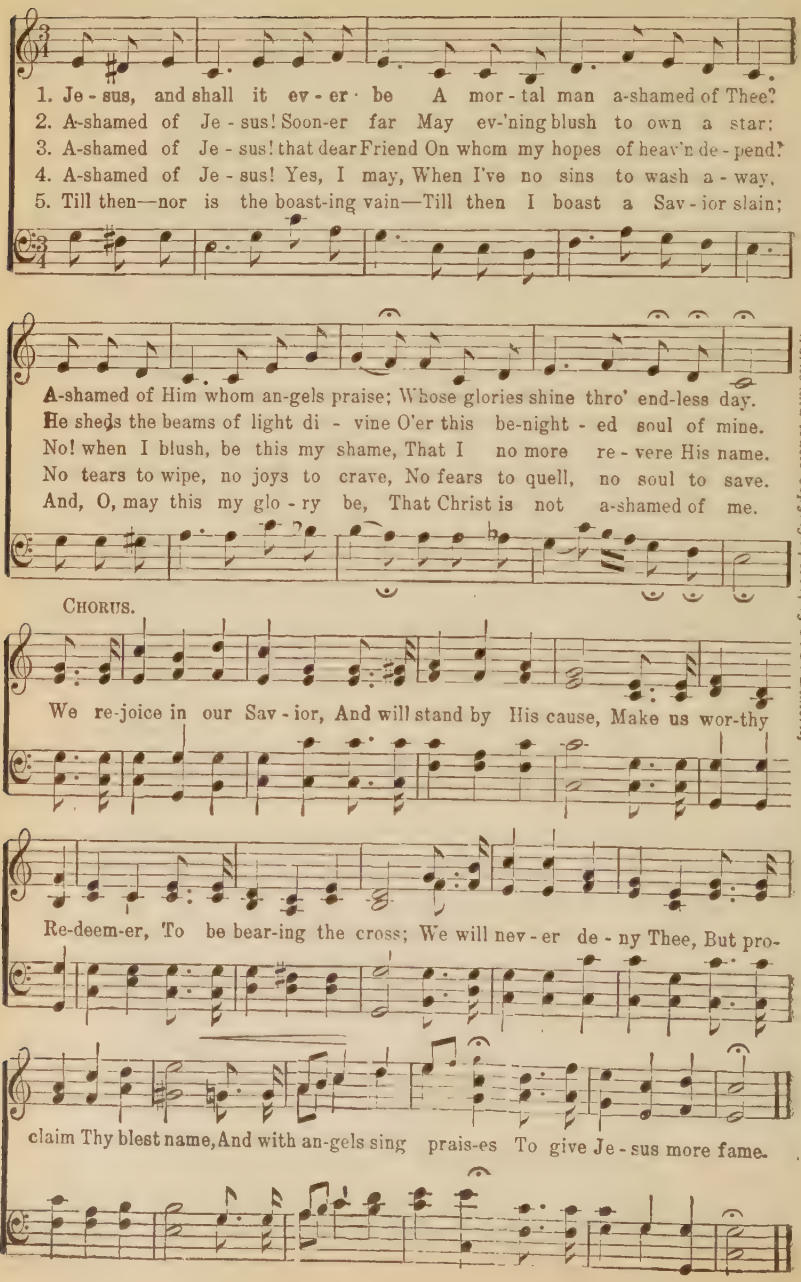
I Am Not Ashamed.

JOSEPH GREGG.

GEO. L. WHITE.
Arr. by E. A. SPEAR.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! Soon-er far May ev-'ning blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend?
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! Yes, I may, When I've no sins to wash a - way,
5. Till then—nor is the boast-ing vain—Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;
A-shamed of Him whom an-gels praise; Whose glories shine thro' end-less day.
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And, O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.
CHORUS.
We re-joice in our Sav - ior, And will stand by His cause, Make us wor-thy
Re-deem-er, To be bear-ing the cross; We will nev - er de - ny Thee, But pro-
claim Thy blest name, And with an-gels sing prais-es To give Je - sus more fame.

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LILLIAN BAKER BEEDE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, the won-der-ful Love, oh, the love that redeems, 'Tis the light from the
2. It is shin-ing for you, it is shin-ing for me, It shines out from the
3. It is won-der-ful how it will cleanse you from sin, Wash a-way ev - 'ry
throne of His glo - ry that gleams Thro' the dark-ness of sin and the
cross for the a - ges to see The re-demp - tion of man by the
stain from with-out and with - in, It will heal ev - 'ry wound of the
cres.
rit.
gloom of des-pair, Shines His mer-cy and grace, joy and peace ev - 'ry-where.
blood of the Son, And the won-der-ful love of the cru - ci - fied one.
sin - strick-en soul, 'Tis a won-der-ful love, just ac - cept and be whole.
CHORUS.
Oh, the won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, Oh, the love that redeems you from sin;
Throw wide o-pen the doors of your heart, And let this wonderful love come in.

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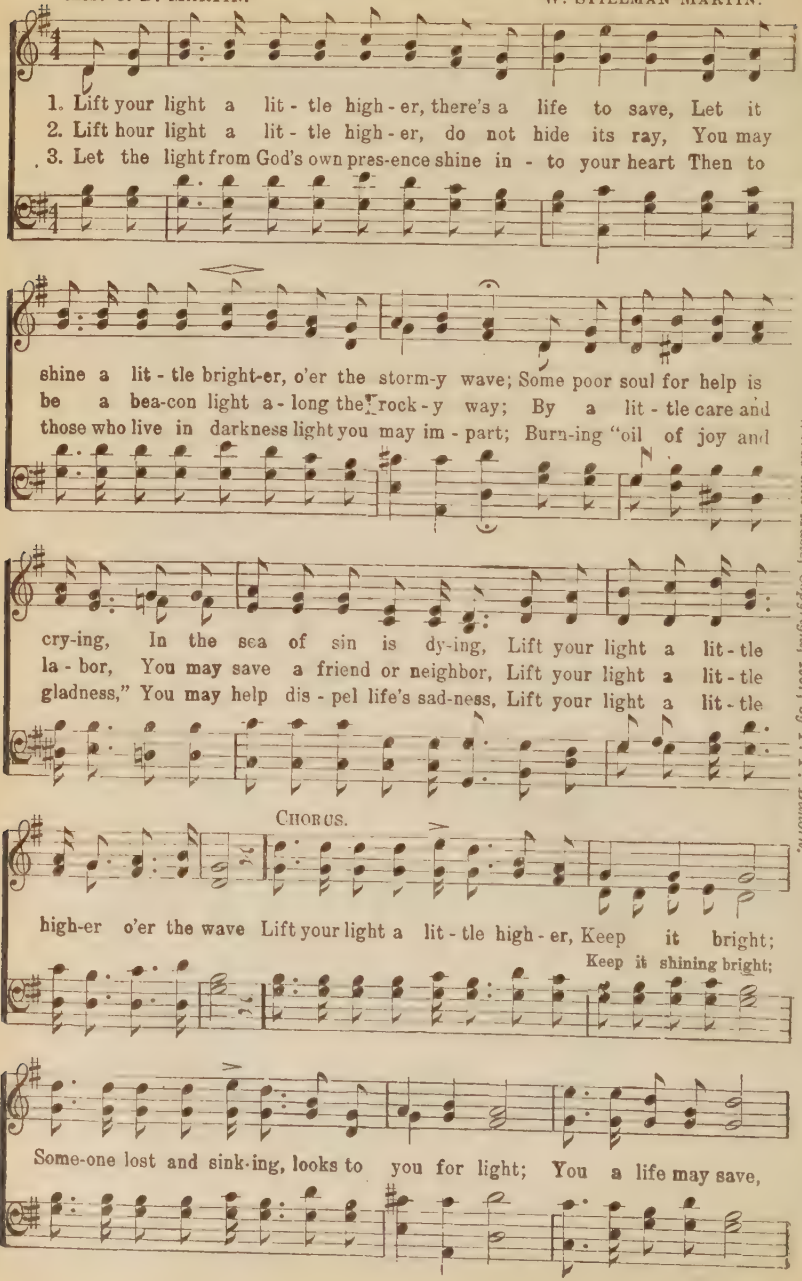
Lift Your Light a Little Higher.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. Lift your light a lit - tle high - er, there's a life to save, Let it
2. Lift hour light a lit - tle high - er, do not hide its ray, You may
3. Let the light from God's own pres-ence shine in - to your heart Then to
shine a lit - tle bright-er, o'er the storm-y wave; Some poor soul for help is
be a bea-con light a - long the rock - y way; By a lit - tle care and
those who live in darkness light you may im - part; Burn-ing "oil of joy and
cry-ing, In the sea of sin is dy-ing, Lift your light a lit - tle
la - bor, You may save a friend or neighbor, Lift your light a lit - tle
gladness," You may help dis - pel life's sad-ness, Lift your light a lit - tle
Chorus.
high-er o'er the wave Lift your light a lit - tle high - er, Keep it bright;
Keep it shining bright;
Some-one lost and sink-ing, looks to you for light; You a life may save,

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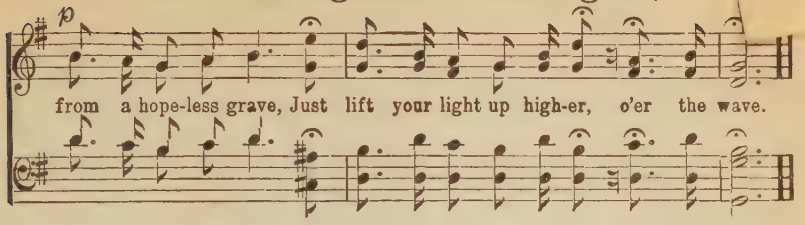
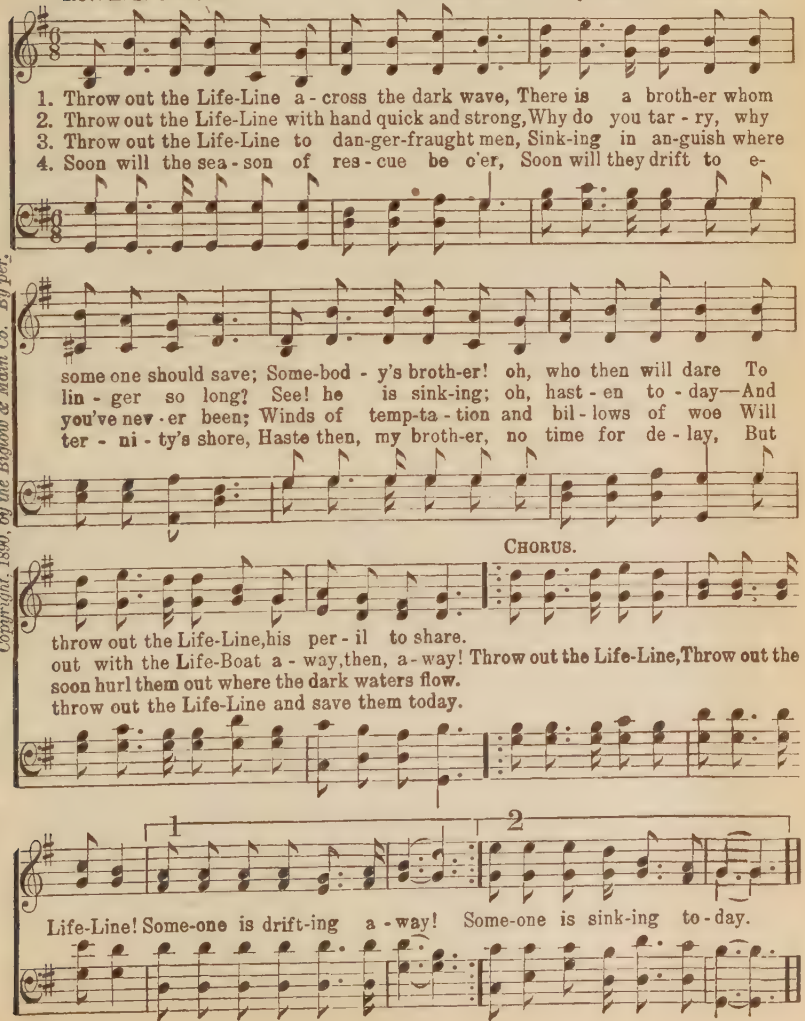
Lift Your Light a Little Higher,



Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
you've nev - er been; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share.
out with the Life-Boat a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line, Throw out the
soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them today.
1
2
Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a - way! Some-one is sink-ing to - day.

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Take Jesus Wherever You Go.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Some - times the dark clouds will o'er-sha - dow the blue, While jour - ney - ing on-ward be - low, But, as His ex - am - ple you dai - ly pur - sue, Take
2. Sad eyes used to weep - ing will smile once a - gain, No long - er o'er burdened with woe, To heal bro-ken hearts and to ban - ish their pain, Take
3. A smile, a kind word, or a beau - ti - ful deed, On oth - ers you oft may be - stow, And as He doth rich - ly sup - ply all your need, Take
4. From seed that is sown in a spir - it of love, A har - vest of blessing will grow, To gar - ner rich sheaves for the home up a - bove, Take
CHORUS.
Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.
Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.
Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.
Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.
Take Je - sus wher - ev - er
rit.
cres.
you go . . . . . While jour-ney - ing on-ward be-low O, let your glad
Wher - ev - er you go,
f
heart with his love o - ver - flow, Take Je - sus wher - ev - er you go

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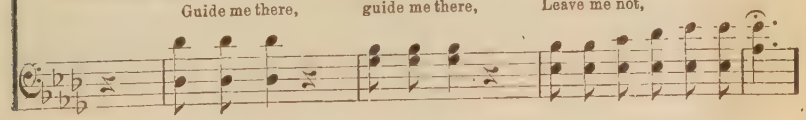
JAMES ROWE. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. There is a cleansing, heal-ing tide, Whose flow se - rene and deep and wide,
2. There is a place where sinners may, Win free-dom from the tempter's sway
3. There is a ref - uge where may rest, The worn, the wea - ry and op-press'd,
4. There is a coun - try far a - way, A land of nev - er end - ing day,

Makes guilt-y sin - ners pure and fair; O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.
And lose the bur-dens that they wear, O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.
Se - cure from doubt and fear and care; O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.
Where life is bliss be-yond com-pare; O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Guide me there, guide me there, Leave me not in my de-spair,
Guide me there, guide me there, Leave me not,



My heart my all I give to thee; There bless-ed Sav-iour guide me there.

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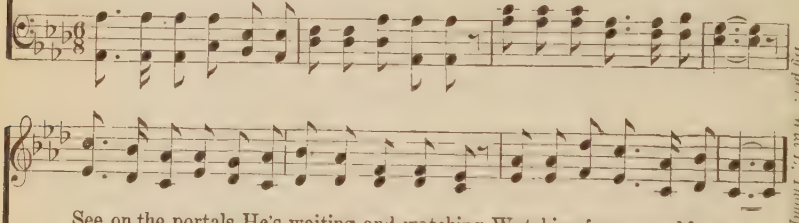
Softly and Tenderly.

...L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

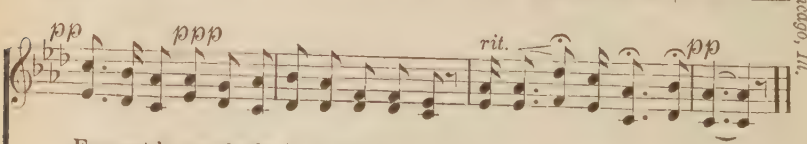
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



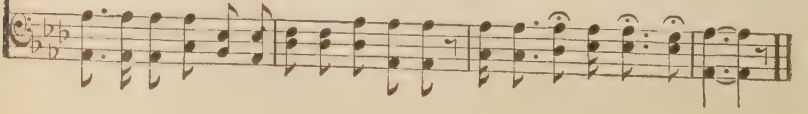
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET. *For all voices.*

1. Je - sus is wait - ing to give you to - day Full-ness of pow'r,
2. Ma - ny, so ma - ny, have nev - er re - ceived Full-ness of pow'r,
3. Ask for thy la - bors to res - cue the lost, Full-ness of pow'r,
4. Low let us bow as we ask God to give Full-ness of pow'r,
Full-ness of pow'r; Wait - ing to send you equipped on your way,
Full-ness of pow'r; Nev - er have pray'd for it since they be - lieved,
Full-ness of pow'r; Would you suc - ceed? Then you must pay the cost,
Full-ness of pow'r; As its pos - ses - sors for Him let us live,
CHORUS.
Wait - ing to fill you this hour.
Tho' 'tis their heav-en - ly dower. Full - ness of Pow - er,
For heav-en's boun-ti - ful shower.
Clothed with the fullness of pow'r.
Full - ness of pow'r, full-ness of pow'r,
Full - ness this hour, ... You . . . . . may re-
Full-ness this hour, full-ness this hour, You may re - joice,
joice in the full - ness of pow - er to - day.
you may re - joice in

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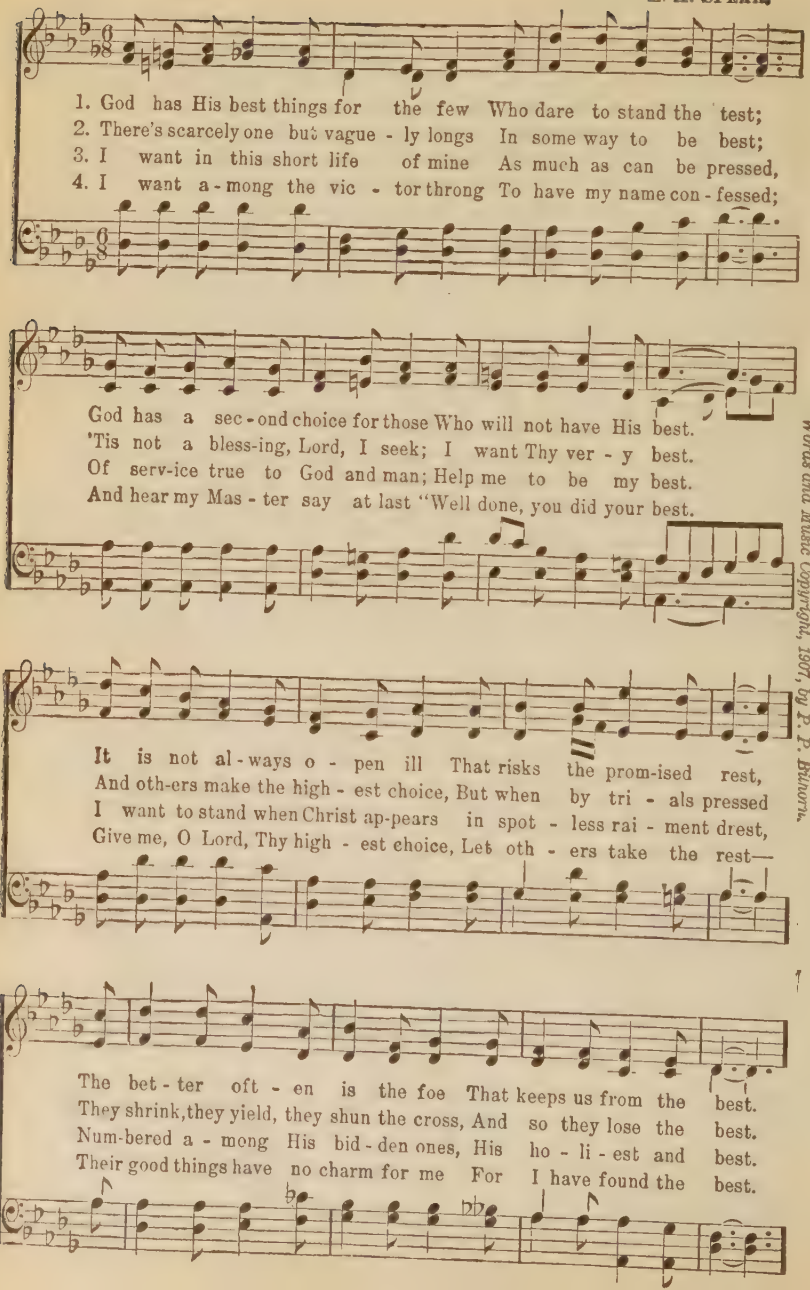
God's Best.

Selected.

E. A. SPEAR.


1. God has His best things for the few Who dare to stand the test;
2. There's scarcely one but vague - ly longs In some way to be best;
3. I want in this short life of mine As much as can be pressed,
4. I want a - mong the vic - tor throng To have my name con - fessed;
God has a sec - ond choice for those Who will not have His best.
'Tis not a bless-ing, Lord, I seek; I want Thy ver - y best.
Of serv-ice true to God and man; Help me to be my best.
And hear my Mas - ter say at last "Well done, you did your best.
It is not al - ways o - pen ill That risks the prom-ised rest,
And oth-ers make the high - est choice, But when by tri - als pressed
I want to stand when Christ ap-pears in spot - less rai - ment drest,
Give me, O Lord, Thy high - est choice, Let oth - ers take the rest—
The bet - ter oft - en is the foe That keeps us from the best.
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross, And so they lose the best.
Num-bered a - mong His bid - den ones, His ho - li - est and best.
Their good things have no charm for me For I have found the best.

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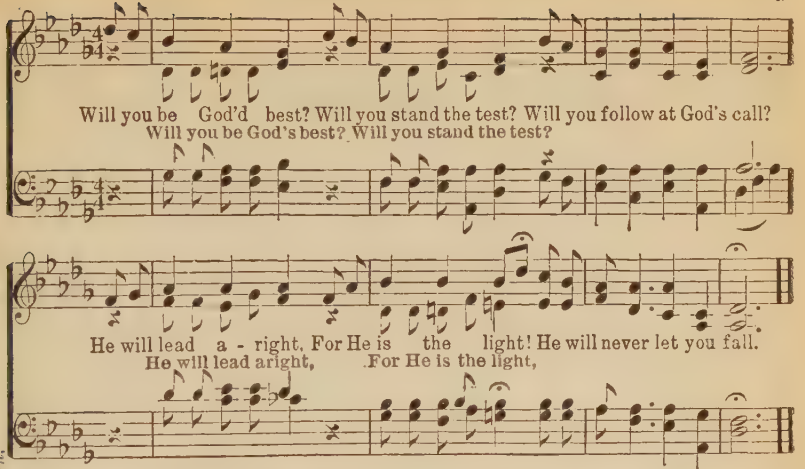
Will you be God'd best? Will you stand the test? Will you follow at God's call?
Will you be God's best? Will you stand the test?
He will lead a - right. For He is the light! He will never let you fail.
He will lead aright, For He is the light,

Blessed Holy Spirit.

P. P. Bilhorn. Ferd. Degen.

Duet.

1. Won - drous gift, of God to earth, Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it,
2. Hear my cry, Thou Light di - vine, Lead me to the Sav - ior;
3. Be my wis - dom, thro' me speak, Give me strength and pow - er;
4. Teach me right-eous - ness with - in, Thou who art so ho - ly,
May my soul of Thee have birth, Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it.
O'er my dark - ened path - way shine, Guid - ing me for - ev - er.
Give me grace to du - ty meet, In the try - ing hour.
Keep my heart from ev - 'ry sin, Show me Je - sus on - ly.
1
2
{ Fill me with Thy light divine, Blessed Ho - ly Spir - it,
{ Let Thy likeness in me shine, (Omit . . . . .) Blessed Ho - ly Spir-it.

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Showers of Sunshine and Rain.

J. W. BURGES. P. P. BILHORN.

1. The sow-er goes forth in the morning And scat-ters the bright golden grain,
2. Each one of us should be a sow - er, And scat-ter good seed by the way,
3. Some good seed may fall by the way-side Neg-lec - ted, for-got - ten, re-main,
4. But much of the seed falls in good ground And then with God's sunshine and rain;
But nev - er can reap a - ny har-vest, 'Till God sends the sunshine and rain.
And then for the rain and the sun-shine, Be - liev - ing and fer-vent - ly pray.
And there, may give food to the stran-ger If God send the sun-shine and rain.
It sure - ly will yield to the sow - er A boun - ti-ful har-vest of grain.
CHORUS. Cheerful.
Send the show - ers, showers of sun-shine and rain, Send the show - ers,
show-ers re - viv - ing a - gain, Send the show - ers show-ers of
Rit.
sun-shine and rain, Send them Je - sus, send them up - on us a - gain.
Stands for half hold.

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F. E. L. F. E. LINDGREN.

1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er my soul looks to Thee, Sin long has en-
2. I see Thee on Cal-v'ry, my sins Thou didst bear That I in Thy
3. I see Thee as-cend-ing to yon-der fair shore, Thy Spir-it now
4. My pil-grim-age o-ver, my work here com-plete I'll meet Thee in
rit.
f
snared me, I yearn to be free; My all I sur-ren-der
king-dom Thy glo-ry might share; From Thee, O my Sav-ior,
fills me, Thy prom-ise is sure, I love Thee, my Mas-ter,
glo-ry where rest is so sweet; There'll be no more sor-row,
Thy will shall be mine, For Thee, O my Sav-ior, all sin I re-sign.
I can-not re-treat, I bow in con-tri-tion; I fall at Thy feet.
Thy call I'll o-bey, I'll tell the glad ti-dings to those gone a-stray.
nor weep-ing nor pain, But songs of re-joic-ing of Him who was slain.

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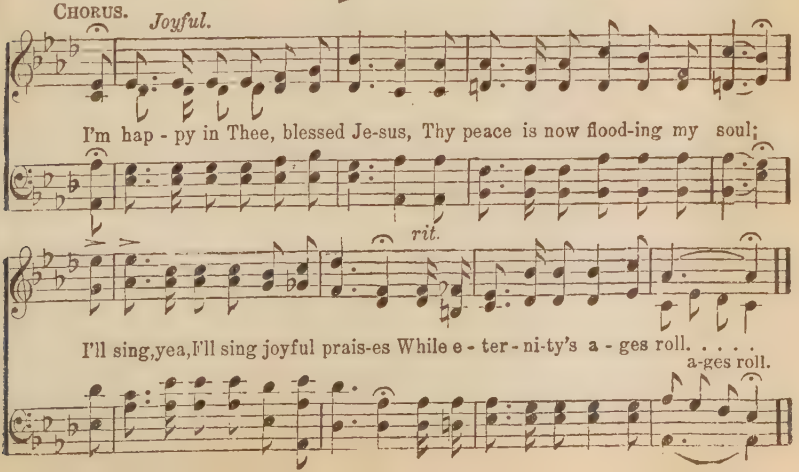
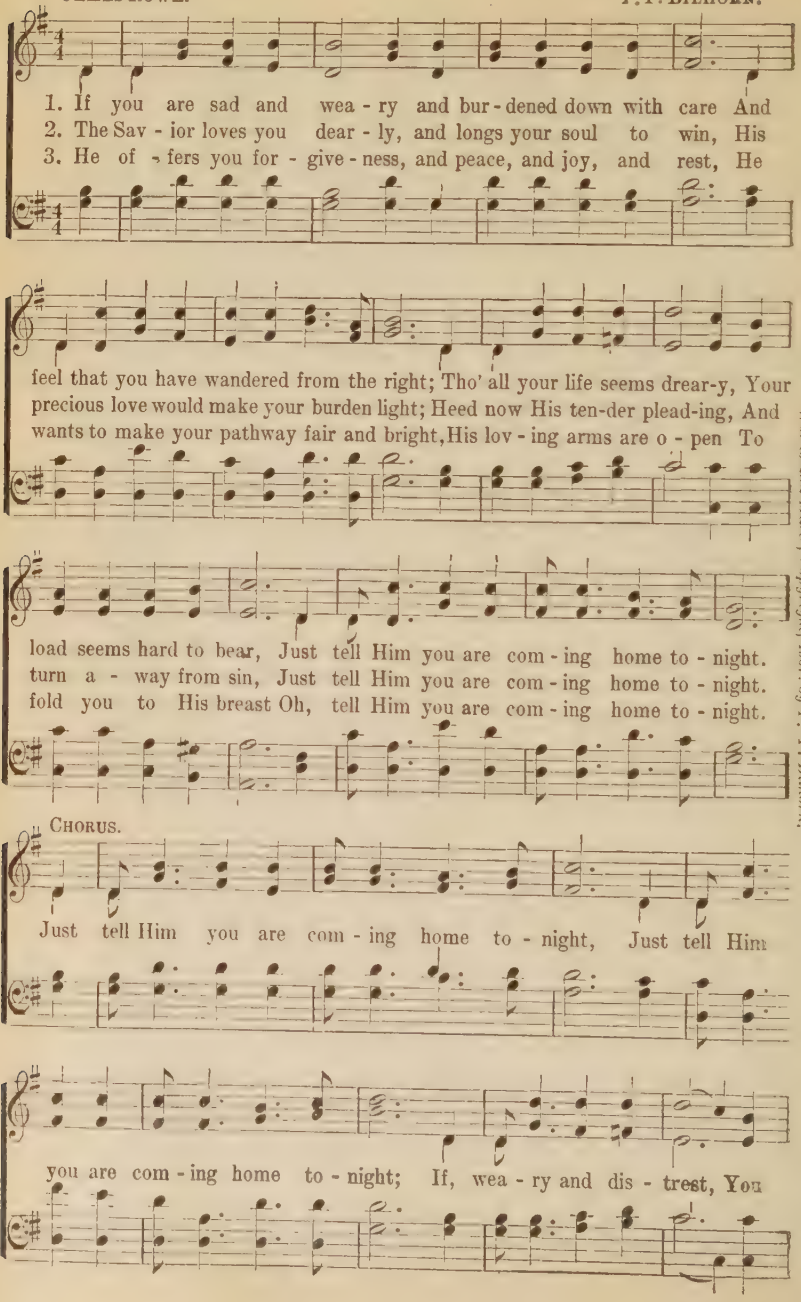
CHORUS. *Joyful.*


I'm hap-py in Thee, blessed Je-sus, Thy peace is now flood-ing my soul;
rit.
I'll sing, yea, I'll sing joyful prais-es While e-ter-ni-ty's a-ges roll. . . . .
a-ges roll.

Tell Him You are Coming Home.

JAMES ROWE. P. P. BILHORN.


1. If you are sad and wea - ry and bur - dened down with care And
2. The Sav - ior loves you dear - ly, and longs your soul to win, His
3. He of - fers you for - give - ness, and peace, and joy, and rest, He
feel that you have wandered from the right; Tho' all your life seems drear-y, Your
precious love would make your burden light; Heed now His ten-der plead-ing, And
wants to make your pathway fair and bright, His lov - ing arms are o - pen To
load seems hard to bear, Just tell Him you are com - ing home to - night.
turn a - way from sin, Just tell Him you are com - ing home to - night.
fold you to His breast Oh, tell Him you are com - ing home to - night.
CHORUS.
Just tell Him you are com - ing home to - night, Just tell Him
you are com - ing home to - night; If, wea - ry and dis - trest, You

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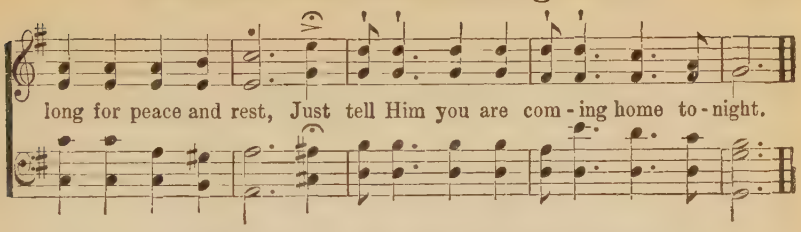
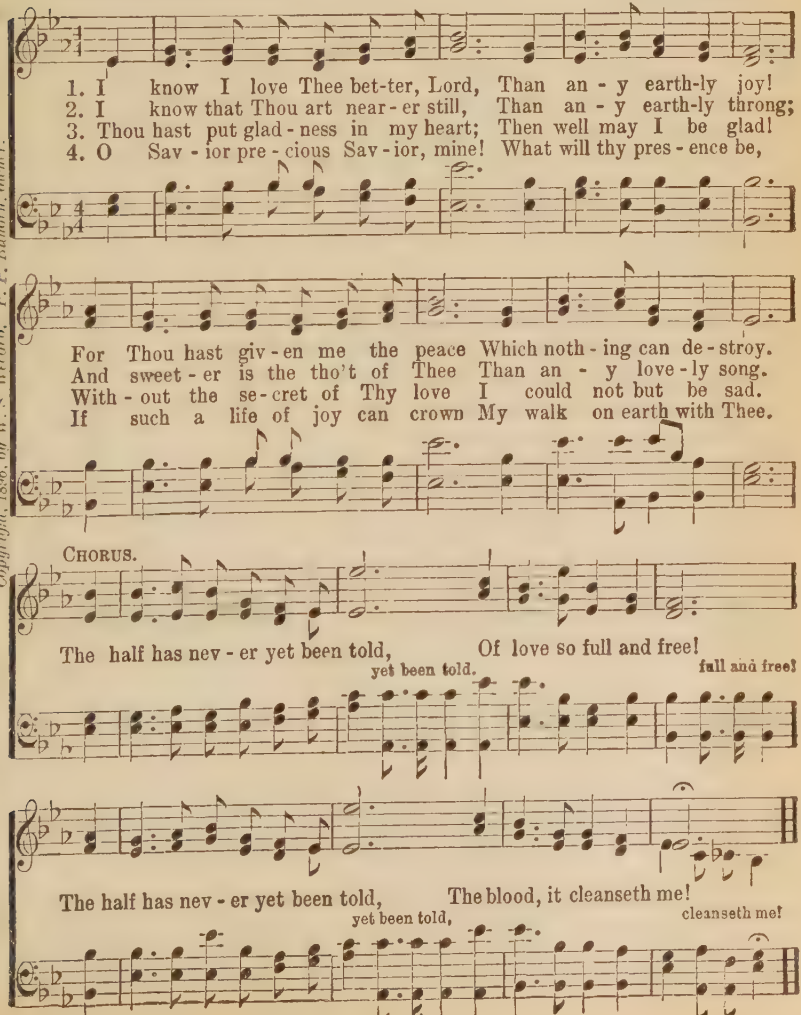


God's Love so Full and Free.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. W, S. WEEDEN.


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy!
2. I know that Thou art near - er still, Than an - y earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior pre - cious Sav - ior, mine! What will thy pres - ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee.
CHORUS.
The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told.
full and free!
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me!
yet been told,
cleanseth me!

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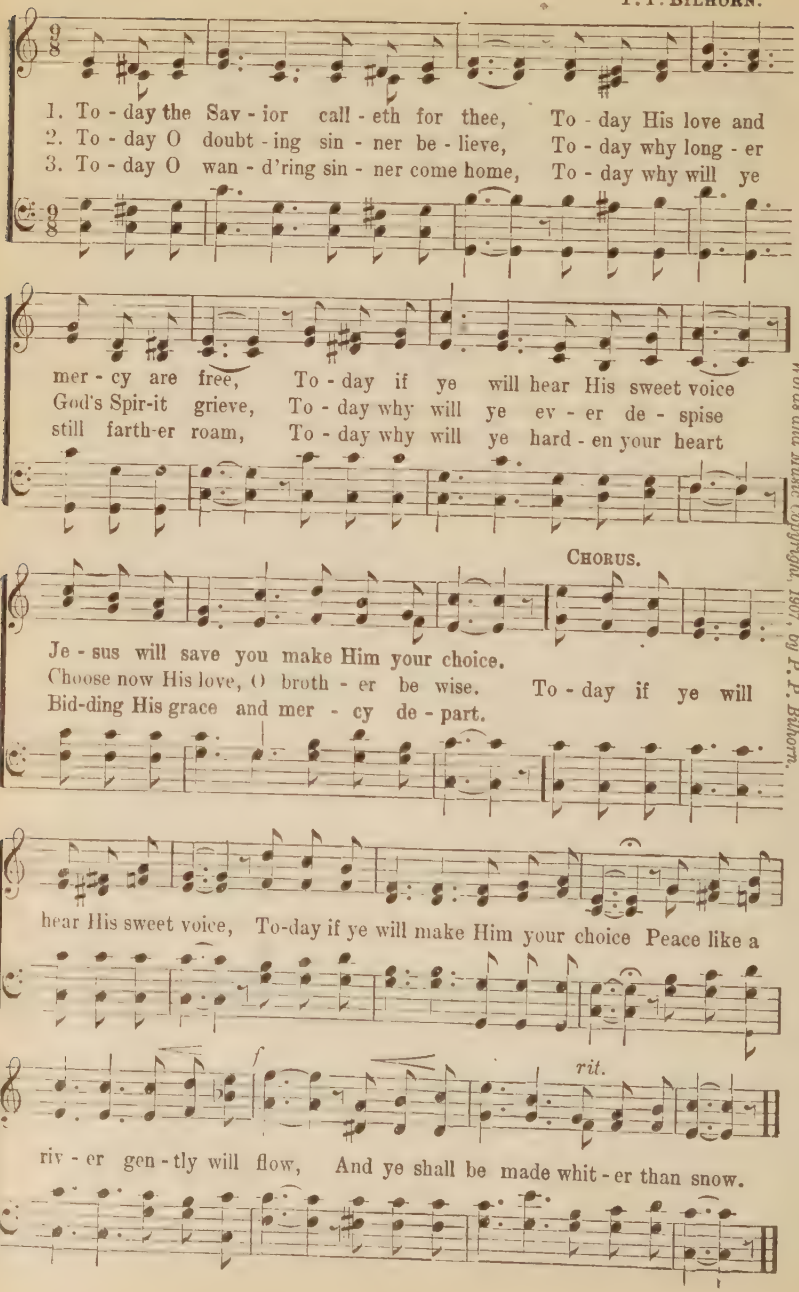
To-day if Ye Will Hear His Voice.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. To - day the Sav - ior call - eth for thee, To - day His love and
2. To - day O doubt - ing sin - ner be - lieve, To - day why long - er
3. To - day O wan - d'ring sin - ner come home, To - day why will ye
mer - cy are free, To - day if ye will hear His sweet voice
God's Spir-it grieve, To - day why will ye ev - er de - spise
still farth-er roam, To - day why will ye hard - en your heart
Chorus.
Je - sus will save you make Him your choice.
Choose now His love, O broth - er be wise. To - day if ye will
Bid-ding His grace and mer - cy de - part.
hear His sweet voice, To-day if ye will make Him your choice Peace like a
f
rit.
riv - er gen - tly will flow, And ye shall be made whit - er than snow.

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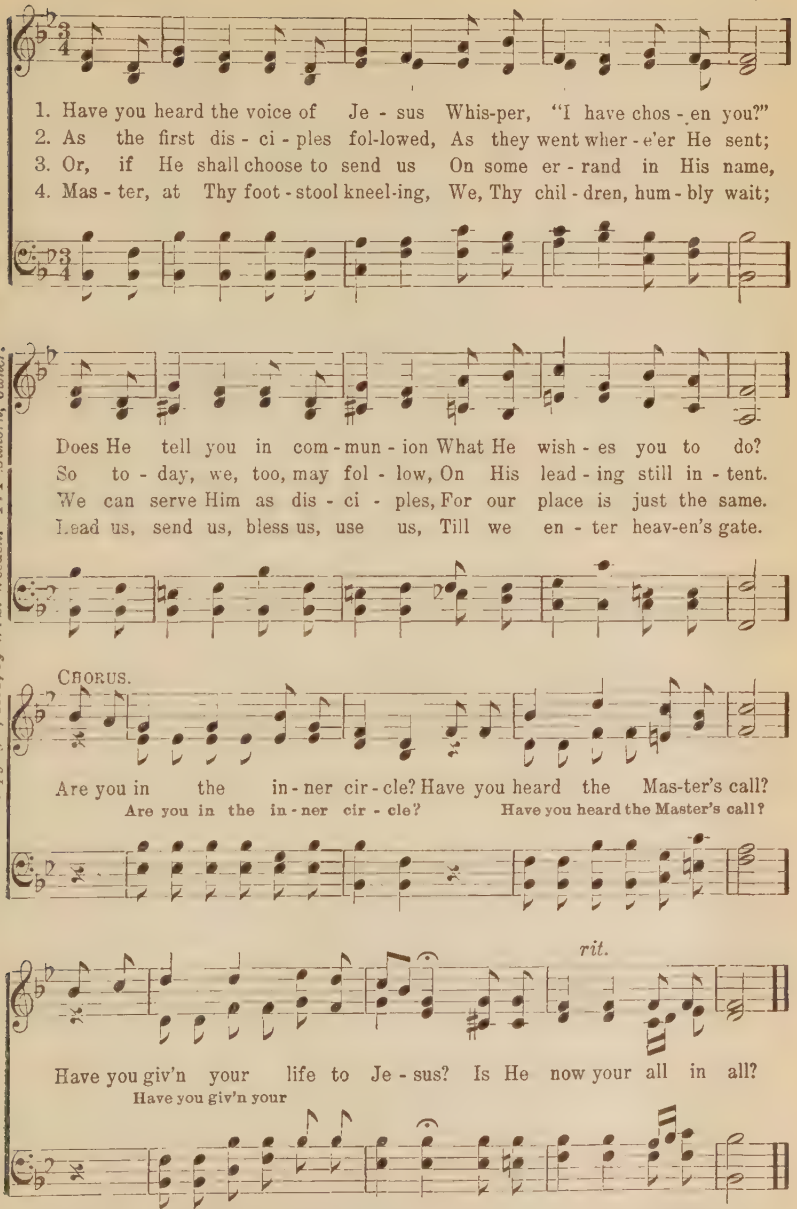
The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have chos - en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol-lowed, As they went wher - e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot - stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil - dren, hum - bly wait;
Does He tell you in com - mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.
CHORUS.
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas-ter's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle?
Have you heard the Master's call?
rit.
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?
Have you giv'n your

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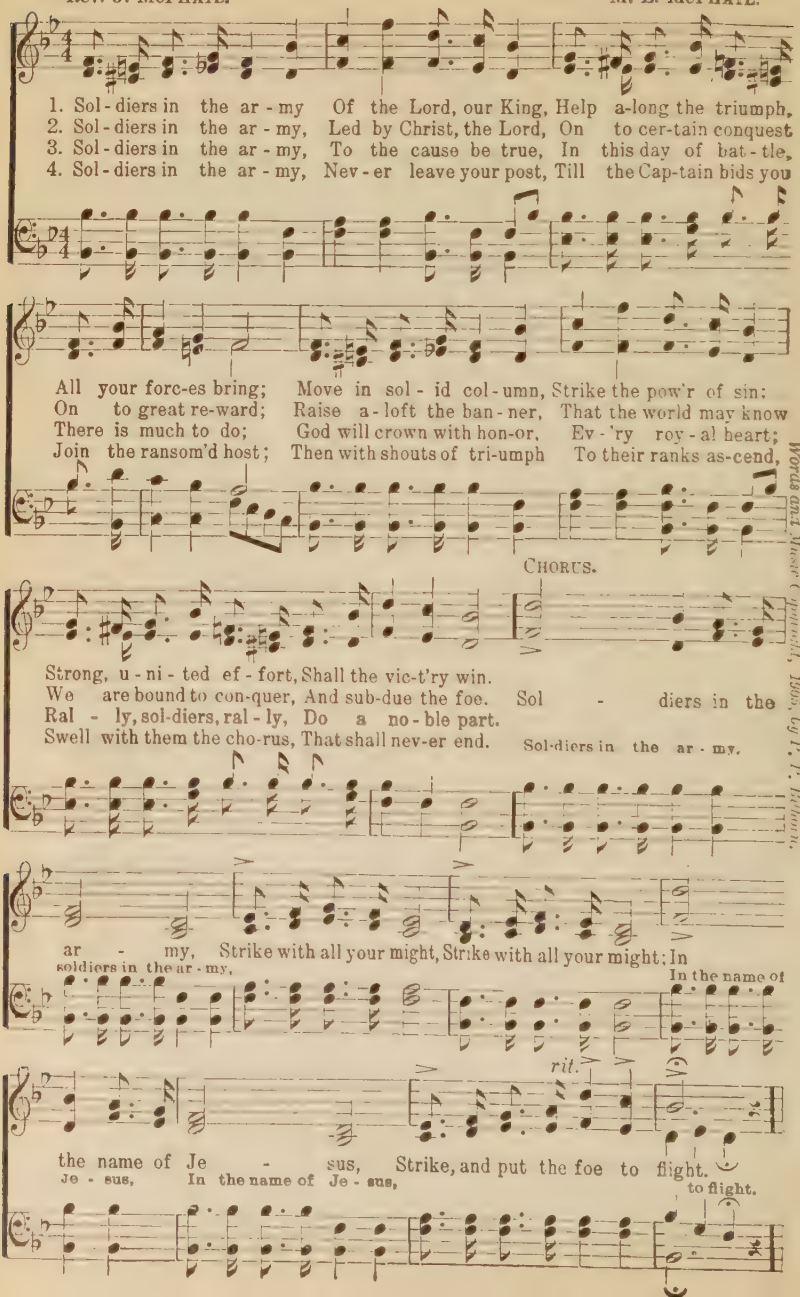
Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon, in November, 1898.

Soldiers in the Army.

Rev. J. McPHAIL. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. Sol - diers in the ar - my Of the Lord, our King, Help a-long the triumph.
2. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Led by Christ, the Lord, On to cer-tain conquest
3. Sol - diers in the ar - my, To the cause be true, In this day of bat - tle,
4. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Nev - er leave your post, Till the Cap-tain bids you
All your forc-es bring; Move in sol - id col - umn, Strike the pow'r of sin:
On to great re-ward; Raise a - loft the ban - ner, That the world may know
There is much to do; God will crown with hon-or, Ev - 'ry roy - al heart;
Join the ransom'd host; Then with shouts of tri-umph To their ranks as-cend,
CHORUS.
Strong, u - ni - ted ef - fort, Shall the vic-t'ry win.
We are bound to con-quer, And sub-due the foe. Sol - diers in the
Ral - ly, sol-diers, ral - ly, Do a no - ble part.
Swell with them the cho-rus, That shall nev-er end.
Sol-diers in the ar - my.
ar - my, Strike with all your might, Strike with all your might; In
soldiers in the ar - my,
In the name of
rit.
the name of Je - sus, Strike, and put the foe to flight.
Je - sus, In the name of Je - sus,
to flight.

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JAMES ROWE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. With our ban - ners wav - ing proud - ly in the light, Hearts with cour-age
2. Foes will fail to harm us, Je - sus is our shield; Tho' be long the
3. Brave - ly we will bat - tle, that our souls may share In the fade-less
beat - ing, ar - mor shin - ing bright, We are march - ing on - ward—
bat - tle, we shall nev - er yield; Strong in faith and cour - age,
glo - ry, crowns e - ter - nal wear, And thro' end - less a - ges,
go - ing forth to fight For the He - ro of the cross.
we will take the field For the He - ro of the cross.
in His pres - ence fair, Praise the He - ro of the cross.
CHORUS.
On to glo - ry! on to glo - ry! We shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
We will fight, fight, fight, till death, with all our might, For the He-ro of the cross.

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Arouse! Ye Christian Soldiers.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. TALLIE MORGAN.

1. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, And sound the bat - tle cry, Fall in - to
2. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, The bat - tle must be won; Why stand ye
3. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, The day will soon be past; The shades of
Cres.
line for du - ty, And lift the ban - ner high. In Je - sus' name we'll
i - dle, wait - ing? The strng - gle is be - gun. We must not wait nor
night are fall - ing, Our sun is sink - ing fast. To arms! go forth to
f
ff
tri - umph, In Him who leads the way; He calls for us to fol - low,
fal - ter, But charge and charge a - gain, Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished,
con - quer; O - bey the Lord's com-mand, And take the gos - pel mes - sage
CHORUS.
And we dare not dis - o - bey.
And the Lord, our God, doth reign. A - rouse! ye sol - diers, Go forth to
To the lost of ev - 'ry land.
Arouse!
vic - to - ry: The world of sin must be re-deemed, The na-tions must be free.

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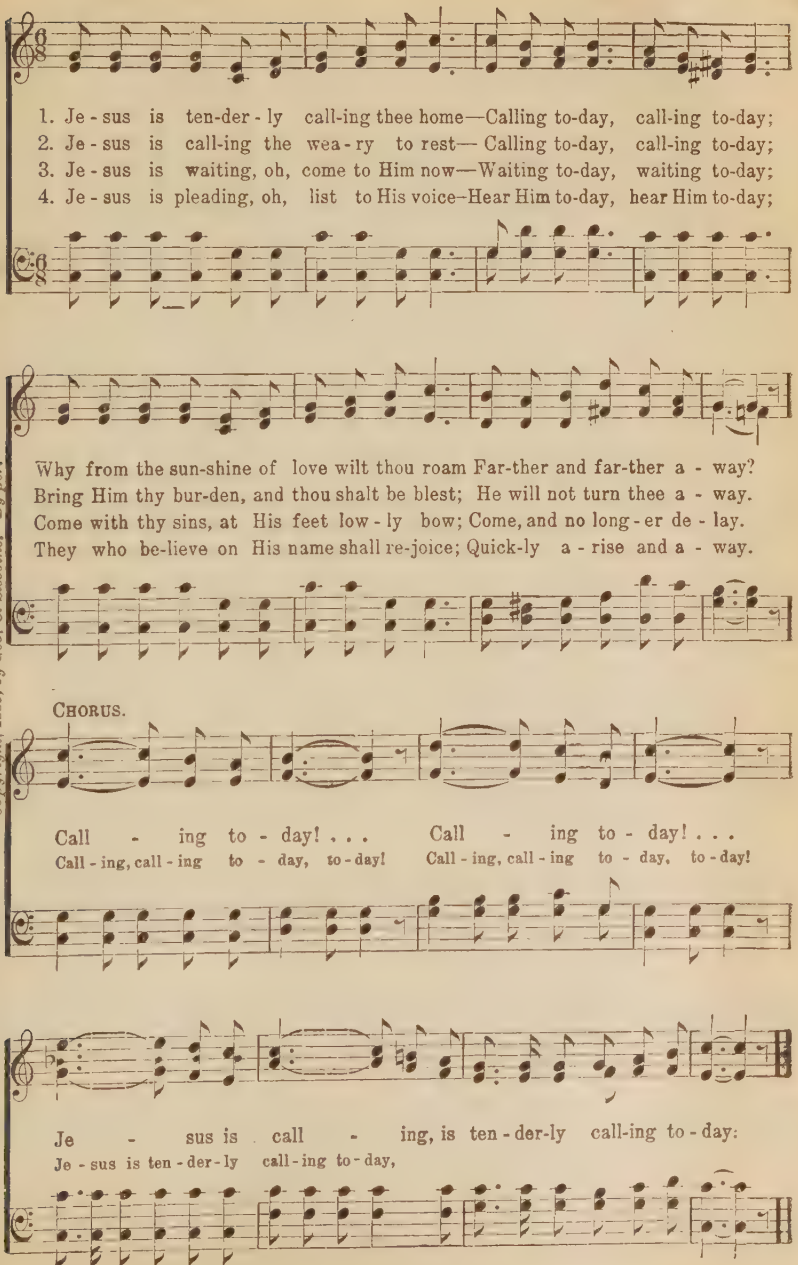
Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.


1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice–Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! . . . Call - ing to - day! . . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day:
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

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Glory for You and Me.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Some day when my toil-ing and tri-als are o'er, Some day when my
2. Some day in the fu-ture, it will not be long, Some day with the
3. Some day, Oh, what rap-ture I then shall be-hold, Some day when the
4. Some day in His pres-ence a crown I shall wear, Some day match-less
wea-ry feet rest on the shore, Some day when the King in His
loved ones, I'll sing the new song; Some day when the face of my
sto-ry a-new shall be told; Some day when my soul from its
beau-ty and grand-eur I'll share; Some day with the ransomed trans-
beau-ty I see, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
Lord I shall see, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
bond-age is free, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
formed I shall be, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Glo-ry for me, you and me, Glo-ry for me, you and me, There will be
glo-ry in heav-en for me; you and me; Glo-ry for me, you and me.

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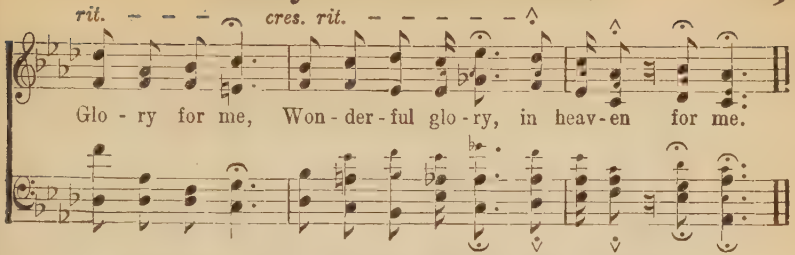

What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

B. A. R. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, Thou hast granted sal-va - tion to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru ci-fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
3. Par - don is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
4. Read - y and will-ing Thy voice to o - bey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

From Sa-tan's bond-age at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I would point oth-ers to God's on - ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
Bid me to follow Thee day un - to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?

REFRAIN. *Faster.* *rit.*

What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?

Je - sus, my Master, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?

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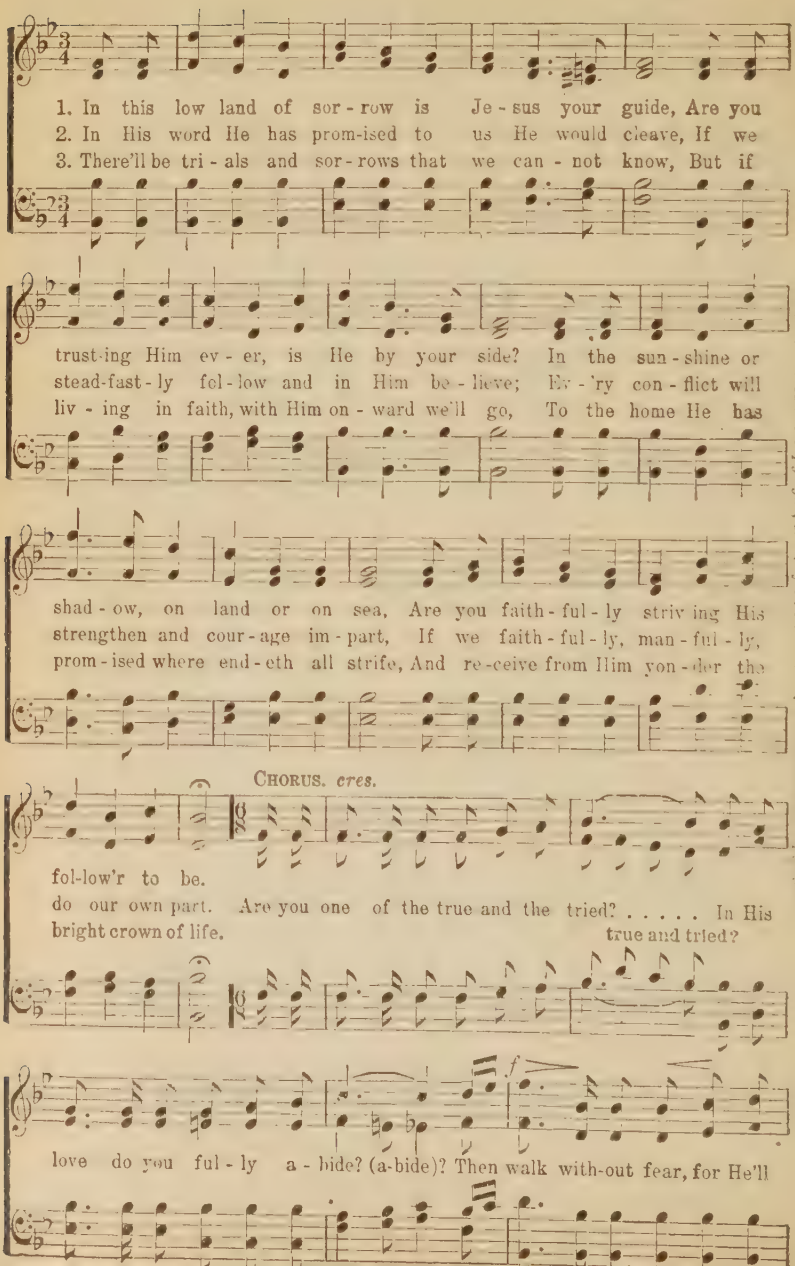
The True and the Tried.

H. L. B. HARRY L. BROOKS.


1. In this low land of sor - row is Je - sus your guide, Are you
2. In His word He has prom-ised to us He would cleave, If we
3. There'll be tri - als and sor - rows that we can - not know, But if
trust-ing Him ev - er, is He by your side? In the sun - shine or
stead-fast - ly fol - low and in Him be - lieve; Ev - 'ry con - flict will
liv - ing in faith, with Him on - ward we'll go, To the home He has
shad - ow, on land or on sea, Are you faith - ful - ly striv ing His
strengthen and cour - age im - part, If we faith - ful - ly, man - ful - ly,
prom - ised where end - eth all strife, And re - ceive from Him yon - der the
CHORUS. cres.
fol-low'r to be.
do our own part. Are you one of the true and the tried? . . . . . In His
bright crown of life.
true and tried?
love do you ful - ly a - bide? (a-bide)? Then walk with-out fear, for He'll

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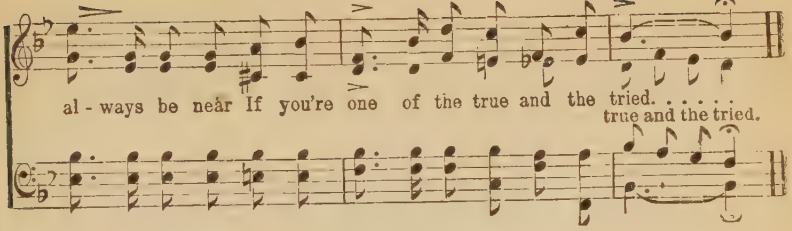
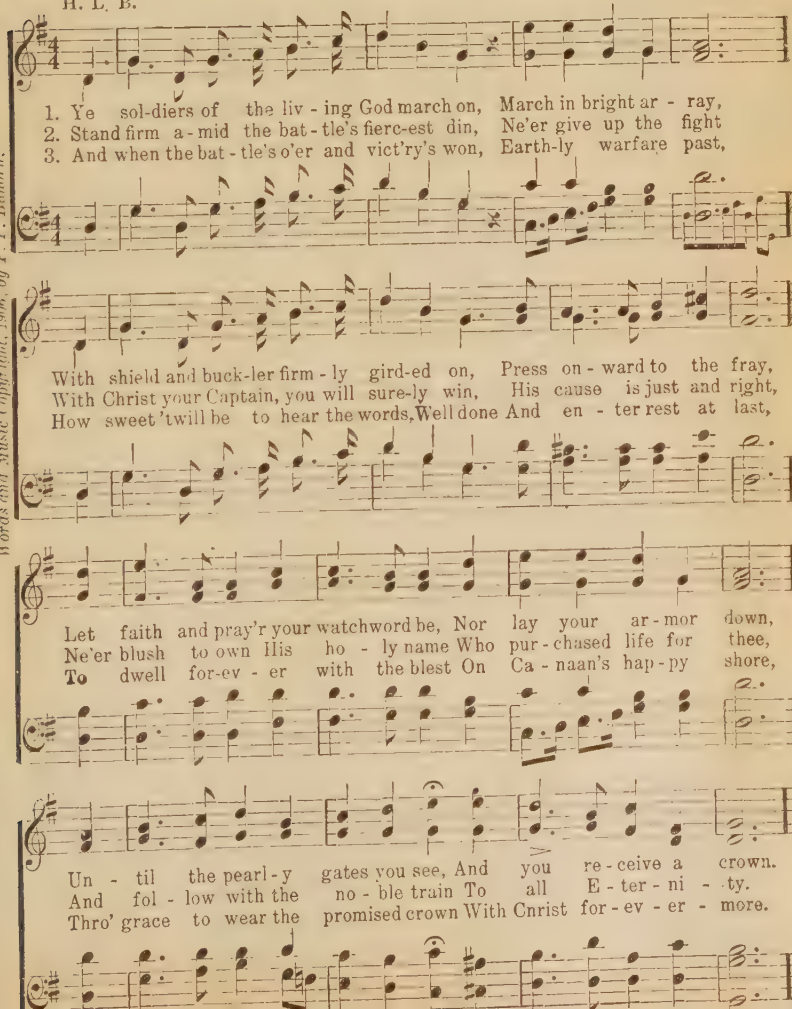


Marching.

H. L. B. H. L. BROOKS.


1. Ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God march on, March in bright ar - ray,
2. Stand firm a - mid the bat - tle's fierc-est din, Ne'er give up the fight
3. And when the bat - tle's o'er and vict'ry's won, Earth-ly warfare past,
With shield and buck-ler firm - ly gird-ed on, Press on - ward to the fray,
With Christ your Captain, you will sure-ly win, His cause is just and right,
How sweet 'twill be to hear the words, Well done And en - ter rest at last,
Let faith and pray'r your watchword be, Nor lay your ar - mor down,
Ne'er blush to own His ho - ly name Who pur - chased life for thee,
To dwell for-ev - er with the blest On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,
Un - til the pearl - y gates you see, And you re - ceive a crown.
And fol - low with the no - ble train To all E - ter - ni - ty.
Thro' grace to wear the promised crown With Christ for - ev - er - more.

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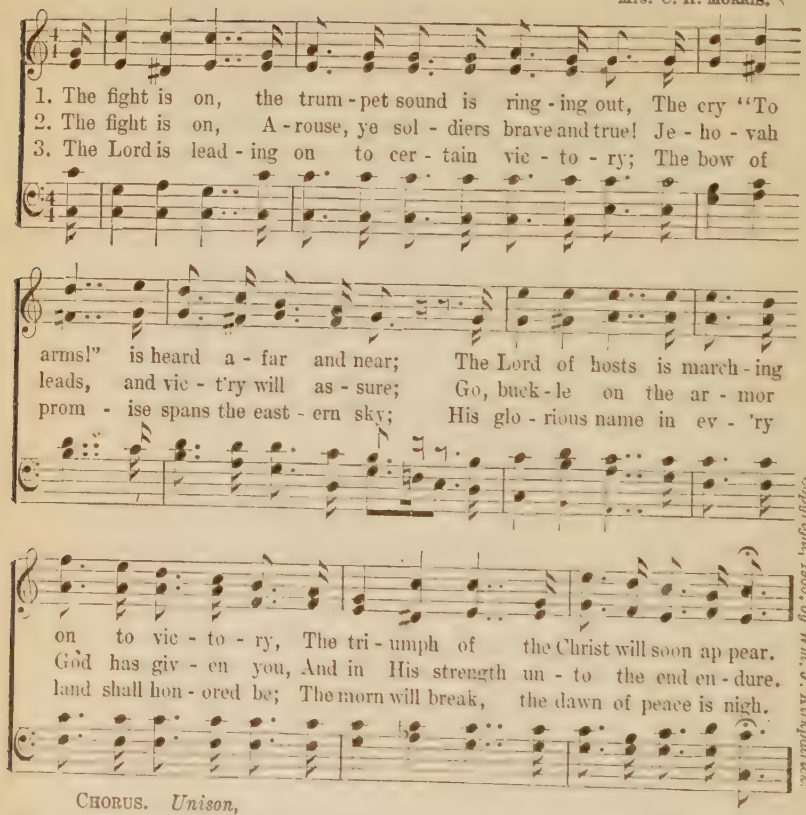
The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
Chorus. Unison,
The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors stream-ing, The right and

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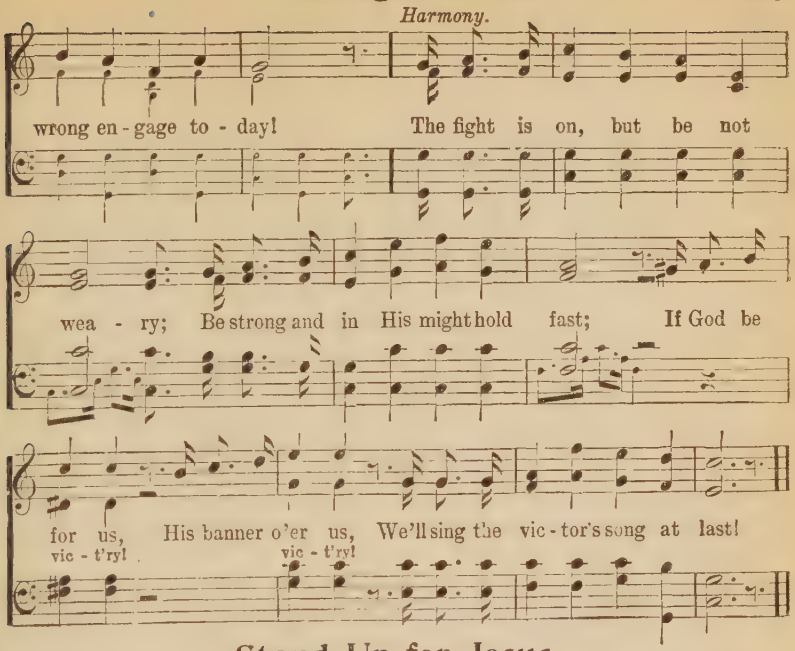
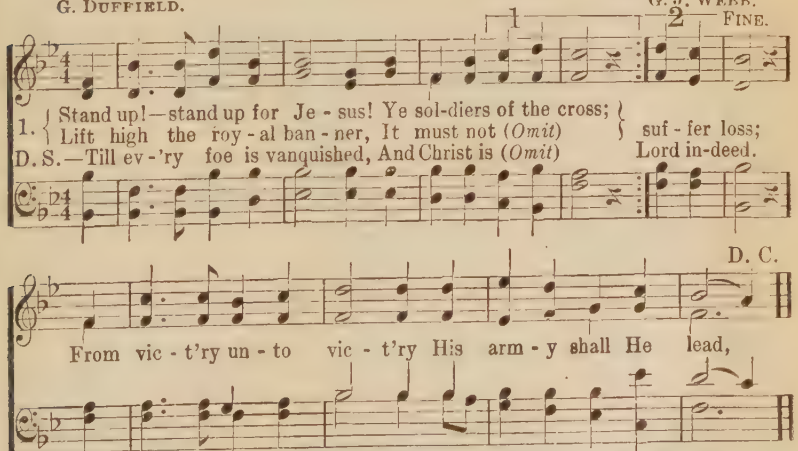
Harmony.


wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

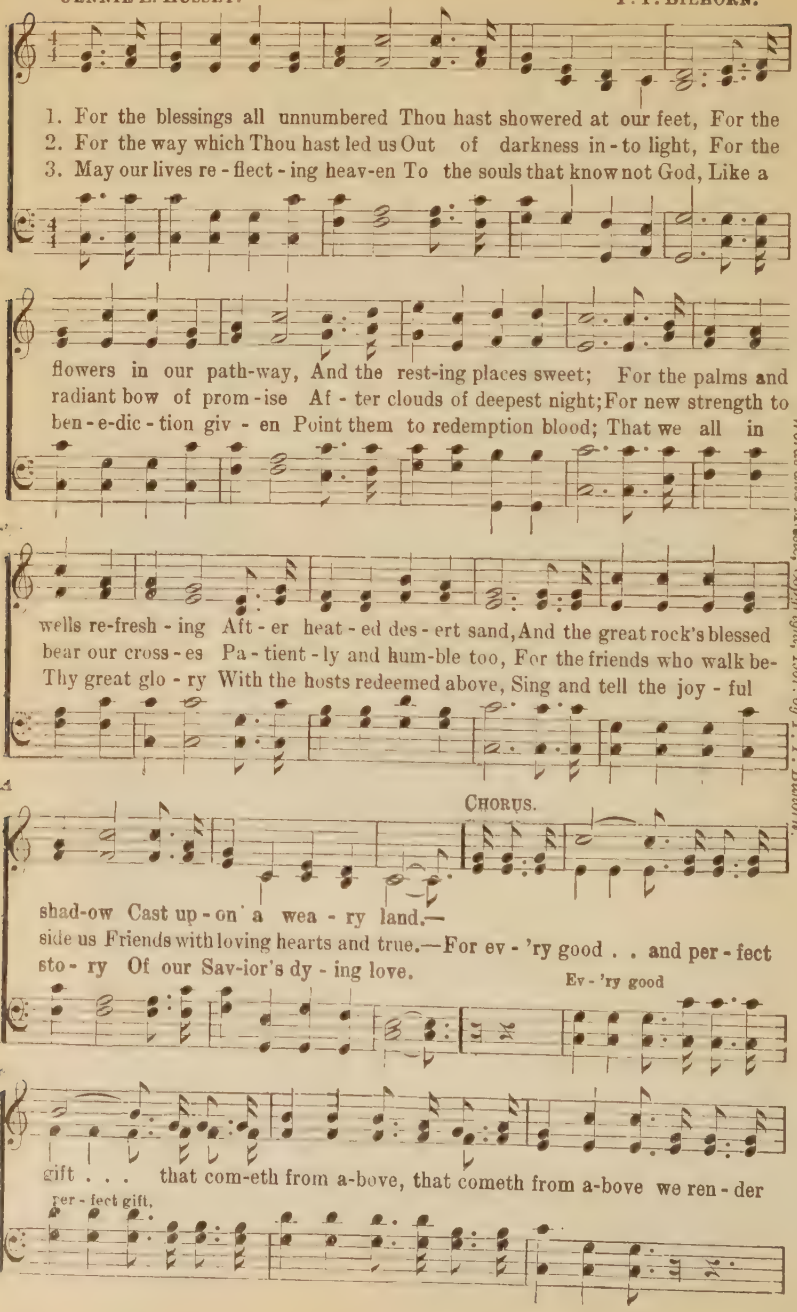

1 2 FINE.
1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
Lift high the roy - al ban - ner, It must not (*Omit*) suf - fer loss;
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is (*Omit*) Lord in-deed.
D. C.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone,
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song,
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

Every Good and Perfect Gift.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.


1. For the blessings all unnumbered Thou hast showered at our feet, For the
2. For the way which Thou hast led us Out of darkness in-to light, For the
3. May our lives re-flect-ing heav-en To the souls that know not God, Like a
flowers in our path-way, And the rest-ing places sweet; For the palms and
radiant bow of prom-ise Af-ter clouds of deepest night; For new strength to
ben-e-dic-tion giv-en Point them to redemption blood; That we all in
wells re-fresh-ing Aft-er heat-ed des-ert sand, And the great rock's blessed
bear our cross-es Pa-tient-ly and hum-ble too, For the friends who walk be-
Thy great glo-ry With the hosts redeemed above, Sing and tell the joy-ful
CHORUS.
shad-ow Cast up-on a wea-ry land.—
side us Friends with loving hearts and true.—For ev-'ry good . . and per-fect
sto-ry Of our Sav-ior's dy-ing love.
Ev-'ry good
gift . . . that com-eth from a-bove, that cometh from a-bove we ren-der
per-fect gift.

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Forth to the Fight.

T. W. RAMM. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Forth to the fight ye ran-somed, Might - y in God's own might,
2. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol - low where He has trod,
3. Are ye a - gainst the bat - tle, Watch ye in faith and pray,
4. Fight for the Lord is o'er you, Fight for He bids you fight,
Stem-ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night.
Per - fect - ing strength in weak - ness, Je - sus, in - car - nate God.
Peace shall suc-ceed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.
There where the fray is thick - est Close with the hosts of night.
CHORUS.
Lift ye the blood red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,
Raise ye the Chris-tian's standard "The cross of our Christ and Lord."

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If He Should Come Tonight.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Read the times with keen dis - cern - ing, Oh, ye ser - vants of the Lord;
2. Note the earth al - read - y quak - ing, 'Neath our King's on-com-ing tread;
3. Sud - den - ly and with - out warn - ing He shall in the clouds ap - pear,
4. He his chos-en bride shall gath - er, When He comes to earth a - gain;
See the signs of Christ's re - turn - ing, As is prom - ised in His word.
Soon His voice the si - lence break - ing Shall a - wake the sleep - ing dead.
And the great mil - len-nial morn - ing Of His pow'r is al - most here.
To the bo - som of the Fa - ther, Ev - er - more with Him to reign.
CHORUS.
If He should come . . . to-night, if He should come . . . . to-night
If He should come to-night,
if He should come to - night,
Would He find us watching, waiting with our lamps all trimm'd and bright? If He should
come . . . . to - night, if He should come . . . . to - night
If He should come to - night,
if He should come to - night,

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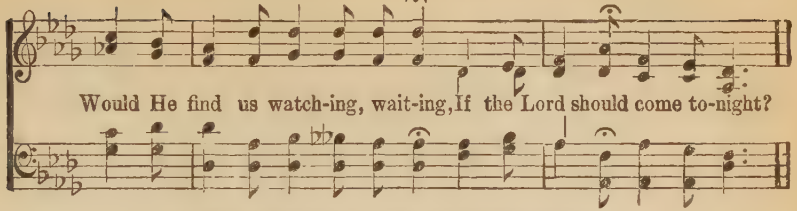

My Soul Sings Hallelujah!

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Since Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Since pardon, peace and pow'r I've found My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!
3. From morn 'til night the Lord's my light My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!
4. So on I press with ho - ly tho't, My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!

A - bid - ing in Him all the day, My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!
I'm liv - ing now on high - er ground My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!
For Him I'll live for Him I'll fight My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!
Since Christ for me re-demp-tion wrought My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah!

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Chorus.

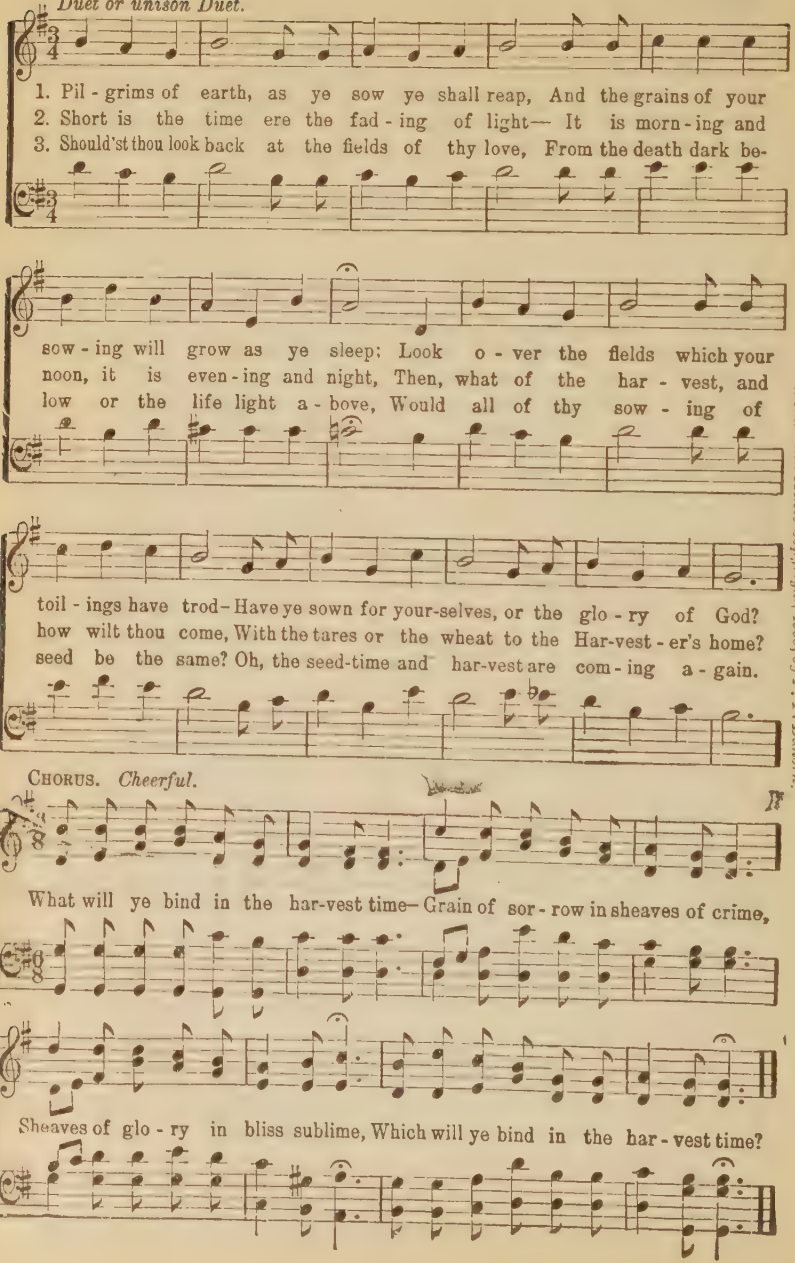
My souls sings Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah! All glo - ry to His name.

What Will Ye Bind?

P. P. B.
Duet or unison Duet.

P. P. BILHORN.


1. Pil - grims of earth, as ye sow ye shall reap, And the grains of your
2. Short is the time ere the fad - ing of light— It is morn - ing and
3. Should'st thou look back at the fields of thy love, From the death dark be-
sow - ing will grow as ye sleep; Look o - ver the fields which your
noon, it is even - ing and night, Then, what of the har - vest, and
low or the life light a - bove, Would all of thy sow - ing of
toil - ings have trod—Have ye sown for your-selves, or the glo - ry of God?
how wilt thou come, With the tares or the wheat to the Har-vest - er's home?
seed be the same? Oh, the seed-time and har-vest are com - ing a - gain.
CHORUS. *Cheerful.*
What will ye bind in the har-vest time—Grain of sor - row in sheaves of crime,
Sheaves of glo - ry in bliss sublime, Which will ye bind in the har - vest time?

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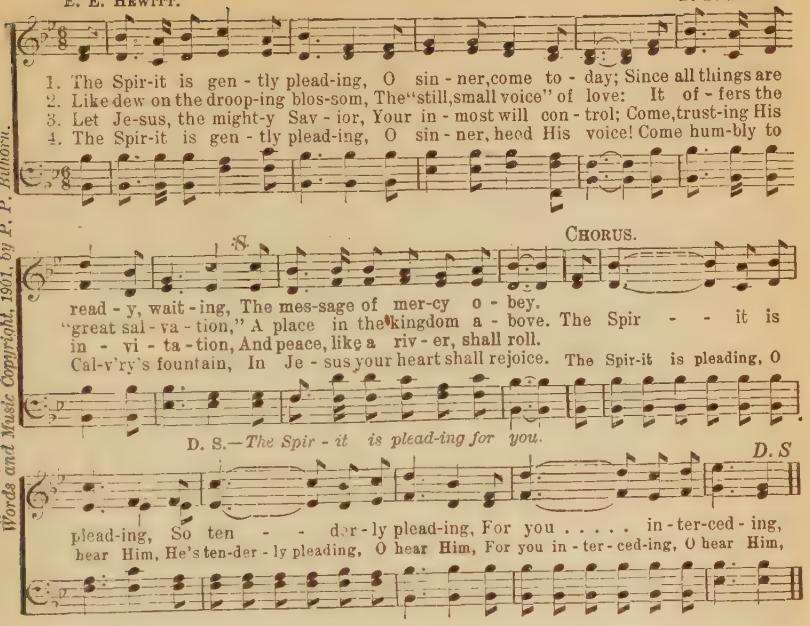
E. E. HEWITT. F. DEGEN.


1. The Spir-it is gen - tly plead-ing, O sin - ner, come to - day; Since all things are
2. Like dew on the droop-ing blos-som, The "still, small voice" of love: It of - fers the
3. Let Je-sus, the might-y Sav - ior, Your in - most will con - trol; Come, trust-ing His
4. The Spir-it is gen - tly plead-ing, O sin - ner, heed His voice! Come hum-bly to
CHORUS.
read - y, wait - ing, The mes-sage of mer-cy o - bey.
"great sal - va - tion," A place in the kingdom a - bove. The Spir - - it is
in - vi - ta - tion, And peace, like a riv - er, shall roll.
Cal-v'ry's fountain, In Je - sus your heart shall rejoice. The Spir-it is pleading, O
D. S.—The Spir - it is plead-ing for you.
D. S
plead-ing, So ten - - der - ly plead-ing, For you . . . . . in - ter-ced - ing,
hear Him, He's ten-der - ly pleading, O hear Him, For you in - ter - ced-ing, O hear Him,

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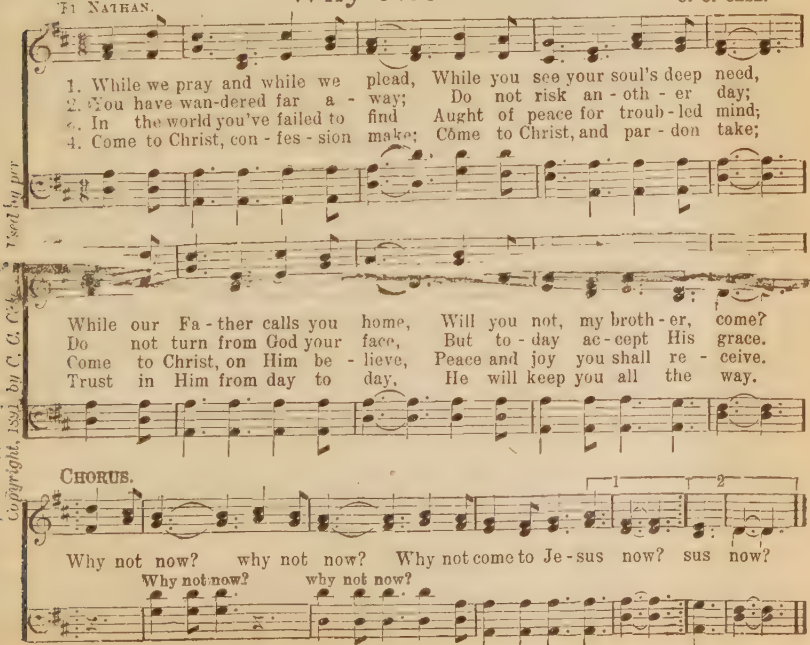
Why Not Now?

FI NATHAN. C. C. CASE.


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now? sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

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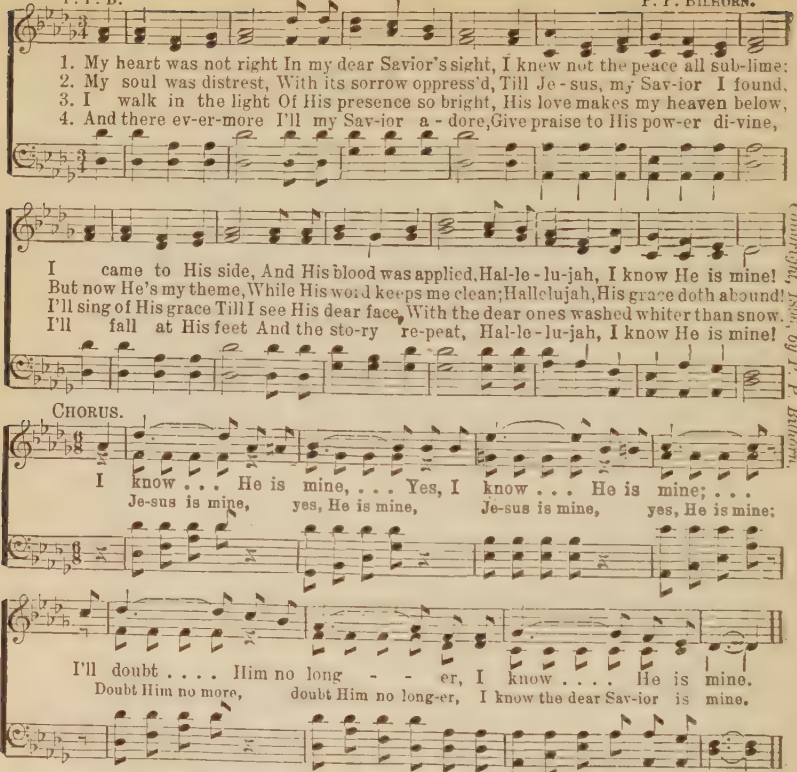
I Know He is Mine.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. My heart was not right In my dear Savior's sight, I knew not the peace all sub-lime;
2. My soul was distrest, With its sorrow oppress'd, Till Je-sus, my Sav-ior I found,
3. I walk in the light Of His presence so bright, His love makes my heaven below,
4. And there ev-er-more I'll my Sav-ior a-dore, Give praise to His pow-er di-vine,
I came to His side, And His blood was applied, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine!
But now He's my theme, While His word keeps me clean; Hallelujah, His grace doth abound!
I'll sing of His grace Till I see His dear face, With the dear ones washed whiter than snow.
I'll fall at His feet And the sto-ry re-peat, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine!
CHORUS.
I know . . . He is mine, . . . Yes, I know . . . He is mine; . . .
Je-sus is mine, yes, He is mine, Je-sus is mine, yes, He is mine;
I'll doubt . . . . Him no long - - - er, I know . . . . He is mine.
Doubt Him no more, doubt Him no long-er, I know the dear Sav-ior is mine.

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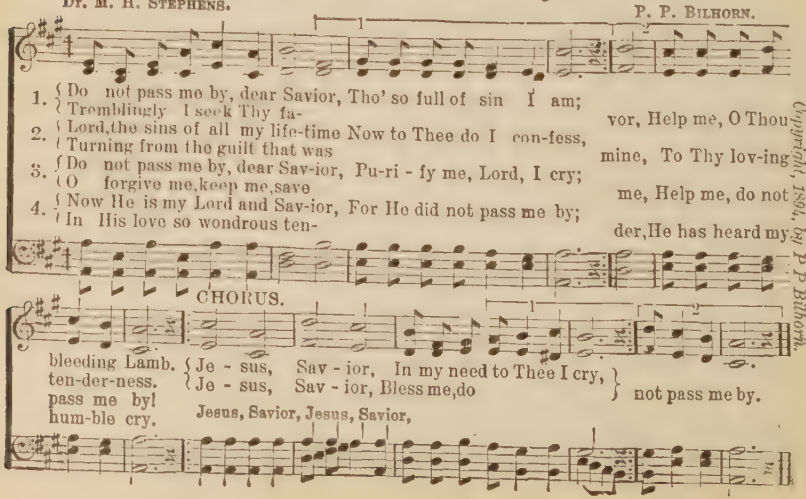
Do Not Pass Me By.

Dr. M. H. Stephens. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Do not pass me by, dear Savior, Tho' so full of sin I am;
Tremblingly I seek Thy fa- vor, Help me, O Thou
2. Lord, the sins of all my life-time Now to Thee do I con-fess,
Turning from the guilt that was mine, To Thy lov-ing
3. Do not pass me by, dear Sav-ior, Pu-ri-fy me, Lord, I cry;
O forgive me, keep me, save me, Help me, do not
4. Now He is my Lord and Sav-ior, For He did not pass me by;
In His love so wondrous ten- der, He has heard my
CHORUS.
bleeding Lamb. Je - sus, Sav - ior, In my need to Thee I cry,
ten-der-ness. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Bless me, do not pass me by.
pass me by! Jesus, Savior, Jesus, Savior,
hum-ble cry.

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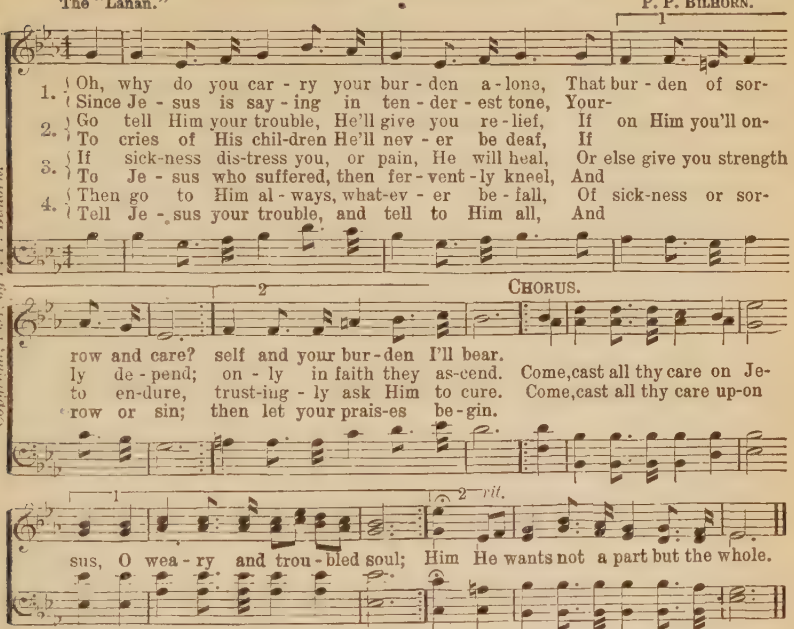
Cast All Your Care Upon Him. 141

The "Lanan." P. P. BILHORN.


1. Oh, why do you car - ry your bur - den a - lone, That bur - den of sor-
Since Je - sus is say - ing in ten - der - est tone, Your-
2. Go tell Him your trouble, He'll give you re - lief, If on Him you'll on-
To cries of His chil-dren He'll nev - er be deaf, If
3. If sick-ness dis-tress you, or pain, He will heal, Or else give you strength
To Je - sus who suffered, then fer - vent - ly kneel, And
4. Then go to Him al - ways, what-ev - er be - fall, Of sick-ness or sor-
Tell Je - sus your trouble, and tell to Him all, And
CHORUS.
row and care? self and your bur - den I'll bear.
ly de - pend; on - ly in faith they as-cend. Come, cast all thy care on Je-
to en-dure, trust-ing - ly ask Him to cure. Come, cast all thy care up-on
row or sin; then let your prais-es be - gin.
sus, O wea - ry and trou - bled soul; Him He wants not a part but the whole.
rit.

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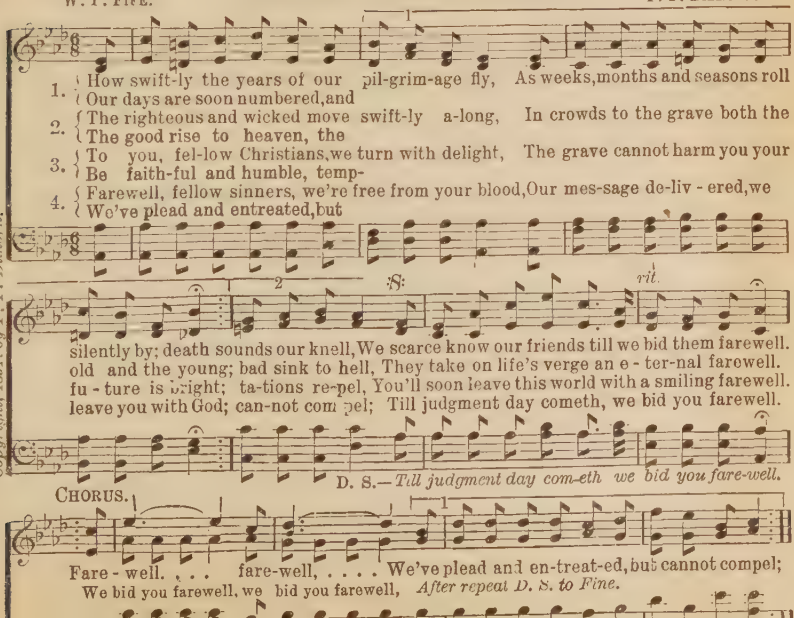
We Bid You Farewell.

W. P. FIFE. P. P. BILHORN.


1. How swift-ly the years of our pil-grim-age fly, As weeks, months and seasons roll
Our days are soon numbered, and
2. The righteous and wicked move swift-ly a-long, In crowds to the grave both the
The good rise to heaven, the
3. To you, fel-low Christians, we turn with delight, The grave cannot harm you your
Be faith-ful and humble, temp-
4. Farewell, fellow sinners, we're free from your blood, Our mes-sage de-liv - ered, we
We've plead and entreated, but
D. S.
rit.
silently by; death sounds our knell, We scarce know our friends till we bid them farewell.
old and the young; bad sink to hell, They take on life's verge an e - ter-nal farewell.
fu - ture is bright; ta-tions re-pel, You'll soon leave this world with a smiling farewell.
leave you with God; can-not com pel; Till judgment day cometh, we bid you farewell.
D. S.—Till judgment day com-eth we bid you fare-well.
CHORUS.
Fare - well. . . . fare-well, ... We've plead and en-treat-ed, but cannot compel;
We bid you farewell, we bid you farewell, After repeat D. S. to Fine.

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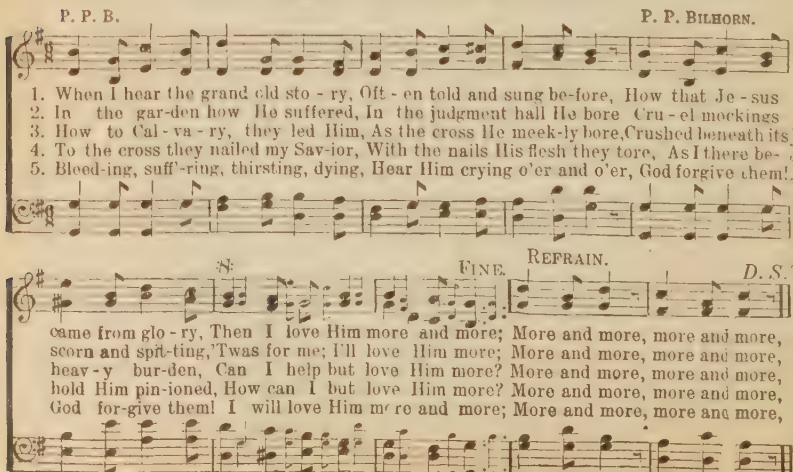
I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Because I know 'tis true,
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me;
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is-fies my long-ing As nothing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry,
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

How Can I But Love Him?

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. When I hear the grand old sto - ry, Oft - en told and sung be-fore, How that Je - sus
2. In the gar-den how He suffered, In the judgment hall He bore Cru - el mockings
3. How to Cal - va - ry, they led Him, As the cross He meek-ly bore, Crushed beneath its
4. To the cross they nailed my Sav-ior, With the nails His flesh they tore, As I there be-
5. Bleed-ing, suff'-ring, thirsting, dying, Hear Him crying o'er and o'er, God forgive them!
FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.
came from glo - ry, Then I love Him more and more; More and more, more and more,
scorn and spit-ting, 'Twas for me; I'll love Him more; More and more, more and more,
heav - y bur-den, Can I help but love Him more? More and more, more and more,
hold Him pin-ioned, How can I but love Him more? More and more, more and more,
God for-give them! I will love Him more and more; More and more, more and more,

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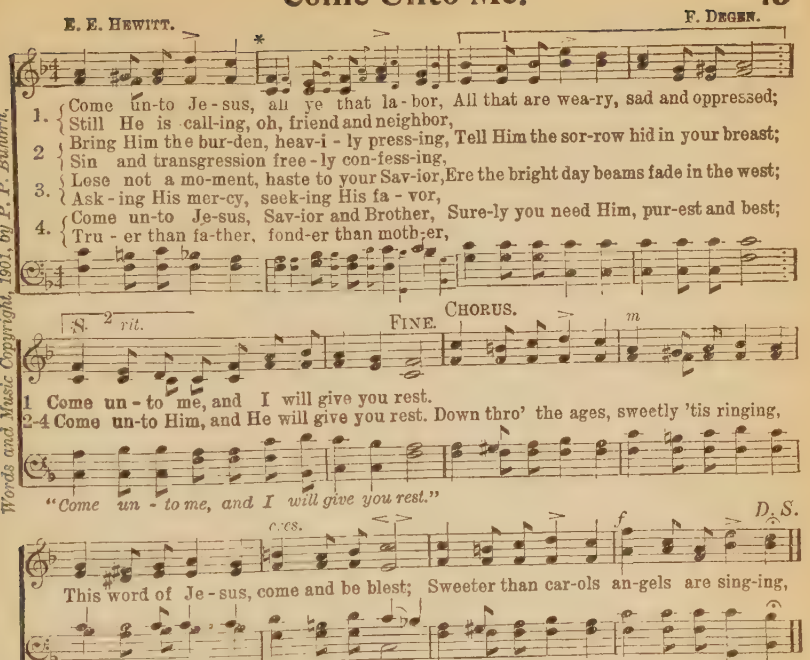
Come Unto Me.

E. E. HEWITT. F. DEGEN.


1. Come un-to Je-sus, all ye that la-bor, All that are wea-ry, sad and oppressed;
Still He is call-ing, oh, friend and neighbor,
2 Bring Him the bur-den, heav-i-ly press-ing, Tell Him the sor-row hid in your breast;
Sin and transgression free-ly con-fess-ing,
3. Lose not a mo-ment, haste to your Sav-ior, Ere the bright day beams fade in the west;
Ask-ing His mer-cy, seek-ing His fa-vor,
4. Come un-to Je-sus, Sav-ior and Brother, Sure-ly you need Him, pur-est and best;
Tru-er than fa-ther, fond-er than moth-er,
CHORUS.
FINE.
rit.
1 Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
2-4 Come un-to Him, and He will give you rest. Down thro' the ages, sweetly 'tis ringing,
"Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."
D. S.
This word of Je-sus, come and be blest; Sweeter than car-ols an-gels are sing-ing,

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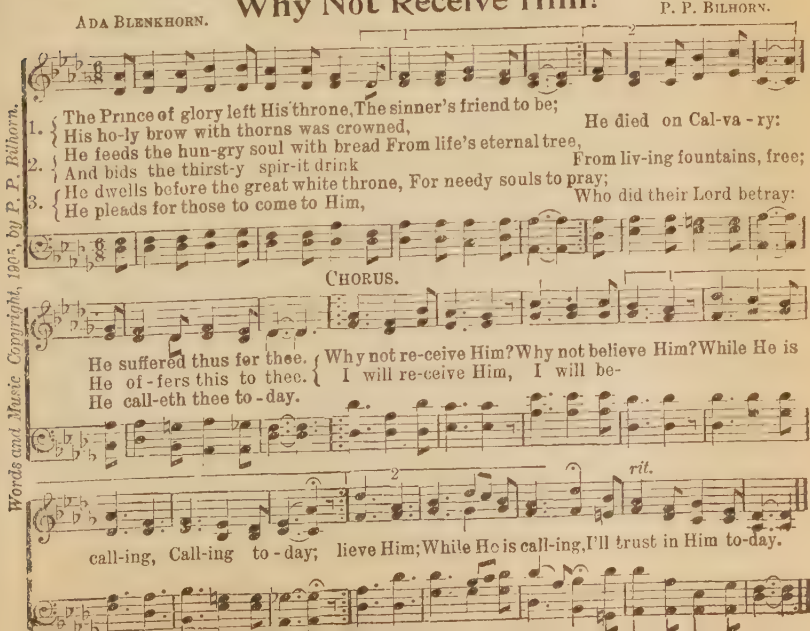
Why Not Receive Him?

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.


1. The Prince of glory left His throne, The sinner's friend to be;
His ho-ly brow with thorns was crowned, He died on Cal-va-ry:
2. He feeds the hun-gry soul with bread From life's eternal tree,
And bids the thirst-y spir-it drink From liv-ing fountains, free;
3. He dwells before the great white throne, For needy souls to pray;
He pleads for those to come to Him, Who did their Lord betray:
CHORUS.
He suffered thus for thee.
He of-fers this to thee.
He call-eth thee to-day.
Why not re-ceive Him? Why not believe Him? While He is
I will re-ceive Him, I will be-
rit.
call-ing, Call-ing to-day; lieve Him; While He is call-ing, I'll trust in Him to-day.

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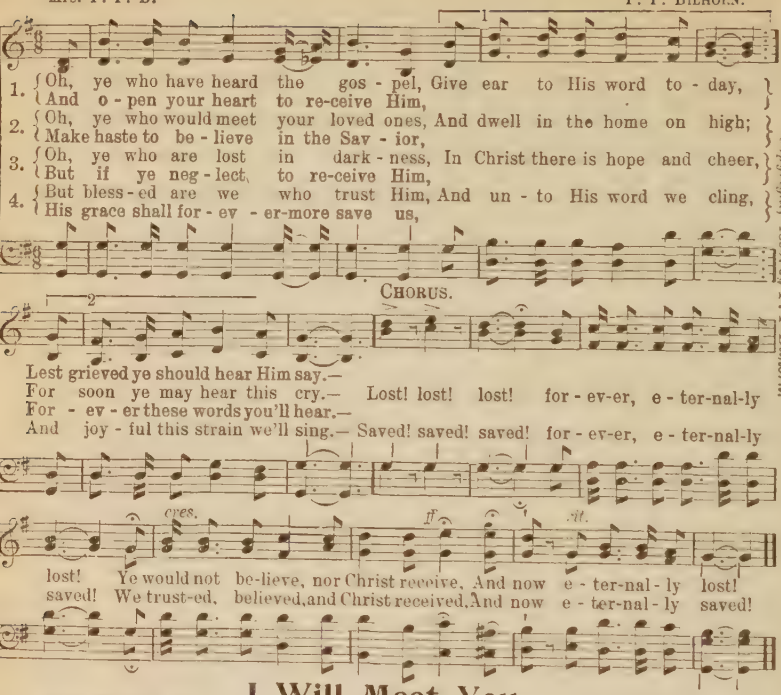
Lost.

Mrs. P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Oh, ye who have heard the gos - pel, Give ear to His word to - day,
And o - pen your heart to re-ceive Him,
2. Oh, ye who would meet your loved ones, And dwell in the home on high;
Make haste to be - lieve in the Sav - ior,
3. Oh, ye who are lost in dark - ness, In Christ there is hope and cheer,
But if ye neg - lect, to re-ceive Him,
4. But bless - ed are we who trust Him, And un - to His word we cling,
His grace shall for - ev - er-more save us,
Chorus.
Lest grieved ye should hear Him say.—
For soon ye may hear this cry.— Lost! lost! lost! for - ev-er, e - ter-nal-ly
For - ev - er these words you'll hear.—
And joy - ful this strain we'll sing.— Saved! saved! saved! for - ev-er, e - ter-nal-ly
cres. ff. rit.
lost! Ye would not be-lieve, nor Christ receive, And now e - ter-nal - ly lost!
saved! We trust-ed, believed, and Christ received, And now e - ter-nal - ly saved!

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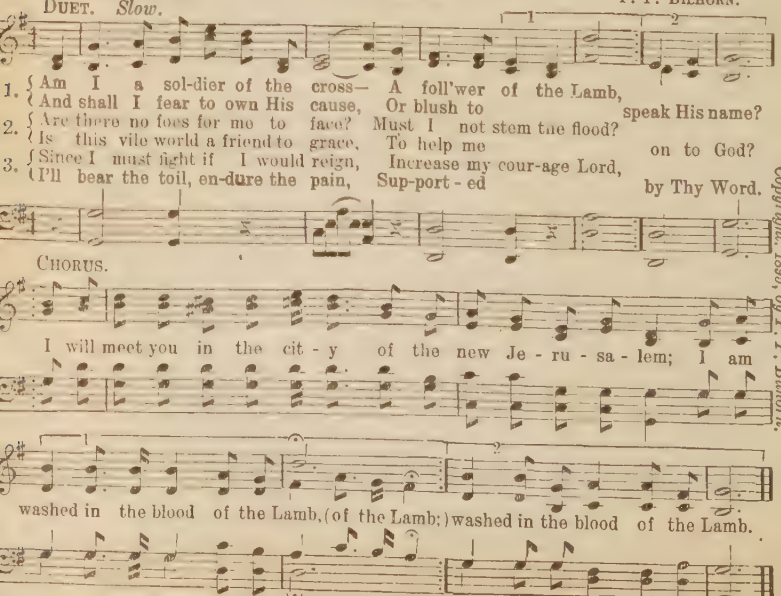
I Will Meet You.

Isaac Watts. Arr. P. P. Bilhorn.

Duet. *Slow.*


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross— A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my cour-age Lord,
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy Word.
Chorus.
I will meet you in the cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem; I am
washed in the blood of the Lamb, (of the Lamb;) washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go. 145

MARY BROWN, *Andante.* CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
D.S.-I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
D. S.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

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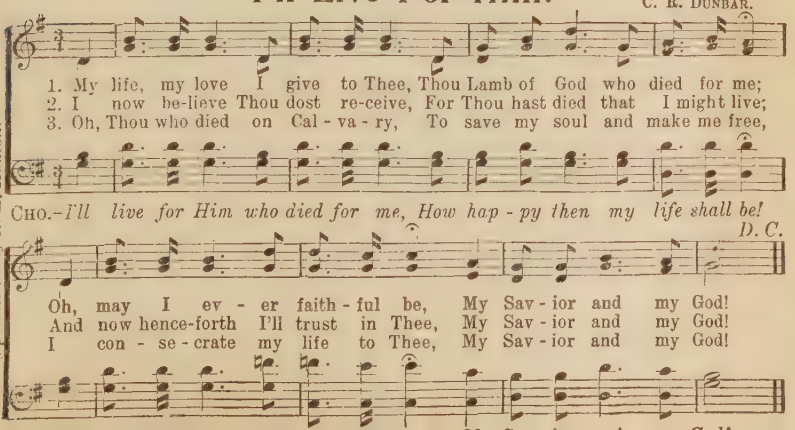
I'll Live For Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.-I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

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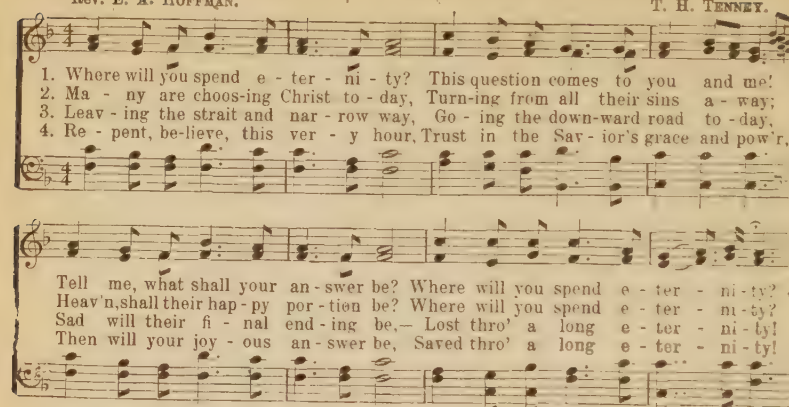
146 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. T. H. Tenney.


1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the down-ward road to - day,
4. Re - pent, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,
Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n, shall their hap - py por - tion be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,— Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

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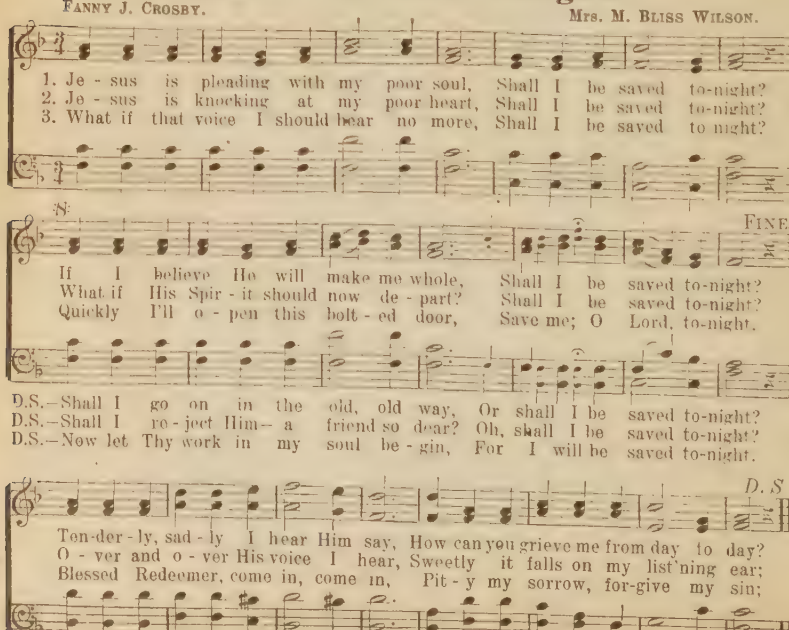
Refrain.

1-2 E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

Shall I Be Saved Tonight?

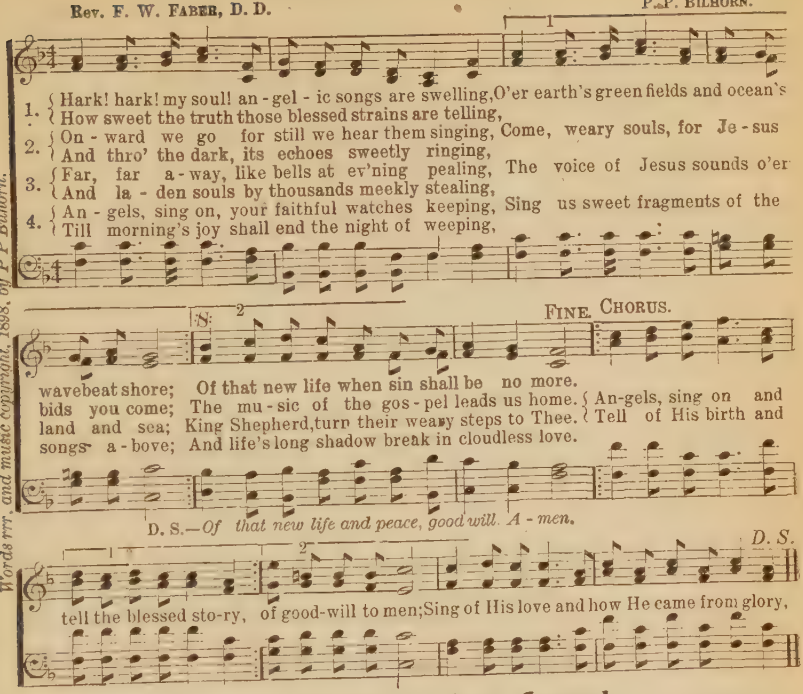
Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.


1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to night?
For permission.
D.S.
Fine.
If I believe He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night.
D.S.—Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
D.S.—Shall I re - ject Him— a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
D.S.—Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.
D. S
Ten-der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, for-give my sin;

Angels, Sing On.

Rev. F. W. FABER, D. D.

P. P. BILHORN.


1. Hark! hark! my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
2. On-ward we go for still we hear them singing, Come, weary souls, for Je-sus
And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at ev'ning pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er
And la-den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
4. An-gels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments of the
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
FINE. CHORUS.
wavebeat shore; Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
bids you come; The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An-gels, sing on and
land and sea; King Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. Tell of His birth and
songs a-bove; And life's long shadow break in cloudless love.
D. S.—Of that new life and peace, good will. A-men.
D. S.
tell the blessed sto-ry, of good-will to men; Sing of His love and how He came from glory,

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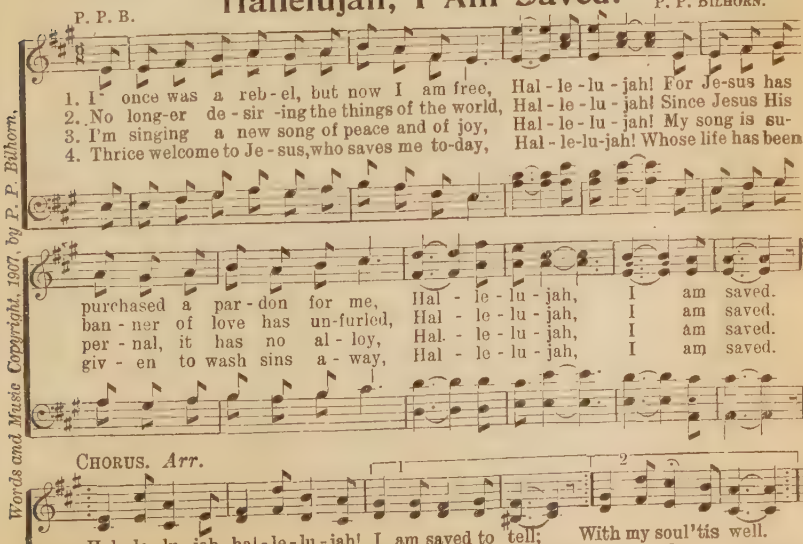
Hallelujah, I Am Saved.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.


1. I once was a reb-el, but now I am free, Hal-le-lu-jah! For Je-sus has
2. No long-er de-sir-ing the things of the world, Hal-le-lu-jah! Since Jesus His
3. I'm singing a new song of peace and of joy, Hal-le-lu-jah! My song is su-
4. Thrice welcome to Je-sus, who saves me to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah! Whose life has been
purchased a par-don for me, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved.
ban-ner of love has un-furled, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved.
per-nal, it has no al-loy, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved.
giv-en to wash sins a-way, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved.
CHORUS. Arr.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved to tell; With my soul 'tis well.

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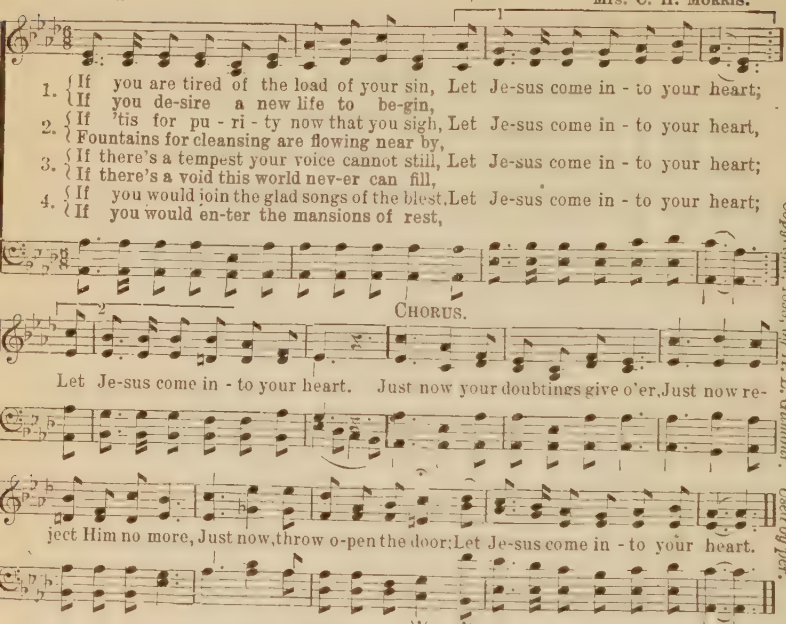
Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart,
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
If you would en-ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.

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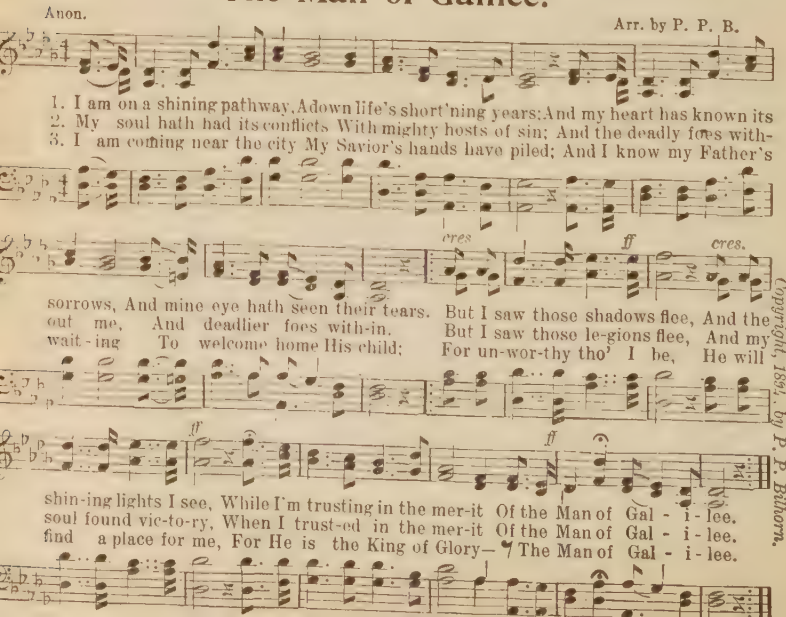
The Man of Galilee.

Anon.

Arr. by P. P. B.


1. I am on a shining pathway, Adown life's short'ning years; And my heart has known its
2. My soul hath had its conflicts With mighty hosts of sin; And the deadly foes with-
3. I am coming near the city My Savior's hands have piled; And I know my Father's
cres. ff cres.
sorrows, And mine eye hath seen their tears. But I saw those shadows flee, And the
out me, And deadlier foes with-in. But I saw those le-gions flee, And my
wait - ing To welcome home His child; For un-wor-thy tho' I be, He will
ff ff
shin-ing lights I see, While I'm trusting in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
soul found vic-to-ry, When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
find a place for me, For He is the King of Glory— The Man of Gal - i - lee.

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I Want Everybody to Know.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav-ior To help me wher-ev-er I go,
2. He helps me o'er-come all temp-ta-tion, And makes me with gladness o'er-flow;
3. He cheers me if I am in sor-row, He press-es me close to His heart,
4. He heark-ens to hum-ble con-fess-ing, And ev-er His mer-cy doth show;
I have to keep tell-ing His good-ness, For I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
He brings me a bless-ed sal-va-tion That I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
And tells of that brighter to-mor-row, Where trou-bles shall nev-er have part.
He crown-eth my life with His bless-ing, And I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
Chorus.
I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know Of Je-sus who lov-eth me so!
My time I will give as long as I live To help ev-'ry-bod-y to know.

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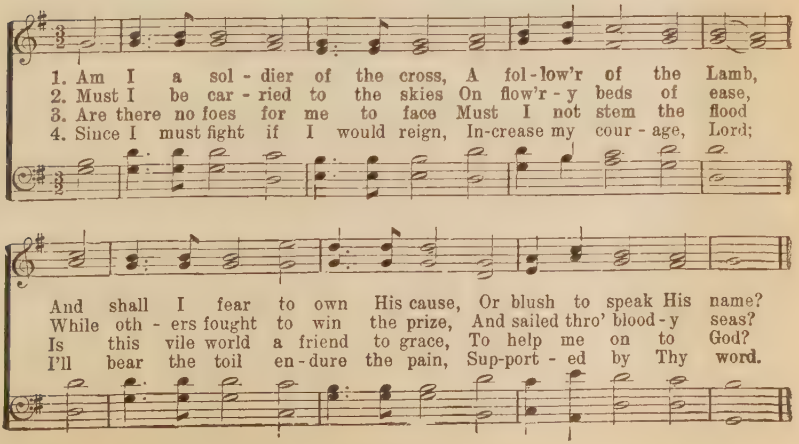
Am I a Soldier.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face Must I not stem the flood
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

Not To-Night.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. "Not to-night" so ma - ny say, And turn from light and life a - way,
2. "Not to-night" a soul re - plied, And turned with care - less laugh a - side,
3. "Not to-night?" O, sad re - ply, When Christ to save you wait - eth nigh,
4. "Not to-night?" Count well the cost, Should you for-ev - er - more be lost

A - las! for some 'twill be too late, An - oth - er night may seal their fate.
But death called loud that ver - y night; The soul in ter - ror took its flight.
The day of grace may soon be past, Your cry will be, "Lost, lost at last!
If heav'n and bliss you nev - er see, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?

CHORUS.

Come to - night, ... O come to-night, ... Je-sus lov - ing-ly doth wait;
O come tonight, O come tonight, Je-sus lov-ing-ly doth wait;

rit.

Come to-night, ... O come to-night, ... some other night may be too late.
O come tonight, O come to-night,

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Seeking For Me.

A. N. E. E. Hasty. By per.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to sorrow and shame;
D.C. Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. Je-sus, the Sav-ior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
D.C. Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy - ing
3. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold;
D.C. Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

REFRAIN. For me, ... for me . . . . .

2 FINE. D. C.

for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me!
for me! for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!

Saved by His Grace.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

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1. Saved by grace, oh, won-der-ful sto - ry, Je-sus, the Sav-ior, has come from on high;
Saved by grace, an heir to His glo - ry,
2. Saved by grace, and jus-ti - fied free - ly Je-sus, the cru - ci - fied, rose from the grave;
Saved by grace, oh, mar-vel-ous deal-ing,
3. Saved by grace, and sanctified thro' Him, Christ, the ascended, now pleads for His own;
Saved by grace, I sing hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

I shall in-her-it it by and by.
Life ev - er - last-ing to me He gave. Saved by grace, oh, wonderful story, Tell it a-
I shall be-hold Him up-on His throne.

gain. He saves by grace; Saved by grace, oh, that will be glory, When we see Jesus face to face.

What Will Your Harvest Be?

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. P. Bilhorn.

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1. This is the gold - en seed-time, What will the har - vest yield? What is the seed, O
In - to the o - pen fur - row, Un-der the sun-light free,
2. Sow-ing the seeds of sor - row, Planting the thorns of wrong, Look to the end, thou
Sow-ing in sin and doubting, Seed for e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Ear-nest and faith-ful toil - ers, Bear-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing be-side all
You shall re-turn re - joic - ing, You shall the Mas - ter see;

sow - er, Dropped in the wait - ing field? Seed from your hand is fall - ing, Oh!
sow - er, Tho' it may tar - ry long; Reap - ing the fruit here-af - ter, Oh!
wa - ters, Read - y in word and deed, When the ripe sheaves are garner'd, Oh!

CHORUS. *rit.* *rit.*

what will your harvest be? 1-2 What will your harvest be, What will your harvest be?
what will your harvest be? 3 Blest will your harvest be, Blest will your harvest be?
blest will your harvest be?

harvest be,

The Branch of Healing.

Miss Flora Kirkland. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. If He will that I shall trav - el Where the bit - ter wa-ters flow,
I've a precious "branch of Healing," For the bit-ter-
2. If He will that strife surround me, If He will that cares increase,
Since His tender love hath found me, I can walk in
3. If my path is strewn with blossoms, If the birds a-round me sing,
If no cloud of troub-le low - ers, If the days no
ness of woe. By the brink of Marah's waters Help me walk with steadfast feet. For I
perfect peace. An - y path, how-ev-er thorn-y, Is a path to glo - ry fair; And He
sorrow bring, Let me walk as one who watcheth For the Mas-ter to ap-pear; Let me
rit.
Refrain. Prayerful.
know that Thou art with me, And the bitter things grow sweet.
walketh with me ev - er, All my griefs to help me bear. With me ev-er, with me ev-er!
live as in His presence, For my Lord is ev - er near.
Blessed Jesus, Friend divine! Let me never, let me never Hold my will opposed to Thine.

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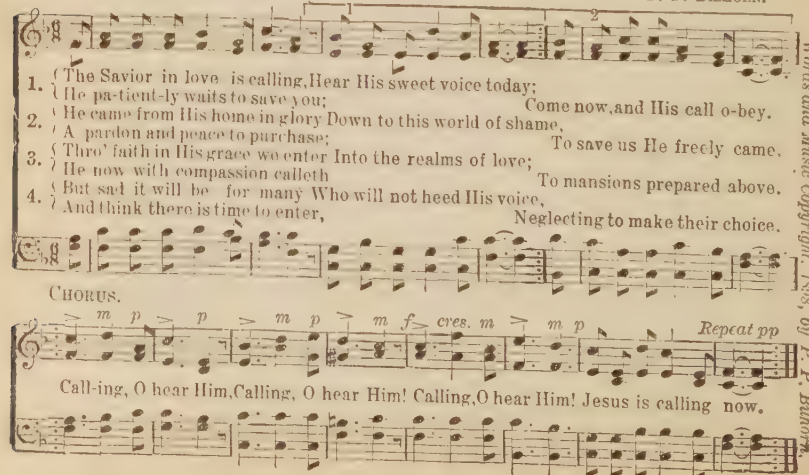
P. P. B.

Calling, O Hear Him!

P. P. Bilhorn.


1. The Savior in love is calling, Hear His sweet voice today;
He pa-tient-ly waits to save you; Come now, and His call o-bey.
2. He came from His home in glory Down to this world of shame,
A pardon and peace to purchase; To save us He freely came.
3. Thro' faith in His grace we enter Into the realms of love;
He now with compassion calleth To mansions prepared above.
4. But sad it will be for many Who will not heed His voice,
And think there is time to enter, Neglecting to make their choice.
Chorus.
m p p m p m f cres. m m p
Repeat pp
Call-ing, O hear Him, Calling, O hear Him! Calling, O hear Him! Jesus is calling now.

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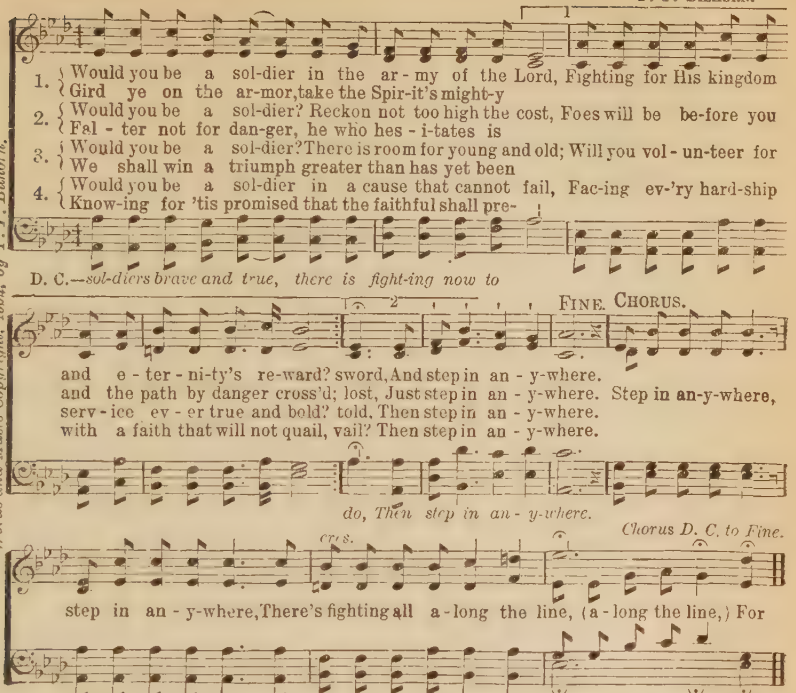
Step In Anywhere.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Would you be a sol-dier in the ar-my of the Lord, Fighting for His kingdom
Gird ye on the ar-mor, take the Spir-it's might-y
2. Would you be a sol-dier? Reckon not too high the cost, Foes will be be-fore you
Fal-ter not for dan-ger, he who hes-i-tates is
3. Would you be a sol-dier? There is room for young and old; Will you vol-un-teer for
We shall win a triumph greater than has yet been
4. Would you be a sol-dier in a cause that cannot fail, Fac-ing ev-'ry hard-ship
Know-ing for 'tis promised that the faithful shall pre-
D. C.—sol-diers brave and true, there is fight-ing now to
FINE. CHORUS.
and e-ter-ni-ty's re-ward? sword, And step in an-y-where.
and the path by danger cross'd; lost, Just step in an-y-where. Step in an-y-where,
serv-ice ev-er true and bold? told. Then step in an-y-where.
with a faith that will not quail, vail? Then step in an-y-where.
do, Then step in an-y-where.
Chorus D. C. to Fine.
cres.
step in an-y-where, There's fighting all a-long the line, (a-long the line,) For

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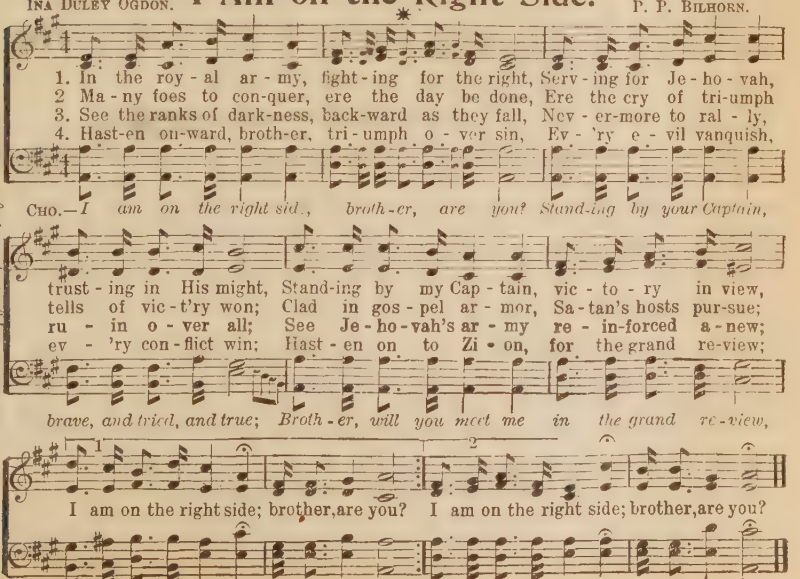
I Am on the Right Side.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. In the roy-al ar-my, fight-ing for the right, Serv-ing for Je-ho-vah,
2 Ma-ny foes to con-quer, ere the day be done, Ere the cry of tri-umph
3. See the ranks of dark-ness, back-ward as they fall, Nev-er-more to ral-ly,
4. Hast-en on-ward, broth-er, tri-umph o-ver sin, Ev-'ry e-vil vanquish,
CHO.—I am on the right side, broth-er, are you? Stand-ing by your Captain,
trust-ing in His might, Stand-ing by my Cap-tain, vic-to-ry in view,
tells of vic-t'ry won; Clad in gos-pel ar-mor, Sa-tan's hosts pur-sue;
ru-in o-ver all; See Je-ho-vah's ar-my re-in-forced a-new;
ev-'ry con-flict win; Hast-en on to Zi-on, for the grand re-view;
brave, and tried, and true; Broth-er, will you meet me in the grand re-view,
I am on the right side; brother, are you? I am on the right side; brother, are you?

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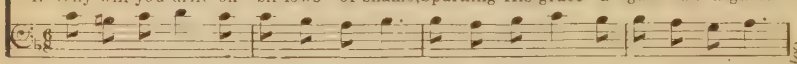
Drifting Away From God.

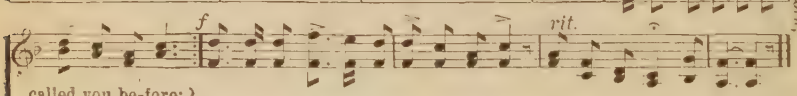
Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Drift-ing a - way from Christ in thy youth, Drift-ing a - way from mer-cy and truth,
2. Drift-ing a - way from moth-er and home, Drift-ing a - way in sor-row to roam,
3. Drift-ing a - way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drift-ing where death and darkness a-bide,
4. Why will you drift on bil-lows of shame, Spurning His grace a - gain and a-gain?

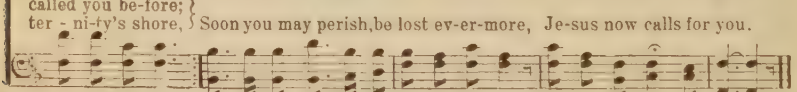


CHORUS.

Drift - ing to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drifting a-way from God.
Drifting where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting away from God. Brother, the Savior has
Drifting from heav'n away in your pride, Drifting a-way from God. See you are nearing e-
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re-main, Ev - er a-way from God.



called you be-fore;
ter - ni-ty's shore, Soon you may perish, be lost ev-er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.



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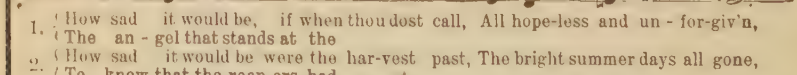
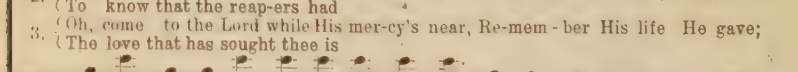
Room in Heaven For Thee.

Mrs. F. FISTLER. P. P. BILHORN.

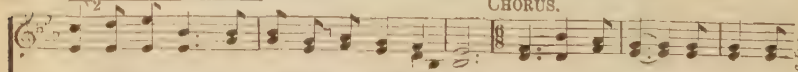
1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hope-less and un - for-giv'n,
   The an - gel that stands at the
2. How sad it would be were the har-vest past, The bright summer days all gone,
   To know that the reap-ers had
3. Oh, come to the Lord while His mer-cy's near, Re-mem - ber His life He gave;
   The love that has sought thee is



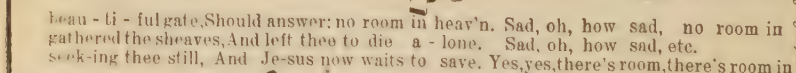
CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful gate, Should answer: no room in heav'n. Sad, oh, how sad, no room in
gathered the sheaves, And left thee to die a - lone. Sad, oh, how sad, etc.
seek-ing thee still, And Je-sus now waits to save. Yes, yes, there's room, there's room in



heav'n for thee, No room, no room, no room, no room, no room in heav'n for thee; for thee.
heav'n for thee, Then come, O come, then come, O come, there's room in heav'n for thee;
Make haste, and come, make haste, and come e'er 'tis too late for thee.



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Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan-der'd in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me, And with the sunlight
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll, How-ev - er dark the
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet communion find; I press with ho - ly
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plains, And in the sunlight
CHORUS.
of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
world may be, I've sunlight in my soul. Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day,
vig-or on, And leave the world behind.
to-day, yes,
of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Sun-light, sun-light all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
nar - row way;
took a - way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with - in.
load of sin,

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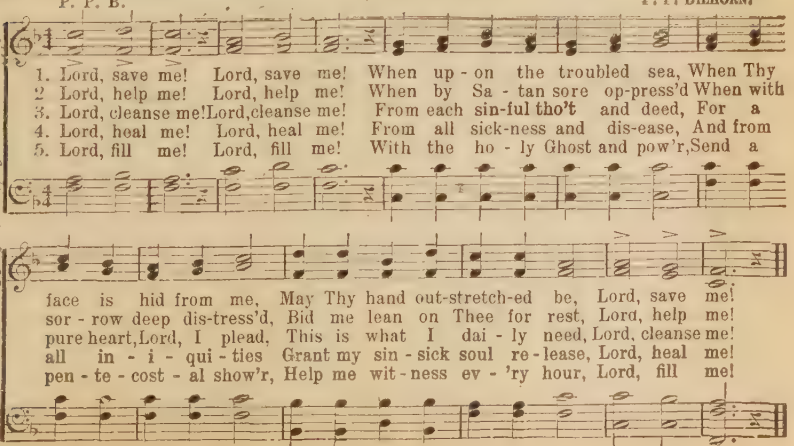
Lord, Save Me.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Lord, save me! Lord, save me! When up - on the troubled sea, When Thy
2 Lord, help me! Lord, help me! When by Sa - tan sore op-press'd When with
3. Lord, cleanse me! Lord, cleanse me! From each sin-ful tho't and deed, For a
4. Lord, heal me! Lord, heal me! From all sick-ness and dis-ease, And from
5. Lord, fill me! Lord, fill me! With the ho - ly Ghost and pow'r, Send a
face is hid from me, May Thy hand out-stretch-ed be, Lord, save me!
sor - row deep dis-tress'd, Bid me lean on Thee for rest, Lord, help me!
pure heart, Lord, I plead, This is what I dai - ly need, Lord, cleanse me!
all in - i - qui - ties Grant my sin - sick soul re - lease, Lord, heal me!
pen - te - cost - al show'r, Help me wit - ness ev - 'ry hour, Lord, fill me!

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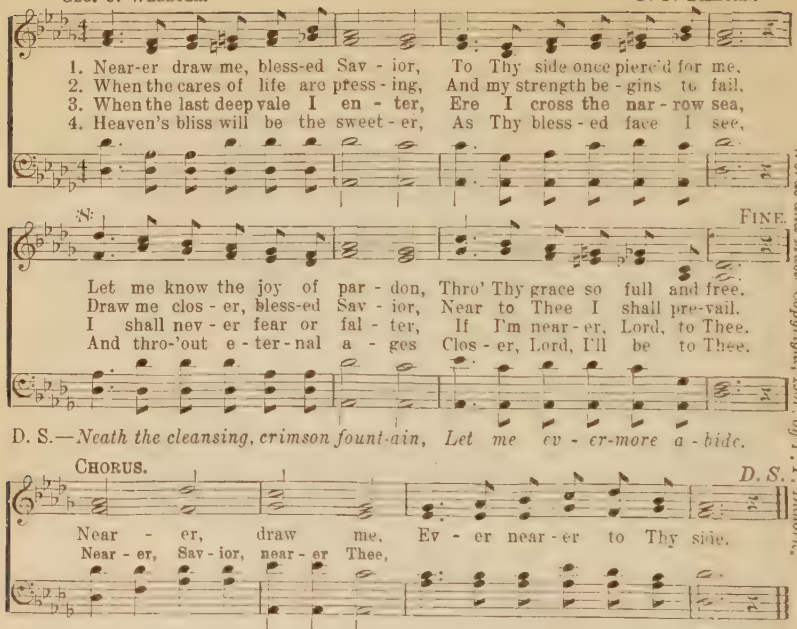
Nearer, Draw Me.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Near-er draw me, bless-ed Sav - ior, To Thy side once pierc'd for me.
2. When the cares of life are press - ing, And my strength be - gins to fail.
3. When the last deep vale I en - ter, Ere I cross the nar - row sea,
4. Heaven's bliss will be the sweet - er, As Thy bless - ed face I see,
FINE.
Let me know the joy of par - don, Thro' Thy grace so full and free.
Draw me clos - er, bless-ed Sav - ior, Near to Thee I shall pre-vail.
I shall nev - er fear or fal - ter, If I'm near - er, Lord, to Thee.
And thro-'out e - ter-nal a - ges Clos - er, Lord, I'll be to Thee.
D. S.—Neath the cleansing, crimson fount-ain, Let me ev - er-more a - bide.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Near - er, draw me, Ev - er near - er to Thy side.
Near - er, Sav - ior, near - er Thee,

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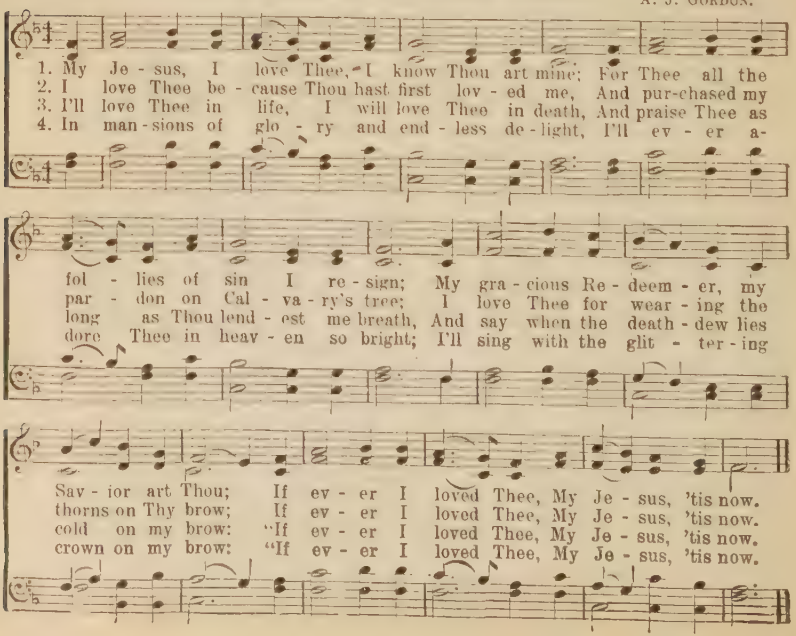
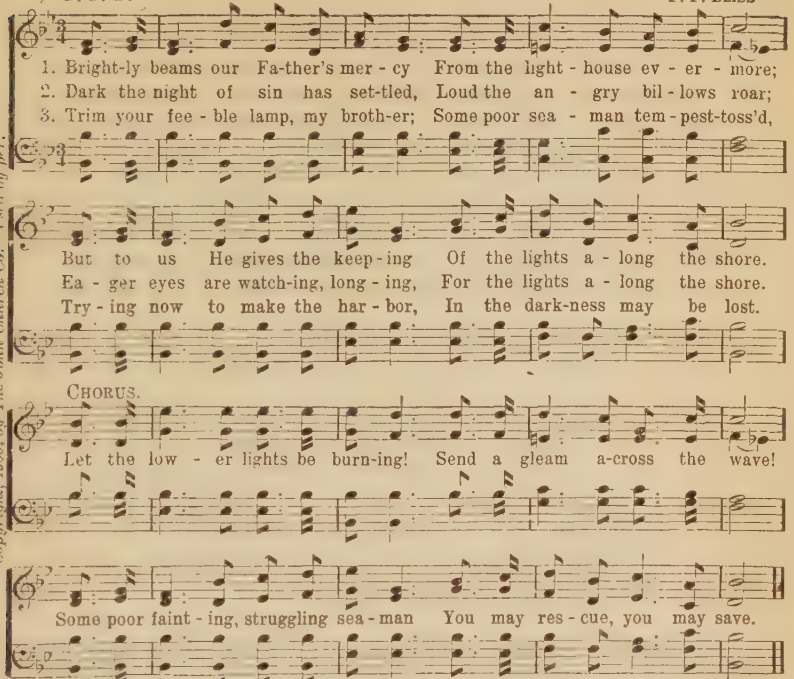
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From the light - house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea - man tem - pest-toss'd,
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

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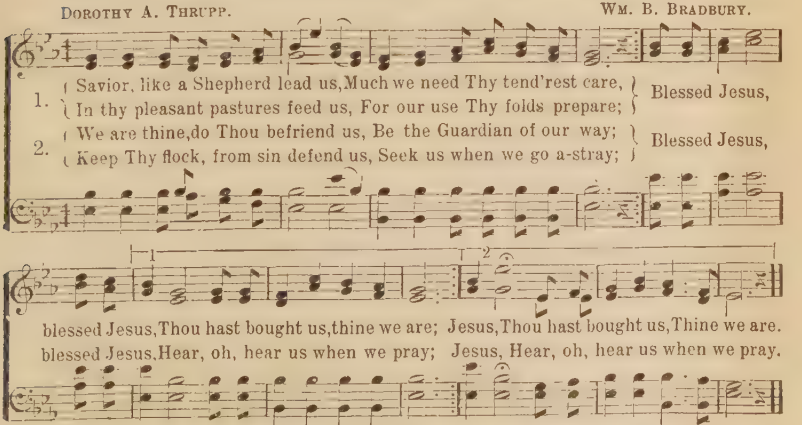
Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Savior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare; Blessed Jesus,
2. We are thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; Blessed Jesus,
blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,

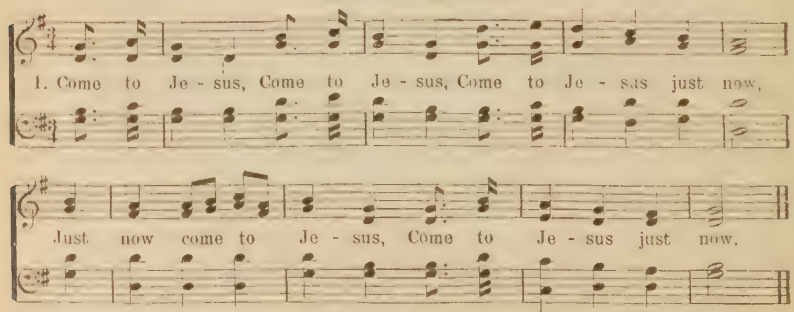
4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,

I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav - ior, tho
2. I have a Fa-ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
3. I have a peace; it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov - ing Sav - ior is
earthfriends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me,
bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en,
world nev-er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er,
your Sav-ior, too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to glo - ry.
CHORUS. f
And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too!
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am pray - ing,
And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
And pray'r will be answered—'twas answer'd for you!
p f pp
For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

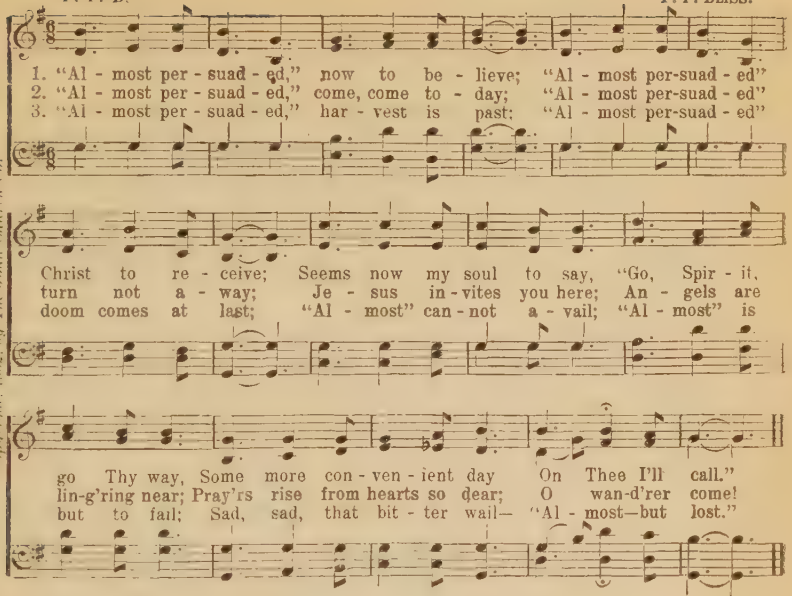
Come to Jesus.



2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 Look unto Him.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 Only trust Him.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 I believe Him.

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost."

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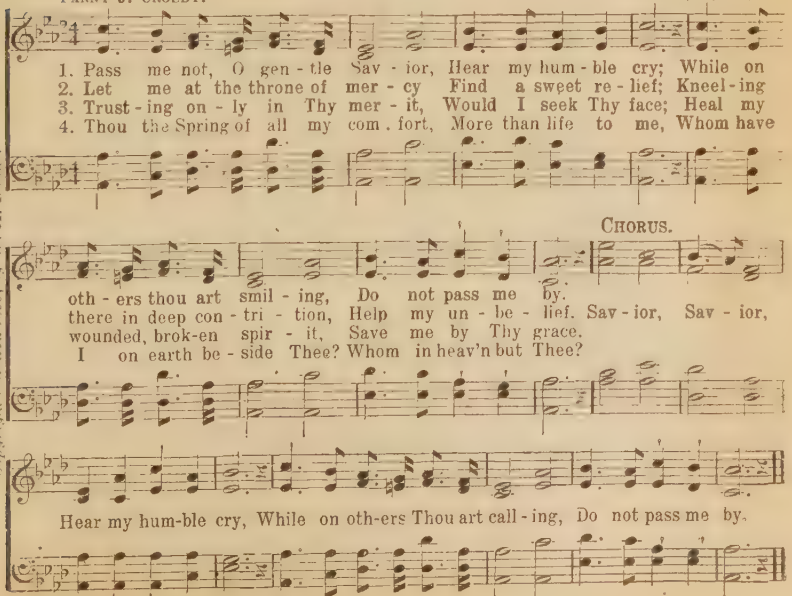
Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have
Chorus.
oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, brok-en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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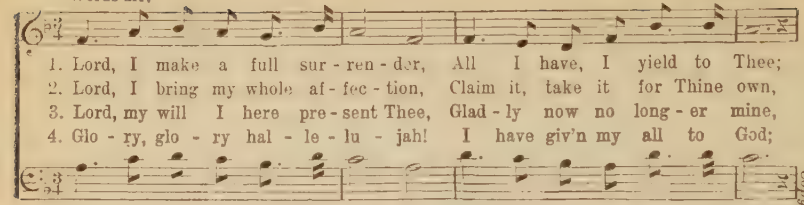
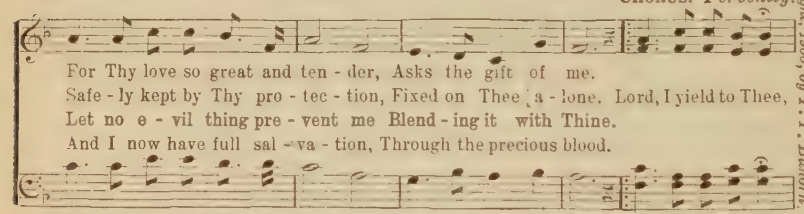
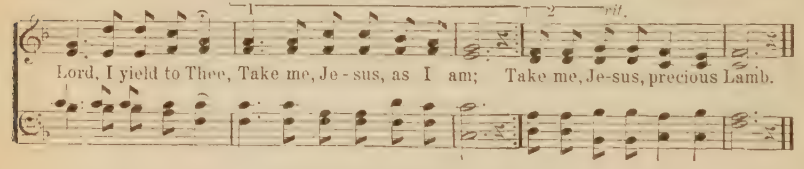
Lord, I Yield to Thee.

Words arr. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have, I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, I bring my whole af - fec - tion, Claim it, take it for Thine own,
3. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no long - er mine,
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I have giv'n my all to God;

CHORUS. *Fervently.*


For Thy love so great and ten - der, Asks the gift of me.
Safe - ly kept by Thy pro - tec - tion, Fixed on Thee a - lone. Lord, I yield to Thee,
Let no e - vil thing pre - vent me Blend - ing it with Thine.
And I now have full sal - va - tion, Through the precious blood.



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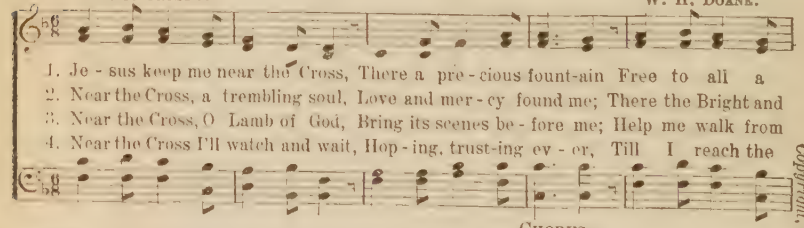
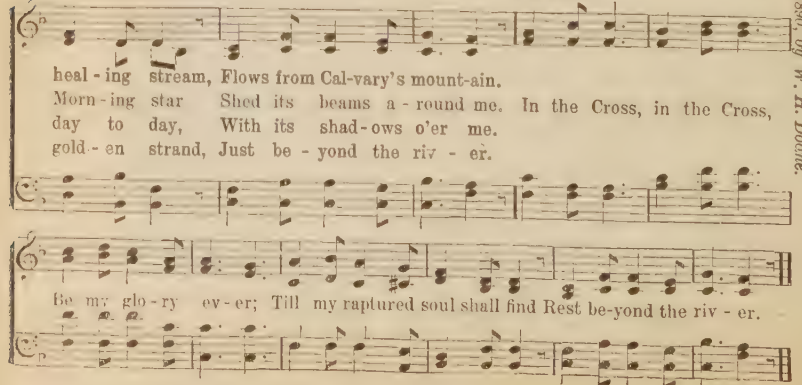
Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Je - sus keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious fount-ain Free to all a
2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the Bright and
3. Near the Cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me; Help me walk from
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

CHORUS.


heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mount-ain.
Morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me. In the Cross, in the Cross,
day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
Be my glo - ry ev - er; Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

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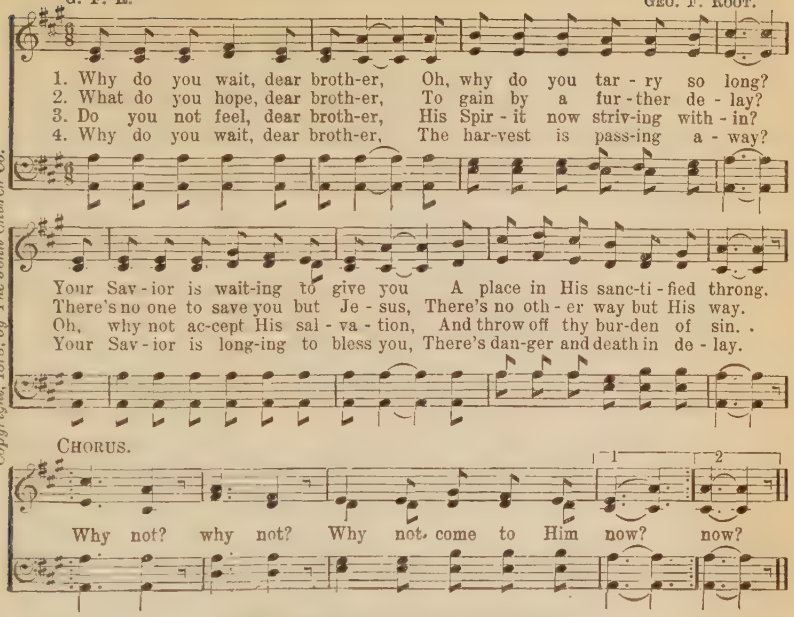
Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way?
Your Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Your Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

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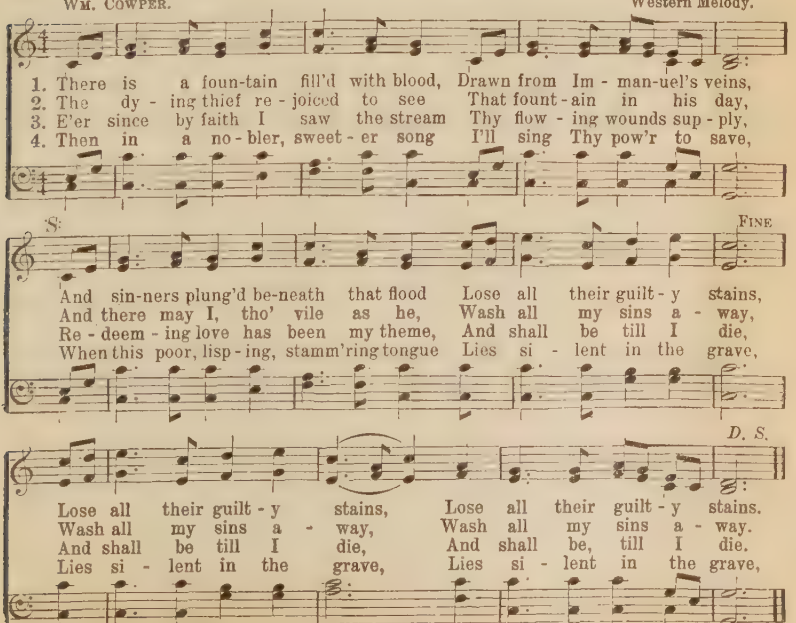
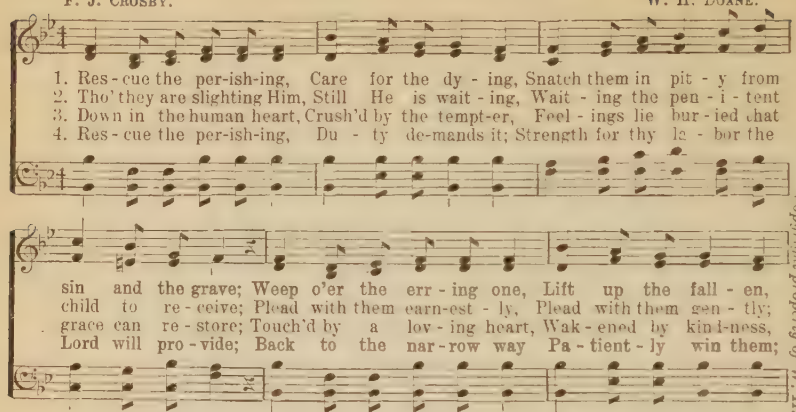
There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.


1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in his day,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
S:
FINE
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
And shall be till I die, And shall be, till I die.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind-ness,
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful Je - sus will save!

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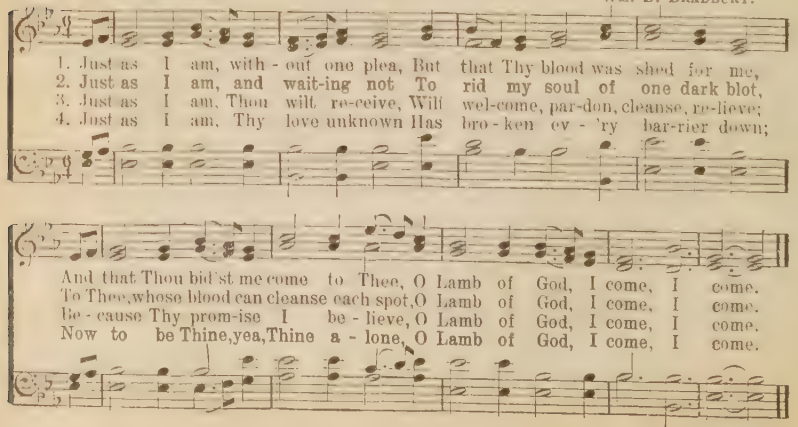
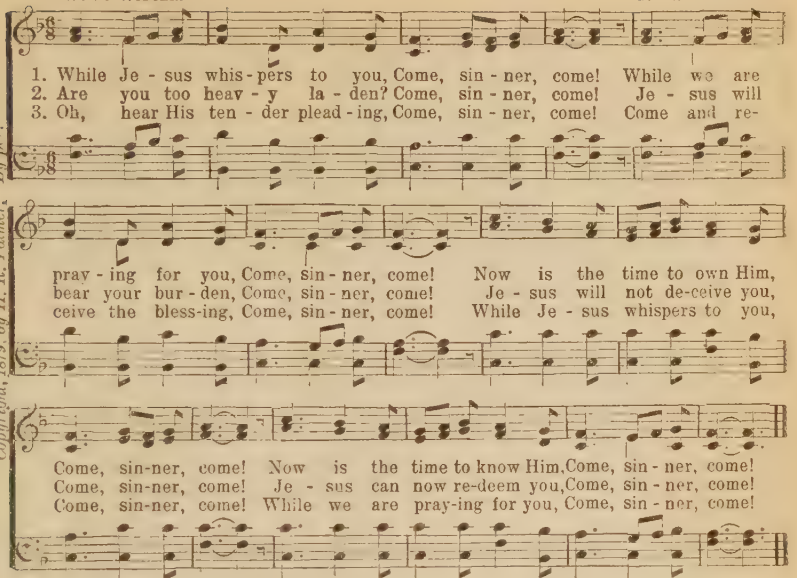
Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Will wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

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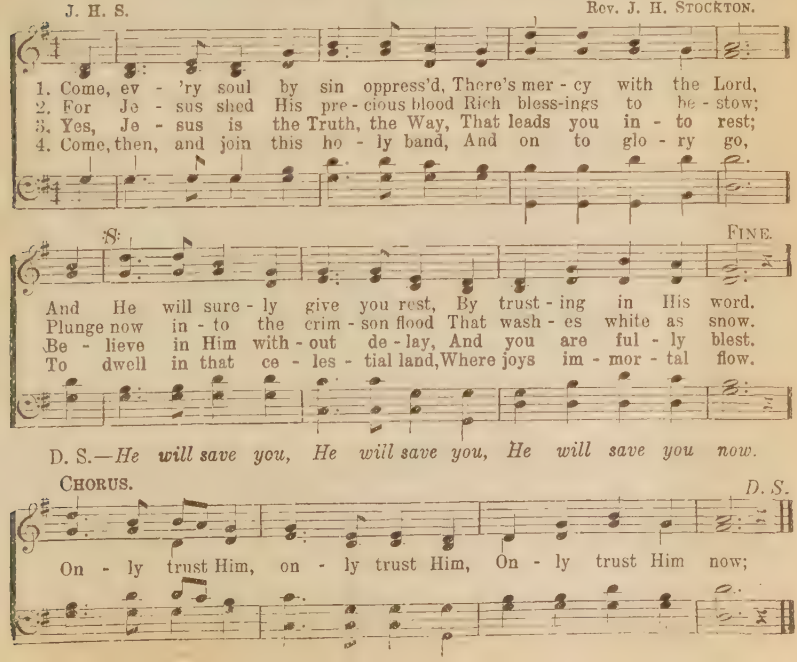
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
S.
FINE.
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
D. S.—He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
CHORUS.
D. S.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav-ior King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim - age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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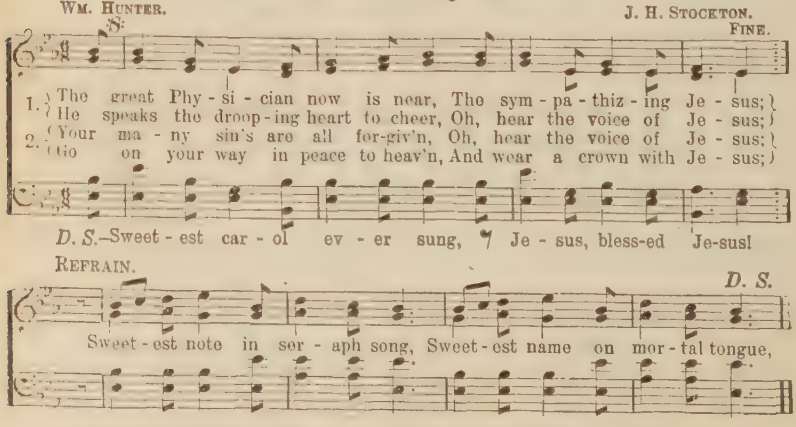
The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.


FINE.
1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
2. Your ma - ny sin's are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus;
D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name.
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show,
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus in His Word, Hold-ing com-mun - ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!
Spir - it of God, my Teach-er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me!
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine!
More of His king-dom's sure in-crease, More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace!
REFRAIN.
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!

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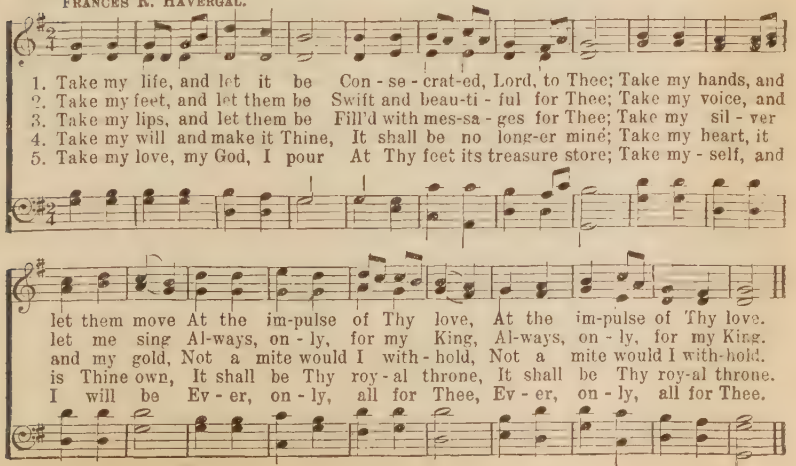
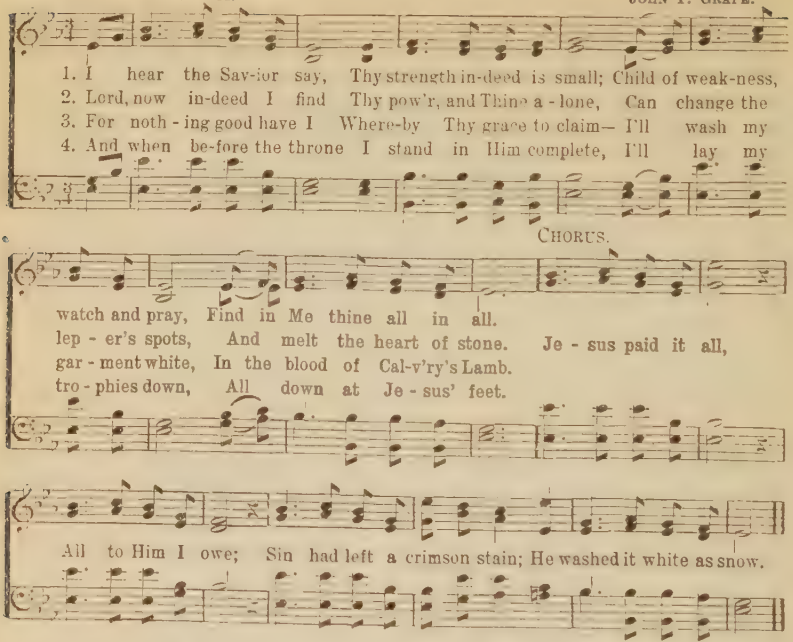
Take My Life and Let It Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa - ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine; Take my heart, it
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my - self, and
let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

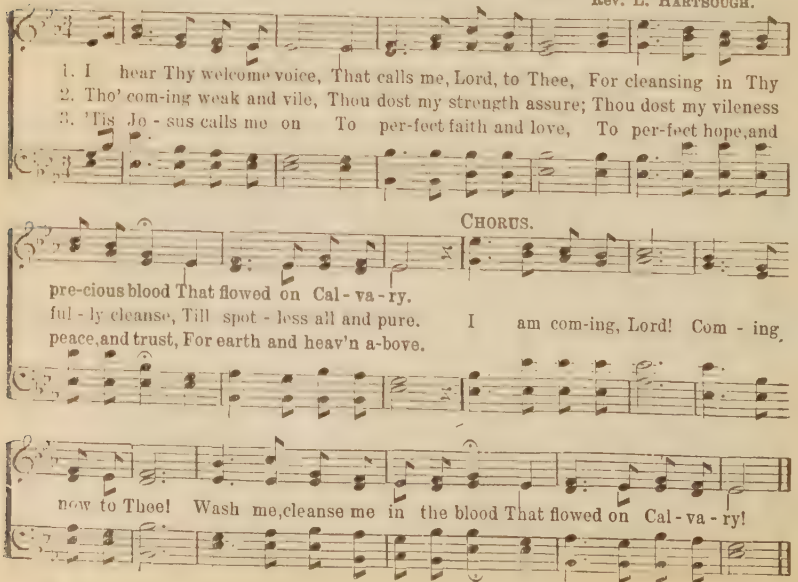
I Hear the Savior Say.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my
CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,
gar-ment white, In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

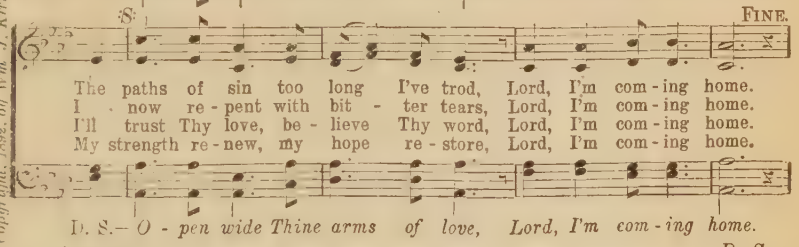
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

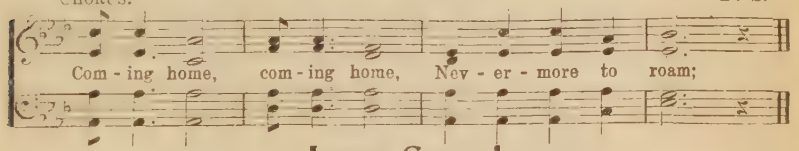

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry!

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;


S.
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
D. S.— O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS. D. S.



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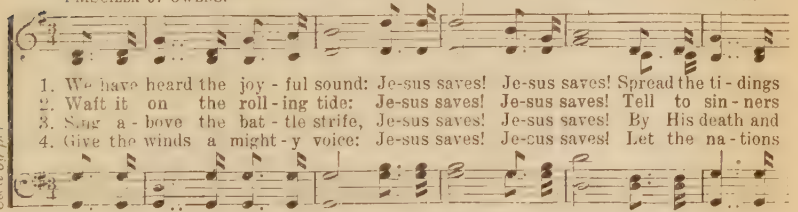
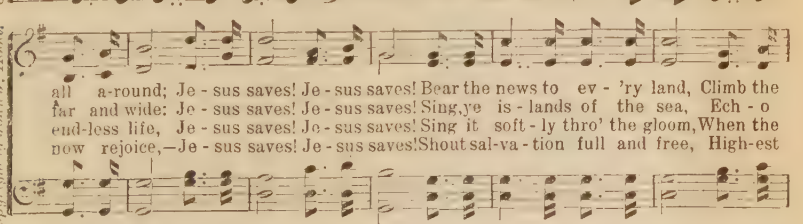
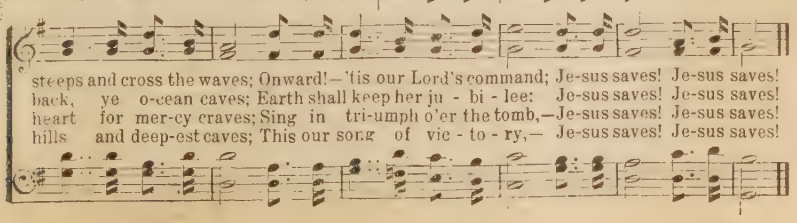
Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Spread the ti - dings
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Tell to sin - ners
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! By His death and
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Let the na - tions


all a-round; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
end-less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
now rejoice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout sal-va - tion full and free, High-est


steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis our Lord's command; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
back, ye o-cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
heart for mer-cy craves; Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

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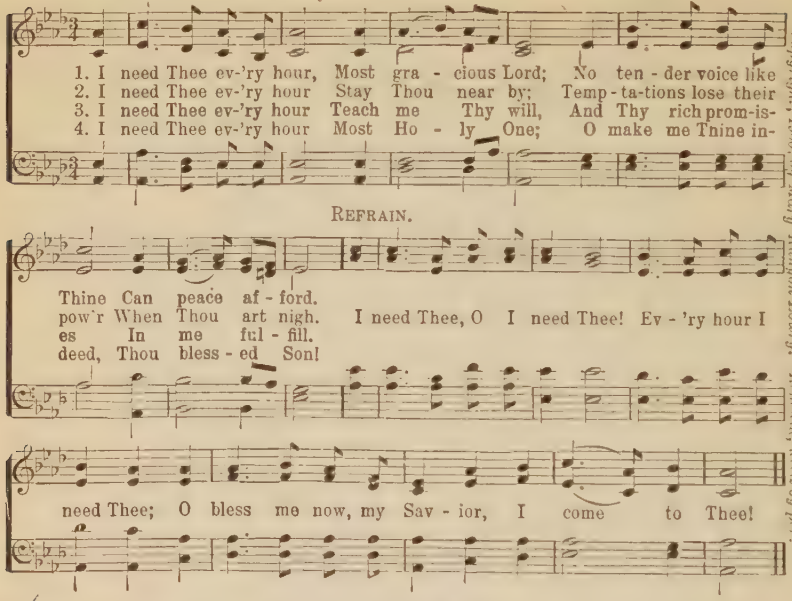
I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich prom-is-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
REFRAIN.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev - 'ry hour I
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!
need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

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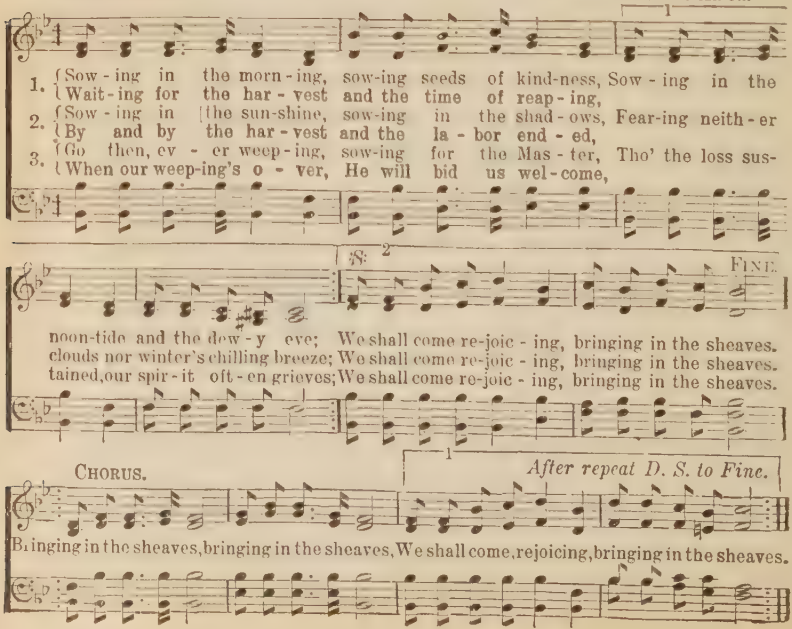
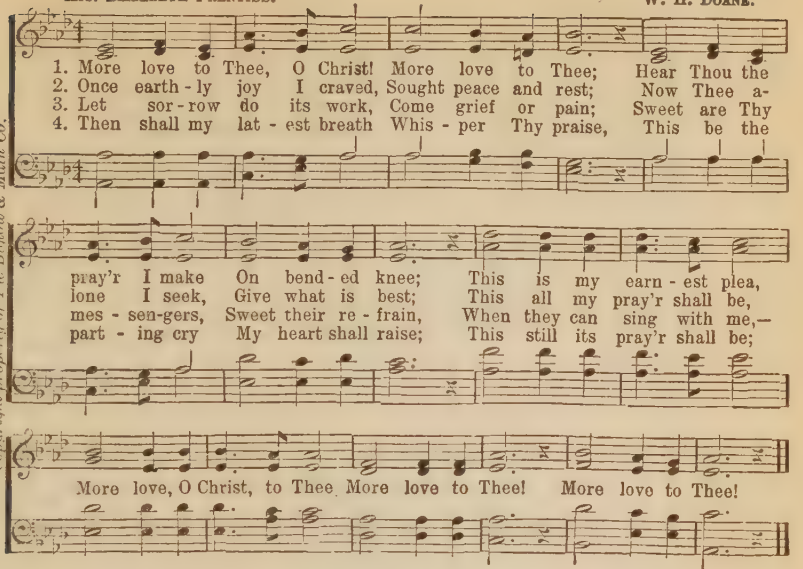
Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.


1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow - ing in the
Wait - ing for the har - vest and the time of reap - ing,
2. Sow - ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad - ows, Fear-ing neith - er
By and by the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed,
3. Go then, ev - er weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,
D. S.
FINE.
noon-tide and the dew - y eve; We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
tained, our spir - it oft - en grieves; We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
After repeat D. S. to Fine.
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. W. H. Doane.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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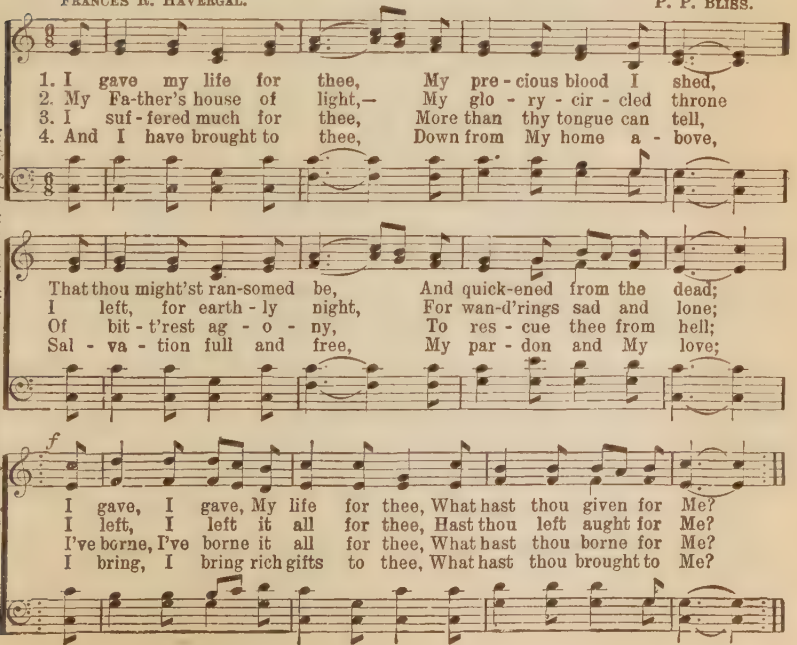
I Gave My Life For Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.


1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light,— My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,
That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave, My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

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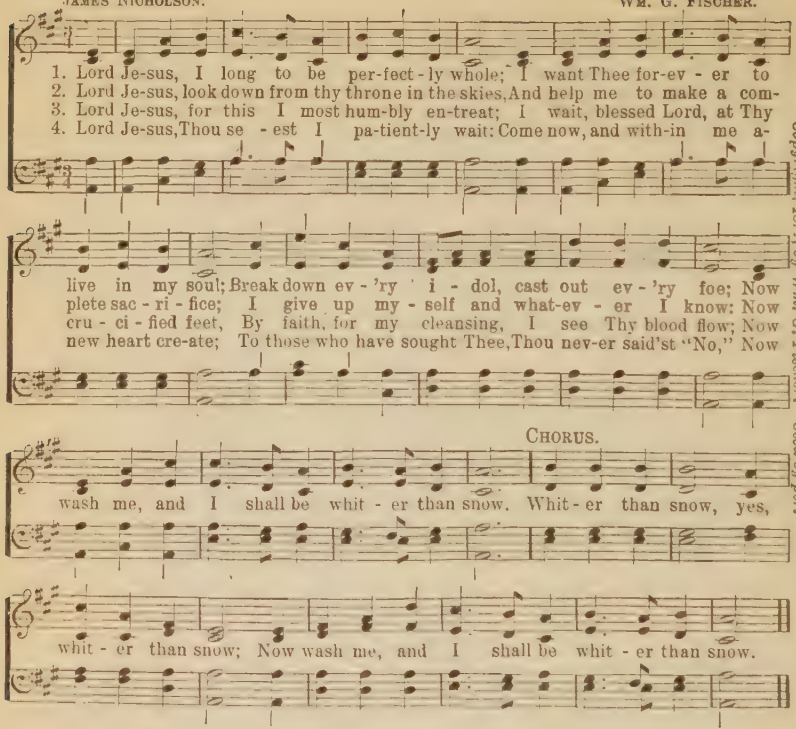
Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and with-in me a-
live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what-ev - er I know: Now
cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now
new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er said'st "No," Now
CHORUS.
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,
whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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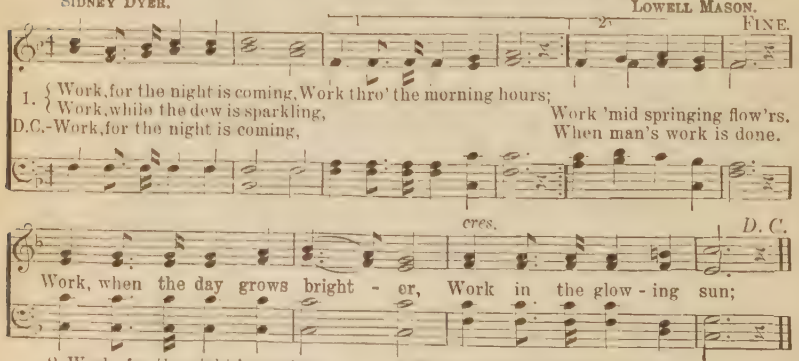
Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

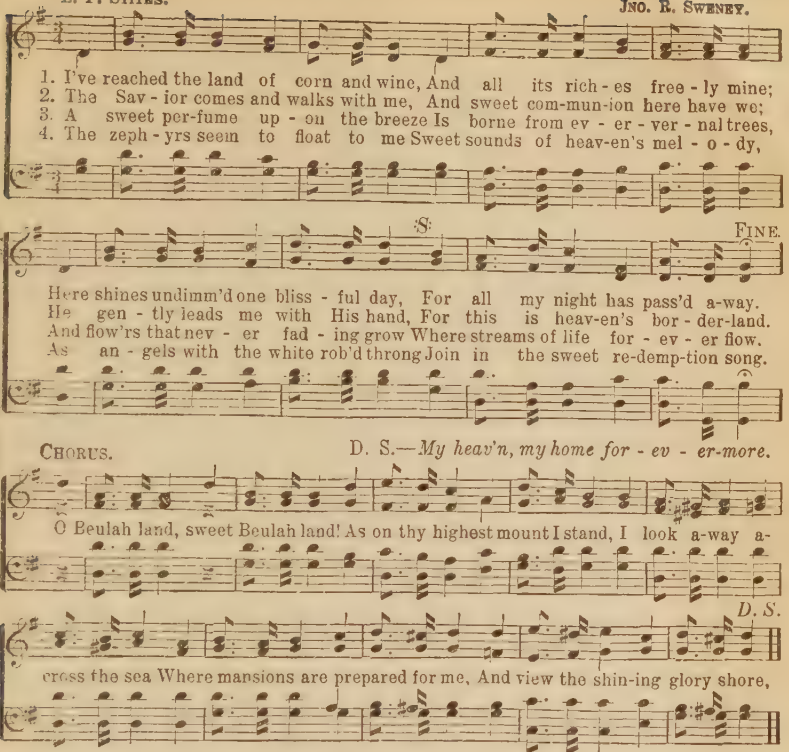

FINE.
1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
D.C.-Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
cres.
D. C.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,
S.
FINE.
Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gen - tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels with the white rob'd throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
D. S.—My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more.
O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land! As on thy highest mount I stand, I look a-way a-
D. S.
cross the sea Where mansions are prepared for me, And view the shin-ing glory shore,

From "Gloodin Pearls" by John J. Hood, By per.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. S. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee.

I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
World - ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.
O the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

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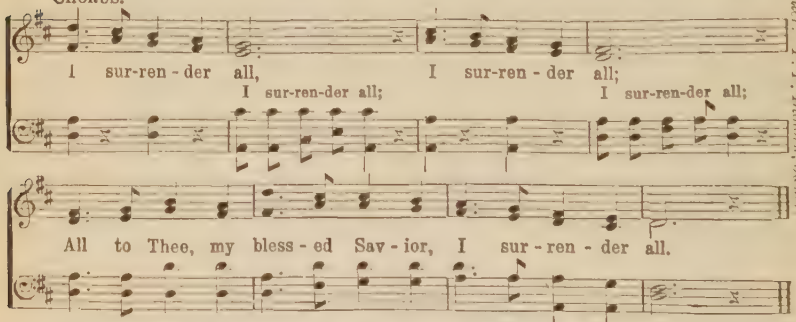
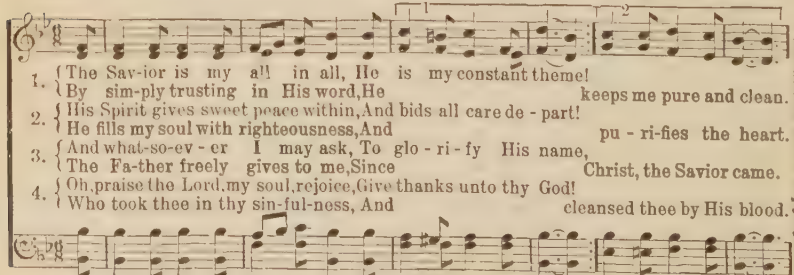
Chorus.



P. P. B.

The Savior is My All in All.

P. P. Bilhorn.


1. The Sav-ior is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
By sim-ply trusting in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
2. His Spirit gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part!
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri-fies the heart.
3. And what-so-ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His name,
The Fa-ther freely gives to me, Since Christ, the Savior came.
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!
Who took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by His blood.

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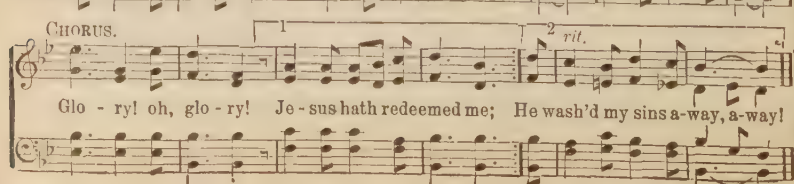
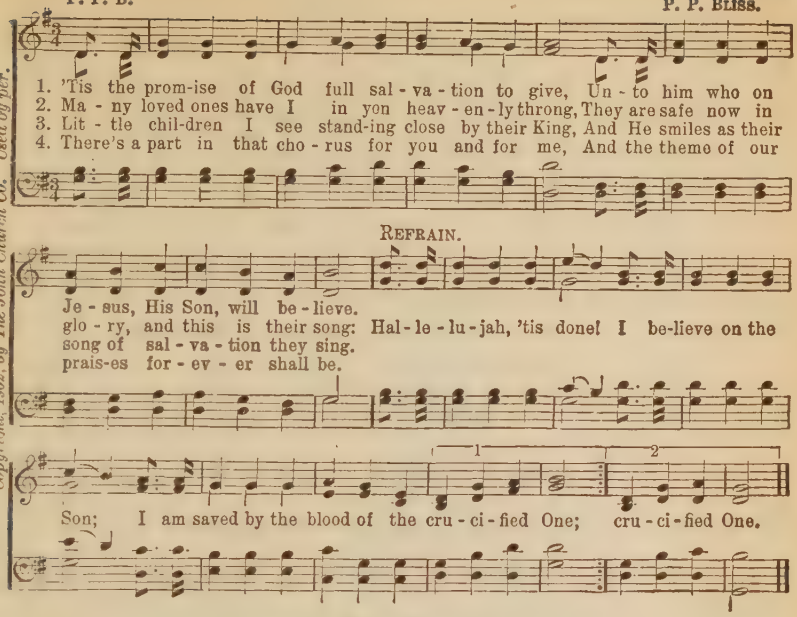
Chorus.



Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God full sal - va - tion to give, Un - to him who on
2. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng, They are safe now in
3. Lit - tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
4. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our
REFRAIN.
Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
glo - ry, and this is their song: Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the
song of sal - va - tion they sing.
prais-es for - ev - er shall be.
1
2
Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

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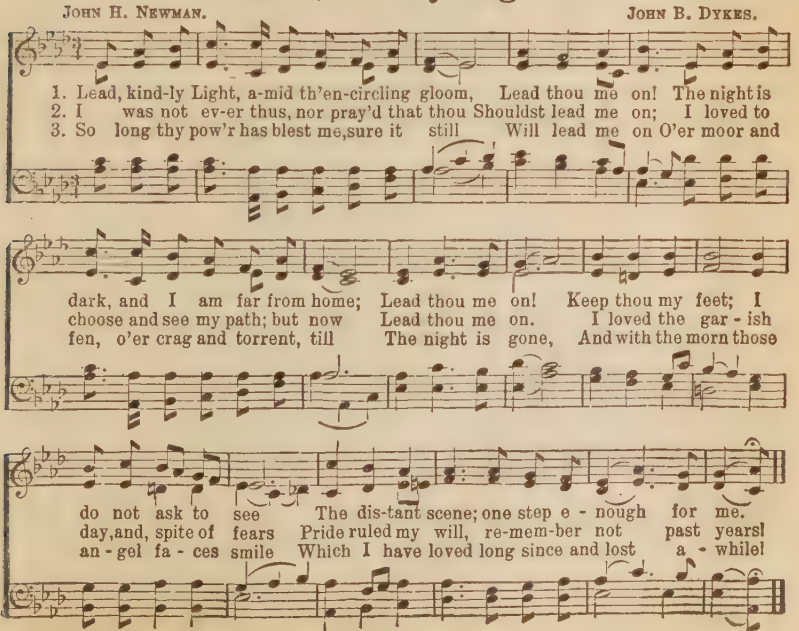
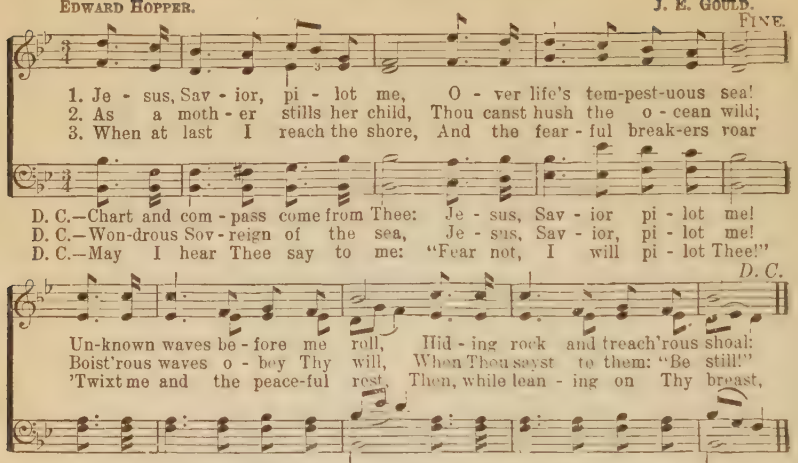
Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears Pride ruled my will, re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since and lost a - while!

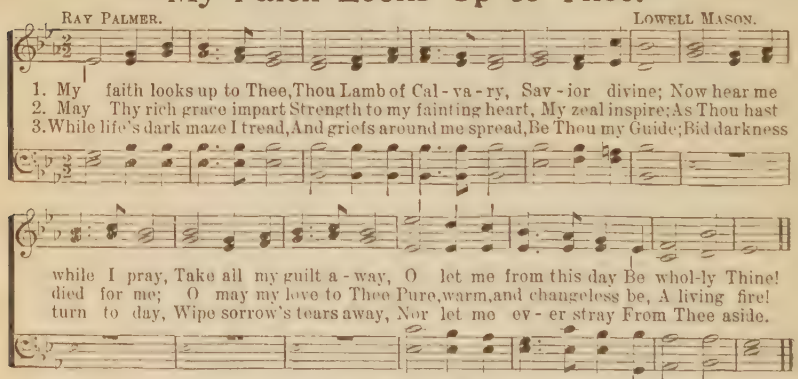
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior pi - lot me!
D. C.—Won-drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"
D. C.
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

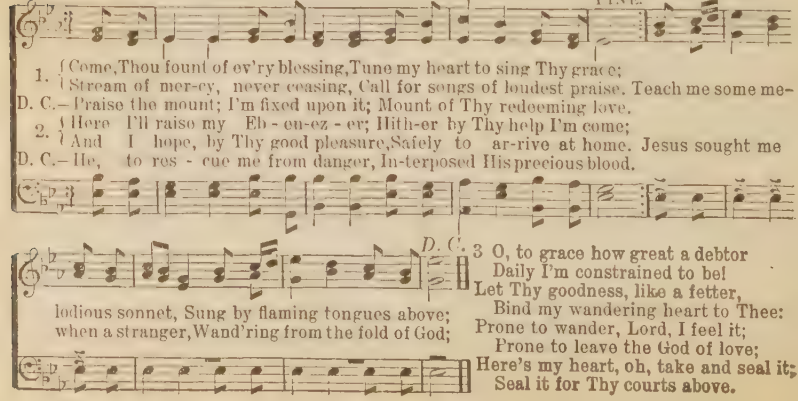
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior divine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me; O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

Come Thou Fount.

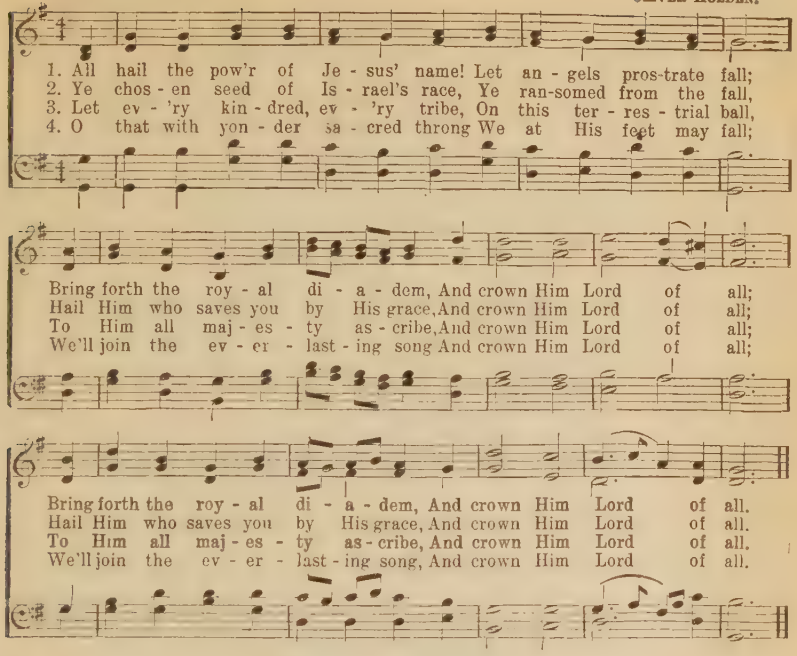
ROBERT ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.


FINE.
1. Come, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Stream of mer-cy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some me-
D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it; Mount of Thy redeeming love.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en-ez - er; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to ar-rive at home. Jesus sought me
D. C.—He, to res - cue me from danger, In-terposed His precious blood.
D. C.
lodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

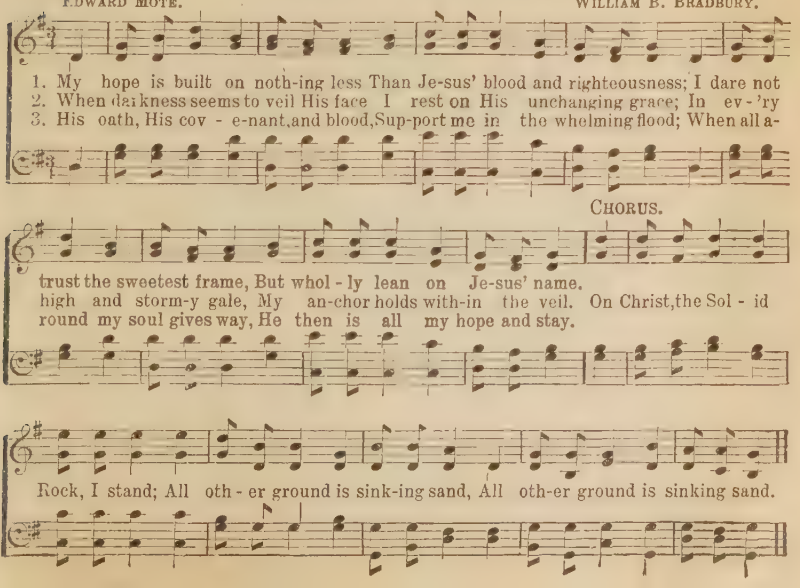
All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

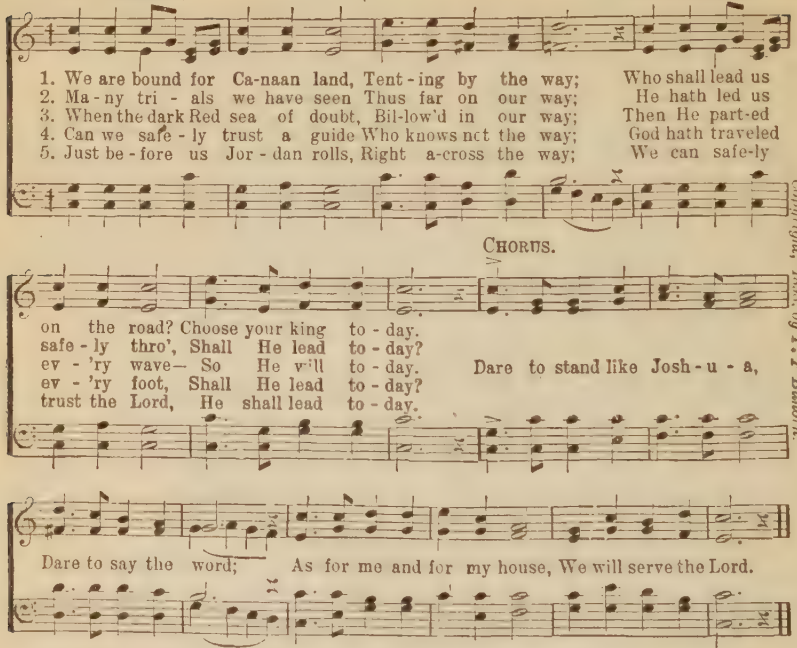
The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When dark-ness seems to veil His face I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-
CHORUS.
trust the sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the Sol - id
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

Dare to Stand Like Joshua.

C. M. ROBINSON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. We are bound for Ca-naan land, Tent-ing by the way; Who shall lead us
2. Ma-ny tri-als we have seen Thus far on our way; He hath led us
3. When the dark Red sea of doubt, Bil-low'd in our way; Then He part-ed
4. Can we safe-ly trust a guide Who knows not the way; God hath traveled
5. Just be-fore us Jor-dan rolls, Right a-cross the way; We can safe-ly
CHORUS.
on the road? Choose your king to-day.
safe-ly thro', Shall He lead to-day?
ev-'ry wave— So He will to-day.
ev-'ry foot, Shall He lead to-day?
trust the Lord, He shall lead to-day.
Dare to stand like Josh-u-a,
Dare to say the word; As for me and for my house, We will serve the Lord.

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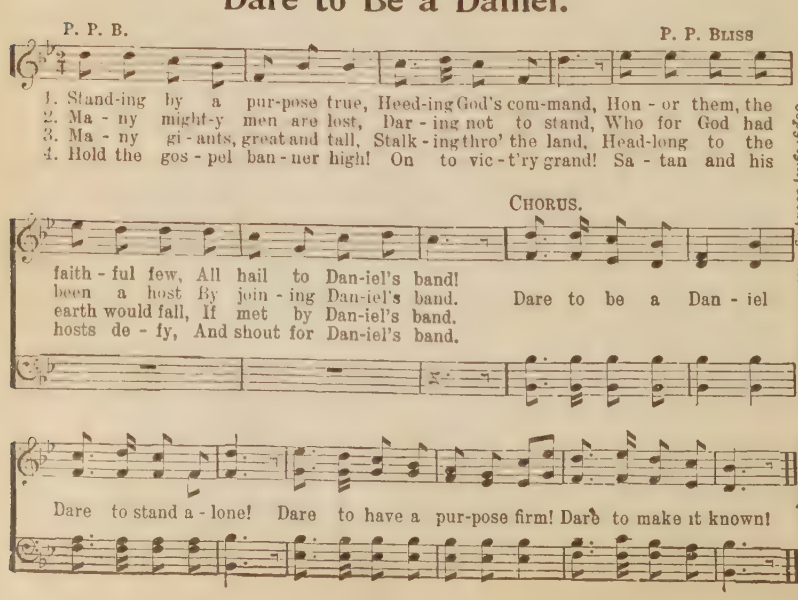
Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS


1. Stand-ing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's com-mand, Hon-or them, the
2. Ma-ny might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Ma-ny gi-ants, great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land, Head-long to the
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand! Sa-tan and his
CHORUS.
faith-ful few, All hail to Dan-iel's band!
been a host By join-ing Dan-iel's band.
earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's band.
hosts de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's band.
Dare to be a Dan-iel
Dare to stand a-lone! Dare to have a pur-pose firm! Dare to make it known!

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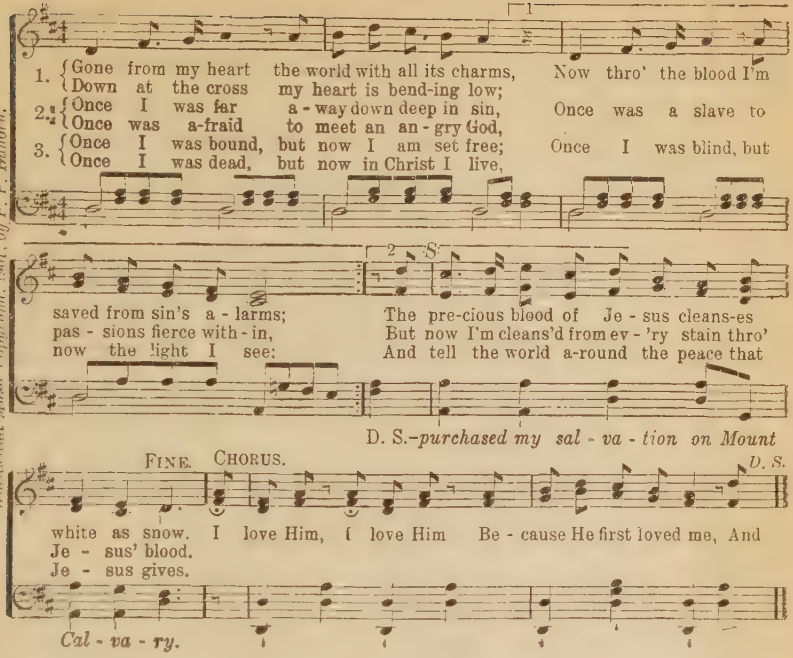
I Love Him.


1.
Gone from my heart the world with all its charms, Now thro' the blood I'm
Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low;
2.
Once I was far a - way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
Once was a-fraid to meet an an - gry God,
3.
Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,
saved from sin's a - larms;
pas - sions fierce with - in,
now the light I see:
The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleans-es
But now I'm cleans'd from ev - 'ry stain thro'
And tell the world a-round the peace that
D. S.-purchased my sal - va - tion on Mount
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
white as snow. I love Him, I love Him Be - cause He first loved me, And
Je - sus' blood.
Je - sus gives.
Cal - va - ry.

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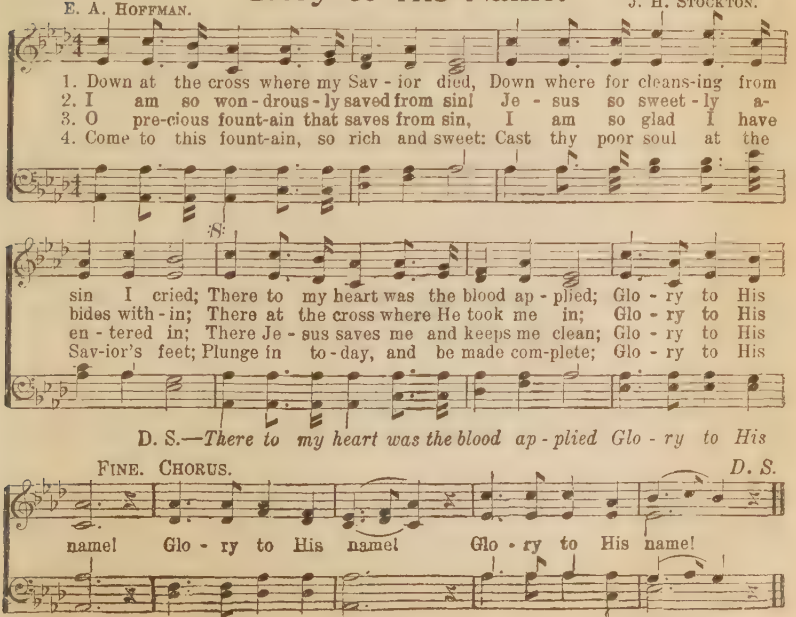
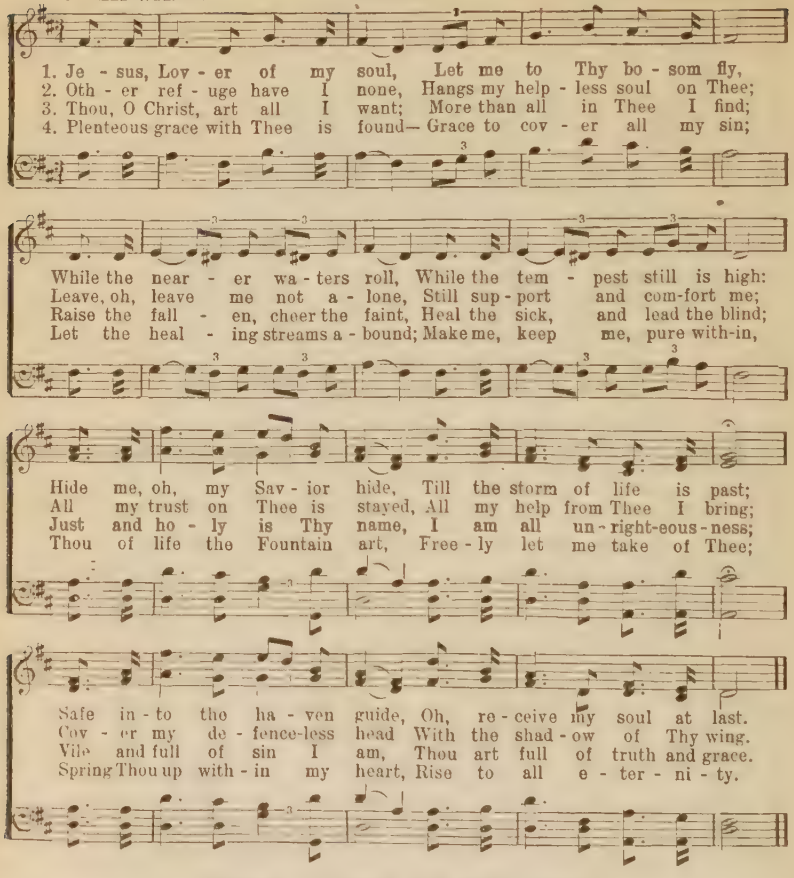
Glory to His Name.


E. A. HOFFMAN.
J. H. STOCKTON.
1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet: Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied Glo - ry to His
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
name! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!
name!

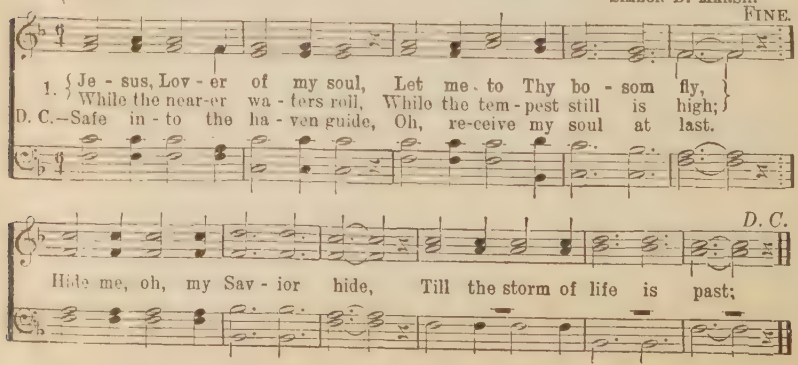
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. REFUGE. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me, pure with-in,
Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

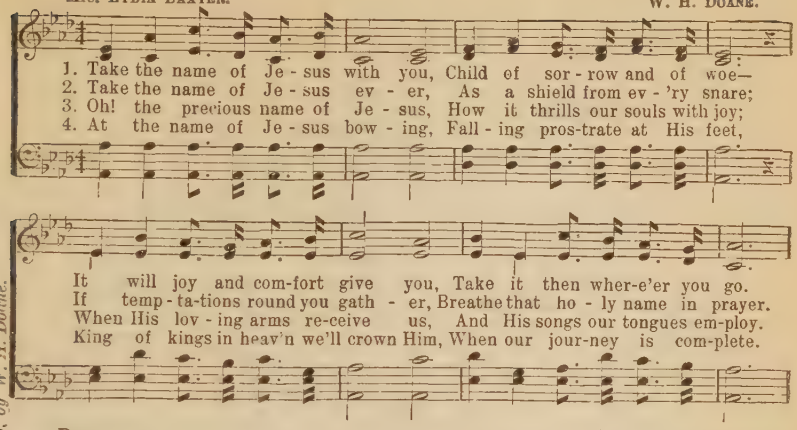
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WELSEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Take the Name of Jesus With You. 181

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus, How it thrills our souls with joy;
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

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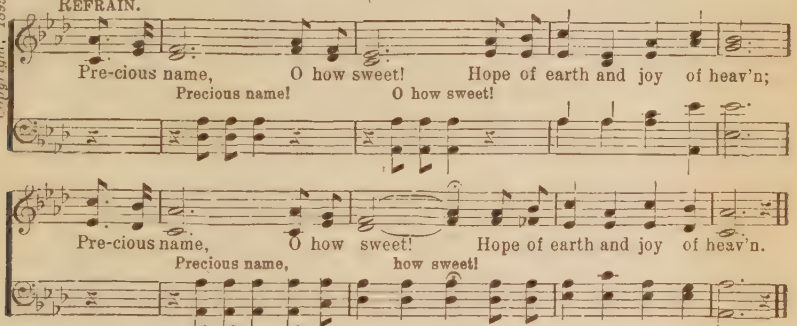
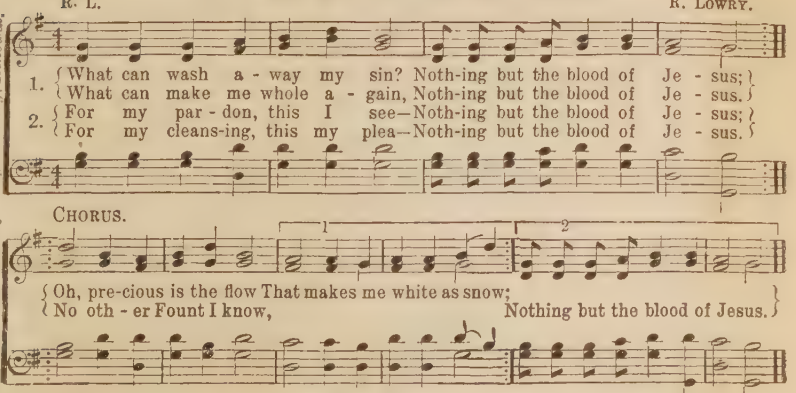

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name! O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. R. LOWRY.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don, this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
1
2
Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Copyright, 1901, by Mary Runyon Lowry, Renewal.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

USED BY PER.

Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God, Glo - ry! He
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de-spair, Now the dear Sav - ior Him-
And from His pres-ence comes peace to my soul, Glo - ry! He
3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - ior, He
Then with the ran-som'd this song you can sing, Glo - ry! He

Chorus.

soul might be free; saves, He saves.
self dwell-eth there, saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,
wait - eth for thee, saves, He saves.

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Saves a poor sin-ner like me, like me.

Words and Music Copyright, 1897, by P. P. Bilhorn.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions, Is there trou - ble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

𝄋: Fine.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis-cour - aged,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

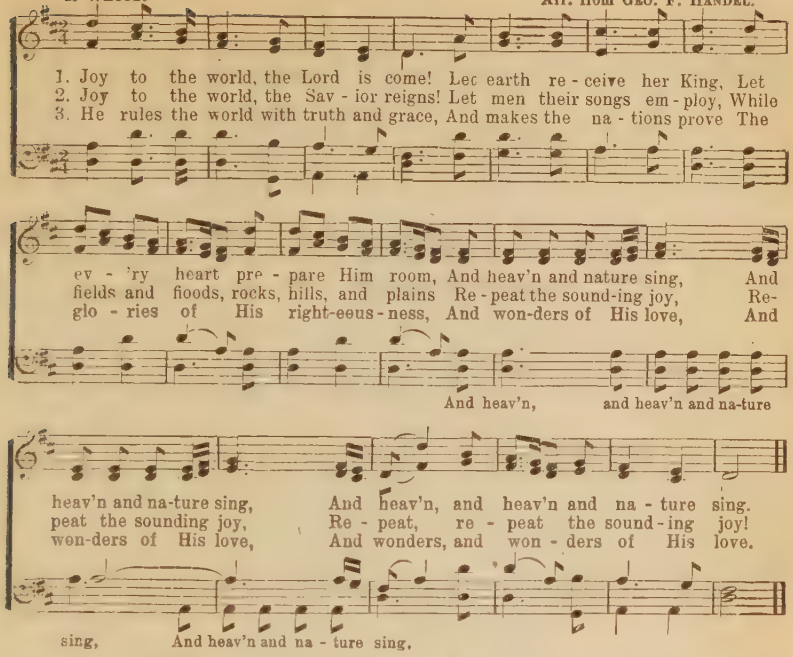
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee,—Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

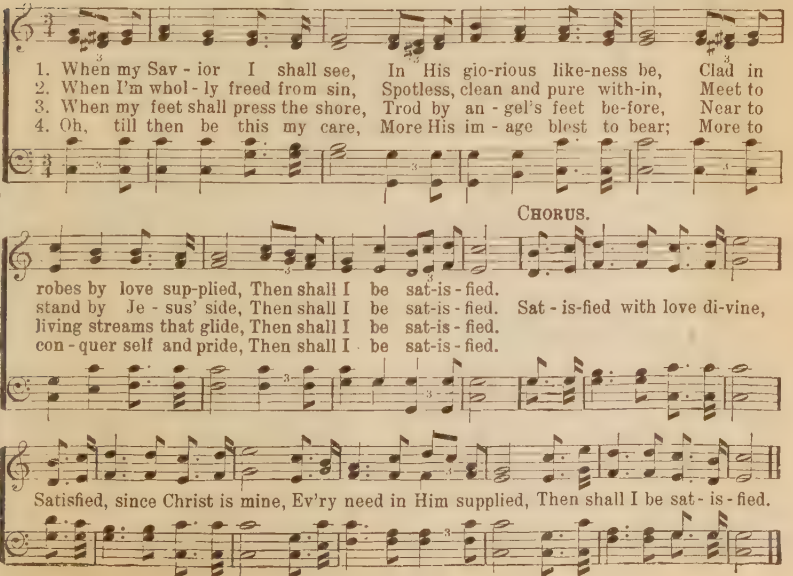
Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King, Let
2. Joy to the world, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy, While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy!
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

When My Savior I Shall See.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. When my Sav - ior I shall see, In His glo-rious like-ness be, Clad in
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spotless, clean and pure with-in, Meet to
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gel's feet be-fore, Near to
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to bear; More to
CHORUS.
robes by love sup-plied, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is - fied. Sat - is-fied with love di-vine,
living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
con - quer self and pride, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
Satisfied, since Christ is mine, Ev'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

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He Took Them All Away.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I had so ma - ny else faults and He took them all a - way,
2.
3. My heart is full of joy and He gave it all to me,
4. My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah and He gave the song to me,

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1 2 D. S. FINE.

He took them all a - way, He took them all a - way, And now He sets me free.
He gave it all to me, He gave it all to me, And now He sets me free.
He gave the song to me, He gave the song to me, And now He sets me free.

CHORUS. D. S.

All the way to Cal - va-ry He went for me. He went for me, He went for me.

Old Time Power.

1 2

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And baptize ev-'ry one!

Old Time Religion.

Arr.

Cho:—'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re-
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod - y, Makes me love ev'ry-
3. It has sav - ed our fathers, It has sav - ed our fathers, It has sav - ed our

lig - ion, It's good e-nough for me.
moth rs, It's good e-nough for me.
bod - y, It's good e-nough for me.
fathers, It's good e-nough for me.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
It's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
It's good enough for me.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
It's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.

8 It will do when I am dying,
It's good enough for me.

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,
won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

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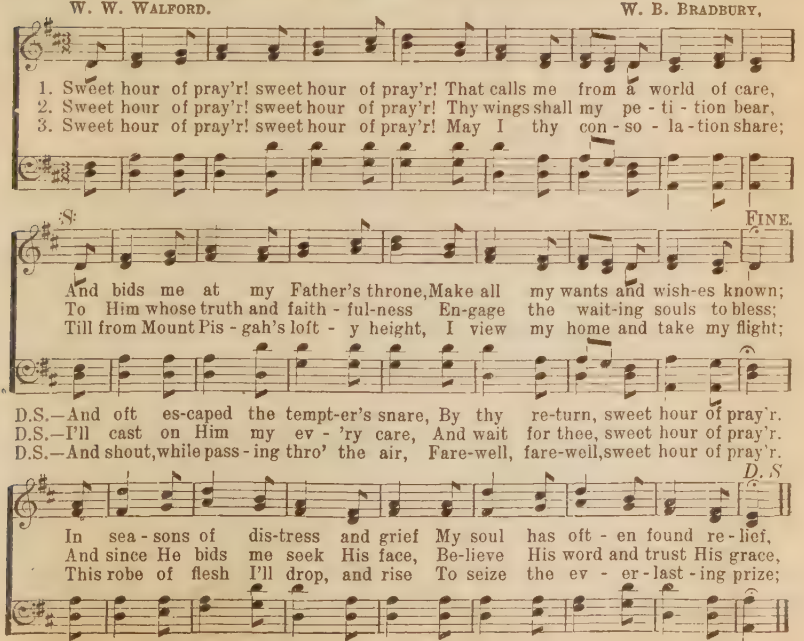
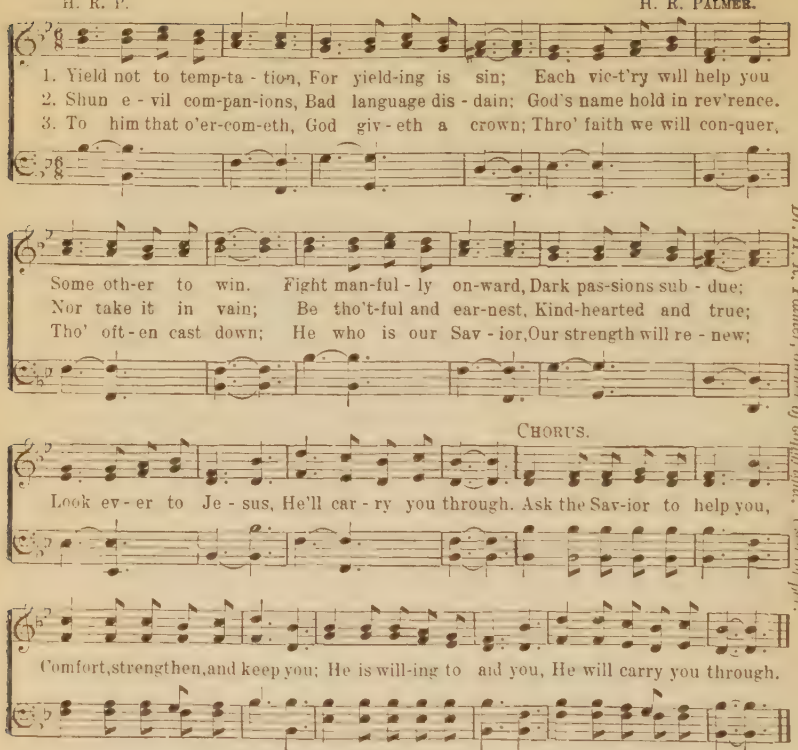
Sweet Hour of Prayer!

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;
S:
FINE.
And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing souls to bless;
Till from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;
D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er-last - ing prize;

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev'rence.
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con-quer,
Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful - ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub - due;
Nor take it in vain; Be tho't-ful and ear-nest, Kind-hearted and true;
Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new;
CHORUS.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Sav-ior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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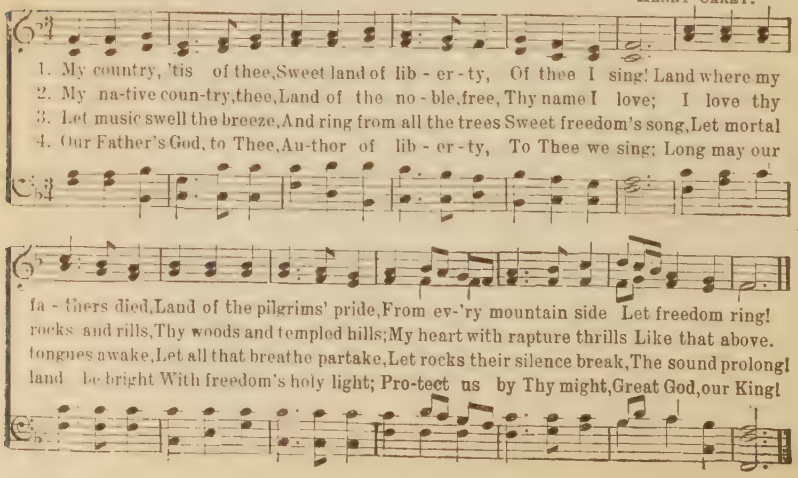
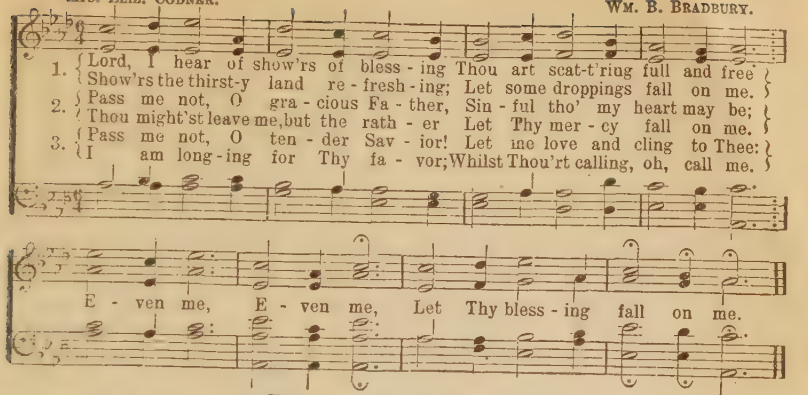
My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong!
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

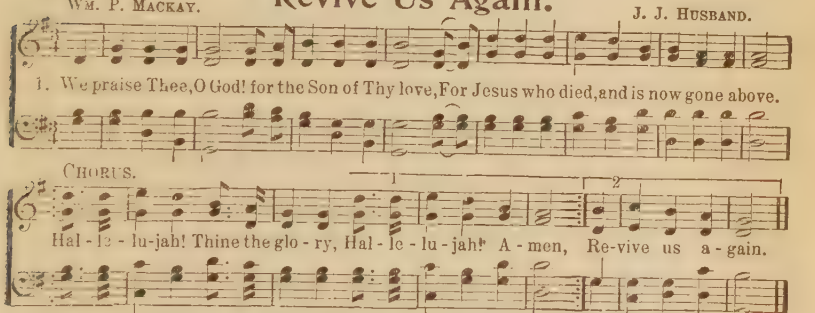
Even Me.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free
Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior! Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

Revive Us Again.

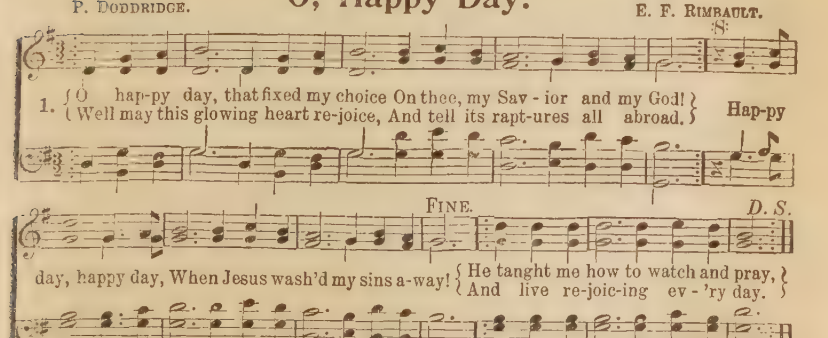
Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re-vive us a - gain.

2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
3 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
4 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

O, Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all abroad.
Hap-py
Fine.
D. S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing ev - 'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you.
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,'Neath His wings pro-tect - ing hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet;
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

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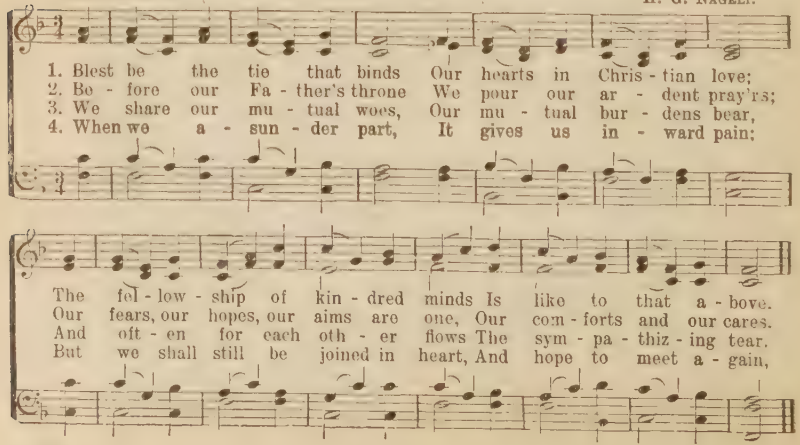
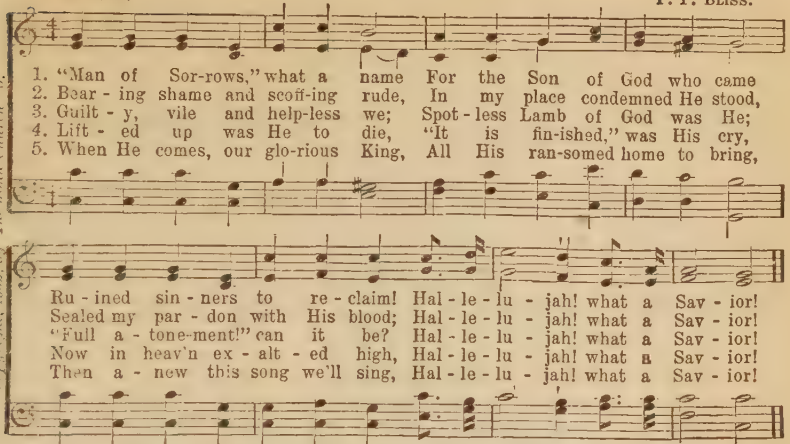
Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain,

Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

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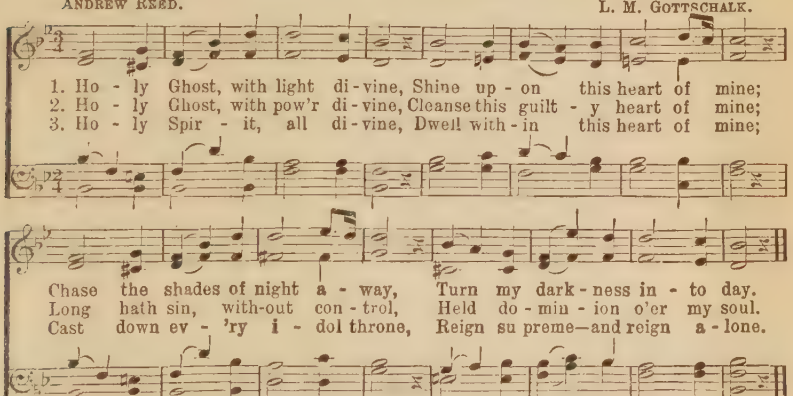
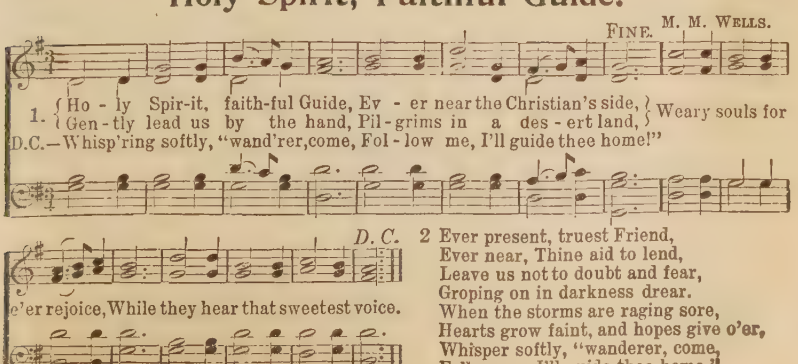
Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed. L. M. Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su preme—and reign a - lone.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

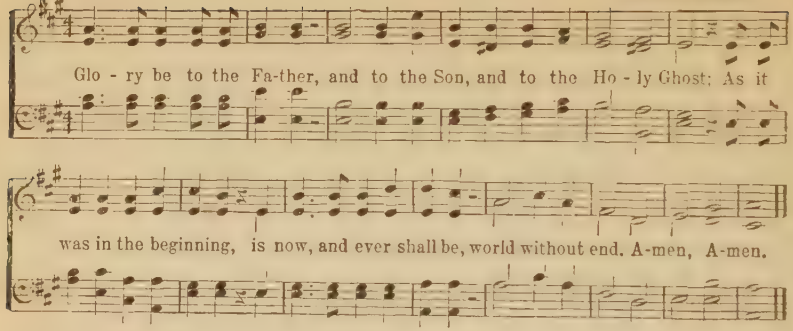
Fine. M. M. Wells.


1. { Ho - ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, } Weary souls for
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land, }
D.C.—Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home!"
D. C.
e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

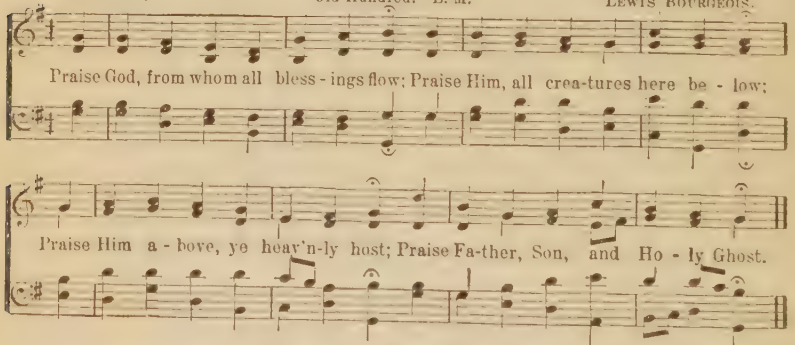
Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

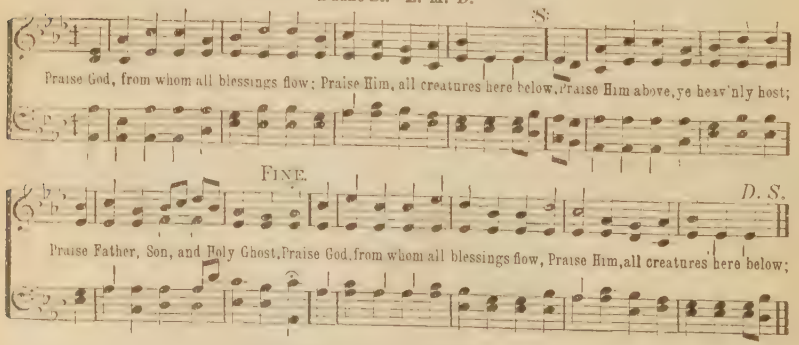
Doxology.

THOS. KEN. Old Hundred. L. M. LEWIS BOURGEOIS.


Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Praise God From Whom.

Duane St. L. M. D.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below, Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
FINE.
D. S.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Grace at Meals.

Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

Thanks Returned. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food.
For life and health and mercy good;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

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